

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XLIX. — JUNE, 1882. — No. CCXCVI.

—◆—
[Copyright.]

OUR DEAD SINGER.

PRIDE of the sister realm so long our own,
We claim with her that spotless fame of thine,
White as her snow and fragrant as her pine!
Ours was thy birthplace, but in every zone
Some wreath of song thy liberal hand has thrown
Breathes perfume from its blossoms, that entwine
Where'er the dewdrops fall, the sunbeams shine,
On life's long path with tangled cares o'ergrown.
Can Art thy truthful counterfeit command, —
The silver-haloed features, tranquil, mild, —
Soften the lips of bronze as when they smiled, —
Give warmth and pressure to the marble hand?
Seek the lost rainbow in the sky it spanned!
Farewell, sweet Singer! Heaven reclaims its child.

Carved from the block or cast in clinging mould,
Will grateful Memory fondly try her best
The mortal vesture from decay to wrest;
His look shall greet us, calm, but ah, how cold!
No breath can stir the brazen drapery's fold,
No throb can heave the statue's stony breast;
"He is not here, but risen," will stand confest
In all we miss, in all our eyes behold.
How Nature loved him! On his placid brow,
Thought's ample dome, she set the sacred sign
That marks the priesthood of her holiest shrine,
Nor asked a leaflet from the laurel's bough
That envious Time might clutch or disallow
To prove her chosen minstrel's song divine.

On many a saddened hearth the evening fire
Burns paler as the children's hour draws near, —
That joyous hour his song made doubly dear, —
And tender memories touch the faltering choir.

Copyright, 1882, by HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.

He sings no more on earth ; our vain desire
 Aches for the voice we loved so long to hear
 In Dorian flute-notes breathing soft and clear, —
 The sweet contralto that could never tire.
 Deafened with listening to a harsher strain,
 The Mænad's scream, the stark barbarian's cry,
 Still for those soothing, loving tones we sigh ;
 Oh, for our vanished Orpheus once again !
 The shadowy silence hears us call in vain !
 His lips are hushed ; his song shall never die.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TWO ON A TOWER.

V.

ON the third morning after the young man's departure, Lady Constantine opened the post-bag anxiously. Though she had risen before four o'clock, and crossed to the tower through the gray half-light, when every blade and twig was furred with rime, she felt no languor. Expectation could banish at cock-crow the eye-heaviness which apathy had been unable to disperse all the day long.

There was, as she had hoped, a letter from Swithin St. Cleeve.

DEAR LADY CONSTANTINE, — I have quite succeeded in my mission, and shall return to-morrow at ten P. M. I hope you have not failed in the observations. Watching the star through an opera-glass Sunday night, I fancied some change had taken place, but I could not make myself sure. Your memoranda for that night I await with impatience. Please don't neglect to write down, *at the moment*, all remarkable appearances both as to color and intensity ; and be very exact as to time, which correct in the way I showed you.

I am, dear Lady Constantine,

Yours most faithfully,

SWITHIN ST. CLEEVE.

Not another word in the letter about his errand ; his mind ran on nothing but this astronomical subject. He had succeeded in his mission, and yet he did not even say yes or no to the great question, — whether or not her husband was masquerading in London at the address she had given. "Was ever anything so provoking !" she cried.

However, the time was not long to wait. His way homeward would lie within a stone's-throw of the manor-house, and though for certain reasons she had forbidden him to call at the late hour of his arrival, she could easily intercept him in the avenue. At twenty minutes past ten she went out into the drive, and stood in the dark. Seven minutes later she heard his footstep, and saw his outline in the slit of light between the avenue-trees. He had a valise in one hand, a great-coat on his arm, and under his arm a parcel which seemed to be very precious, from the manner in which he held it.

"Lady Constantine ?" he asked softly.

"Yes," she said, in her excitement holding out both her hands, though he had plainly not expected her to offer one.

"Did you watch the star ?"

"I'll tell you everything in detail ; but, pray, your errand first !"

"Yes, it's all right. Did you watch every night, — not missing one?"

"I forgot to go — twice," she murmured contritely.

"Oh, Lady Constantine!" he cried in dismay. "How *could* you serve me so! what shall I do!"

"Please forgive me! Indeed, I could not help it. I had watched and watched, and nothing happened; and somehow my vigilance relaxed when I found nothing was likely to take place in the star."

"But the very circumstance of it not having happened made it all the more likely every day!"

"Have you — seen" — she began, after a silence.

Swithin sighed, lowered his thoughts to sublunary things, and told briefly the story of his journey. Sir Blount Constantine was not in London at the address which had been anonymously sent her. It was a mistake of identity. The person who had been seen there Swithin had sought out. He resembled Sir Blount strongly; but he was a stranger.

"How can I reward you!" she exclaimed, when he had done.

"In no way but by giving me your good wishes in what I am going to tell you on my own account." He spoke in tones of mysterious exultation. "This parcel is going to make my fame!"

"What is it?"

"A huge object-glass for the great telescope I am so busy about! Such a magnificent aid to science has never entered this county before, you may depend!"

He produced from under his arm the carefully cuddled-up package, which was in shape a round flat disk, like a dinner-plate, tied in paper.

Proceeding to explain his plans to her more fully, he walked with her towards the door by which she had emerged. It was a little side wicket through a wall dividing the open park from the garden terraces. Here for a moment he placed

his valise and parcel on the coping of the stone balustrade, till he had bidden her farewell. Then he turned, and in laying hold of his bag by the dim light pushed the parcel over the parapet. It fell upon the paved walk ten or a dozen feet beneath.

"Oh, good heavens!"

"What?"

"My object-glass broken!"

"Is it of much value?"

"It cost all I possess."

He ran round by the steps to the lower lawn, Lady Constantine following, as he continued, "It is a magnificent six-inch first quality object lens. I took advantage of my journey to London to get it. I have been six weeks making the tube, of milled board; and as I had not enough money by twelve pounds for the lens, I borrowed it of my grandmother out of her last annuity payment. What can be — can be done!"

"Perhaps it is not broken."

He felt on the ground, found the parcel, and shook it. A clicking noise issued from inside. Swithin smote his forehead with his hand, and walked up and down like a mad fellow.

"My telescope! I have waited nine months for this lens. Now the possibility of setting up a really powerful instrument is over! It is too cruel — how could it happen! . . . Lady Constantine, I am ashamed of myself, — before you. Oh, but, Lady Constantine, if you only knew what it is to a person engaged in science to have the means of clinching a theory snatched away at the last moment! It is I against the world; and when the world has accidents on its side in addition to its natural strength, what chance for me!" The young astronomer leant against the wall, and was silent. His misery was of an intensity and kind with that of Palissy, in these struggles with an adverse fate.

"Don't mind it, — pray don't!" said Lady Constantine, with deep feeling. "It is dreadfully unfortunate! You

have my whole sympathy. Can it be mended?"

"Mended, — no, no!"

"Cannot you do with your present one a little longer?"

"It is altogether inferior, cheap, and bad!"

"I'll get you another, — yes, indeed, I will! Allow me to get you another as soon as possible. I'll do anything to assist you out of your trouble; for I am most anxious to see you famous. I know you will be a great astronomer, in spite of this mishap! Come, say I may get a new one."

Swithin took her hand. He could not trust himself to speak.

Some days later a little box of peculiar kind came to the Great House. It was addressed to Lady Constantine, "with great care." She had it partly opened and taken to her own little writing-room; and after lunch, when she had dressed for walking, she took from the box a paper parcel like the one which had met with the accident. This she hid under her mantle, as if she had stolen it; and, going out slowly across the lawn, passed through the little door before spoken of, and was soon hastening in the direction of the Rings-Hill column.

There was a bright sun overhead on that afternoon of early spring, and its rays shed an unusual warmth, though shady places still retained the look and feel of winter. Rooks were already beginning to build new nests or to mend up old ones, and clamorously called in neighbors to give opinions on difficulties in their architecture. Lady Constantine swerved once from her path, as if she had decided to go to the homestead where Swithin lived; but on second thoughts she bent her steps to the column. Drawing near it, she looked up; but on account of the height of the parapet nobody could be seen thereon who did not stand on tiptoe. She thought, however, that her young friend might

possibly see her, if he were there, and come down; and that he was there she soon ascertained by finding the door unlocked, and the key inside. No movement, however, reached her ears from above, and she began to ascend.

Meanwhile affairs at the top of the column had progressed as follows. The afternoon being exceptionally fine, Swithin had ascended about two o'clock, and, seating himself at the little table which he had constructed on the spot, he began reading over his notes and examining some astronomical journals that had reached him in the morning. The sun blazed into the hollow roof-space as into a tube, and the sides kept out every breeze. Though the month was February below, it was May in the abacus of the column. This state of the atmosphere, and the fact that on the previous night he had pursued his observations till past two o'clock, produced in him at the end of half an hour an overpowering inclination to sleep. Spreading on the lead-work a thick rug, which he kept up there, he flung himself down against the parapet, and was soon in a state of unconsciousness.

It was about ten minutes afterwards that a soft rustle of silken clothes came up the spiral staircase, and, hesitating onwards, reached the orifice, where appeared the form of Lady Constantine. She did not at first perceive that he was present, and stood still to reconnoitre. Her eye glanced over his telescope, now wrapped up, his table and papers, his observing-chair, and his contrivances for making the best of a deficiency of instruments. All was warm, sunny, and silent, except that a solitary bee, which had somehow got within the hollow of the abacus, was singing round inquiringly, unable to discern that ascent was the only mode of escape. In another moment she beheld the astronomer, lying in the sun like a sailor in the main-top.

Lady Constantine coughed slightly: he did not awake. She then entered,

and, drawing the parcel from beneath her cloak, placed it on the table; after this she waited, looking for a long time at his sleeping face, which had a very interesting appearance. She seemed reluctant to leave, yet wanted resolution to wake him; and penciling his name on the parcel, she withdrew to the staircase, where the brushing of her dress decreased to silence as she receded round and round on her way to the base.

Swithin still slept on, and presently the rustle began again in the far-down interior of the column. The door could be heard closing, and the rustle came nearer, showing that she had shut herself in, — no doubt to lessen the risk of an accidental surprise by any roaming villager. When Lady Constantine reappeared at the top, and saw the parcel still untouched, and Swithin asleep as before, she exhibited some disappointment; but she did not retreat.

Looking again at him, her eyes became so sentimentally fixed on his face that it seemed as if she could not withdraw them. There lay, in the shape of an Antinous, no *amorous*, no gallant, but a guileless philosopher. His parted lips were lips which spoke, not of love, but of millions of miles; those were eyes which looked, not into the depths of other eyes, but into other worlds. Within his temples dwelt thoughts, not of woman's looks, but of stellar aspects and the configuration of constellations.

Thus, to his physical attractiveness was added the attractiveness of mental inaccessibility. The ennobling influence of scientific pursuits was demonstrated by the speculative purity which expressed itself in his eyes whenever he looked at her in speaking, and in the child-like faults of manner which arose from his obtuseness to their difference of sex. He had never, since becoming a man, looked even so low as to the level of a Lady Constantine. His heaven at present was truly in the skies, and not in that only other place where they

say it can be found, in the eyes of some daughter of Eve. Would any Circe or Calypso — and if so what one? — ever check this pale-haired scientist's nocturnal sailings into the interminable spaces overhead, and send all his mighty calculations on cosmic force and stellar fire flying into Limbo? Oh, the pity of it, if such should be the case!

She became much absorbed in these very womanly reflections; and at last Lady Constantine sighed, perhaps she herself did not exactly know why. Then a very soft expression lighted on her lips and eyes, and she looked at one jump seven years more youthful, — quite a girl in aspect, younger than he. On the table lay his implements; among them a pair of scissors, which, to judge from the shreds around, had been used in cutting curves in thick paper, for some calculating process.

What whim, agitation, or attraction prompted the impulse nobody knows; but she took the scissors, and, bending over the sleeping youth, cut off one of the curls, or rather crooks, — for they hardly reached a curl, — into which each lock of his hair chose to twist itself in the last inch of its length. The hair fell upon the rug. She picked it up quickly, returned the scissors to the table, and, as if her dignity had suddenly become ashamed of her fantasies, hastened through the door, and descended the staircase.

VI.

When his nap had naturally exhausted itself, Swithin awoke. He awoke without any surprise, for he not unfrequently gave to sleep in the day-time what he had stolen from it in the night watches. The first object that met his eyes was the parcel on the table, and, seeing his name inscribed thereon, he made no scruple to open it. The sun flashed upon a lens of surprising magnitude, polished to such a smoothness that

the eye could scarcely meet its reflections. Here was a crystal, in whose depths were to be seen more wonders than had been revealed by the crystals of all the Cagliostros.

Swithin, hot with joyousness, took this treasure to his telescope manufactory at the homestead; then he started off for the Great House. On gaining its precincts he felt shy of calling, never having received any hint or permission to do so; while Lady Constantine's mysterious manner of leaving the parcel seemed to demand a like mysteriousness in his approaches to her. All the afternoon he lingered about uncertainly, in the hope of intercepting her on her return from a drive, occasionally walking with an indifferent lounge across glades commanded by the windows, that if she were in-doors she might know he was near. But she did not show herself during the daylight. Still impressed by her playful secrecy, he carried on the same idea after dark, by returning to the house, and passing through the garden door on to the lawn front, where he sat on the parapet that breasted the terrace. She frequently came out here for a melancholy saunter after dinner, and to-night was such an occasion. Swithin went forward, and met her at nearly the spot where he had dropped the lens some nights earlier.

"I have come to see you, Lady Constantine. How did the glass get on my table?"

She laughed as lightly as a girl; that he had come to her in this way was plainly no offense thus far.

"Perhaps it was dropped from the clouds by a bird," she said.

"Why should you be so good to me? Whatever discoveries result from this shall be ascribed to you as much as to me. Where should I have been without your gift?"

"You would possibly have accomplished your purpose just the same, and have been so much the nobler for your

struggle against ill-luck. I hope that now you will be able to proceed with your large telescope as if nothing had happened."

"Oh yes, I will, certainly. I am afraid I showed too much feeling, the reverse of stoical, when the accident occurred. That was not very noble of me."

"There is nothing unnatural in such feeling at your age. When you are older you will smile at such moods, and at the mishaps that gave rise to them."

"Ah, I perceive you think me weak in the extreme. But you will never realize that an incident which filled but a degree in the circle of your thoughts covered the whole circumference of mine. No person can see exactly what and where another's horizon is."

They soon parted, and she reëntered the house, where she sat reflecting for some time, till she seemed to fear that she had wounded his feelings. She awoke in the night, and thought the same thing more intensely. When it was morning she looked across at the tower, and, sitting down, wrote the following note:—

DEAR MR. ST. CLEEVE, — I cannot allow you to remain under the impression that I despised your scientific endeavors in speaking as I did last night. I think you were too sensitive to my remark. But perhaps you were agitated with the labors of the day, and I fear that watching so late at night must make you very weary. If I can help you again, please let me know. I never realized the grandeur of astronomy till you showed me how to do so. Also let me know about the new telescope. Come and see me at any time. After your great kindness in being my messenger I can never do enough for you. I wish you had a mother or sister, and pity your loneliness! I am lonely, too.

Yours truly,

VIVIETTE CONSTANTINE.

She was so anxious that he should get this letter the same day that she ran across to the column with it during the morning, preferring to be her own emissary in so curious a case. The door, as she had expected, *was* locked; and, slipping the letter under it, she went home again. During lunch her ardor in the cause of Swithin's hurt feelings cooled down, till she exclaimed to herself, as she sat at her lonely table, "What could have possessed me to write in that way!"

After lunch she went faster to the tower than she had gone in the early morning, and peeped eagerly into the chink under the door. She could discern no letter, and on trying the latch found that the door would open. The letter was gone, Swithin having obviously arrived in the interval.

She blushed a blush which seemed to say, "I am getting foolishly interested in this young man." She had, in short, in her own opinion, somewhat overstepped the bounds of dignity. Her instincts did not square well with the formalities of her existence, and she walked home despondently.

Had a concert, bazaar, lecture, or Dorcas meeting required the patronage and support of Lady Constantine at this juncture, the circumstance would probably have been sufficient to divert her mind from Swithin St. Cleeve and astronomy for some little time. But as none of these incidents were within the range of expectation, — Welland House and parish lying far from towns and watering-places, — the void in her outer life continued, and with it the void in her inner life. The youth had not answered her letter; neither had he called upon her, in response to the invitation she had regretted, with the rest of the epistle, as being somewhat too warmly informal for black and white. To speak tenderly to him was one thing, to write another, — that was her feeling immediately after the event; but his counter-

move of silence and avoidance, though probably the result of pure unconsciousness on his part, completely dispersed such self-considerations now. Her eyes never fell upon the Ring's-Hill column without a solicitous wonder arising as to what he was doing. A natural woman, she would assume the remotest possibility to be the most likely contingency, if the possibility had the recommendation of being tragical; and she now feared that something was wrong with Swithin St. Cleeve. Yet there was not the least doubt that he had become so immersed in the business of the new telescope as to forget everything else.

On Sunday, between the services, she walked to Little Welland, chiefly for the sake of giving a run to a house-dog, a large black retriever, of whom she was fond. The distance was but short; and she returned along a narrow lane, divided from the river by a hedge, through whose leafless twigs the ripples flashed silver lights into her eyes. Here she discovered Swithin, leaning over a gate, his eyes bent upon the stream. The dog first attracted his attention; then he heard her, and turned round. She had never seen him looking so despondent.

"You have never called, though I invited you," said Lady Constantine.

"My great telescope won't work."

"I am sorry for that. So it has made you quite forget me?"

"Ah, yes; you wrote me a very kind letter, which I ought to have answered. Well, I *did* forget, Lady Constantine. My new telescope won't work; and I don't know what to do about it at all!"

"Can I assist you any further?"

"No, I fear not. Besides, you have assisted me already."

"What would really help you out of all your difficulties? Something would, surely?"

He shook his head.

"There must be some solution to them?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, with a hypothetical gaze into the stream; "*some* solution, of course, — an equatorial, for instance."

"What's that?"

"Briefly, an impossibility. It is a splendid instrument, with an object lens of, say, six or nine inches aperture, mounted with its axis parallel to the earth's axis, and fitted up with graduated circles for denoting right ascensions and declinations; besides having special eye-pieces, a finder, and all sorts of appliances, clock-work to make the telescope follow the motion in right ascension — I cannot tell you half the conveniences. Ah, an equatorial is a thing indeed!"

"An equatorial is the one instrument required to make you quite happy?"

"Well, yes."

"I'll see what I can do."

"But, Lady Constantine, an equatorial such as I describe costs as much as two grand pianos."

She was rather staggered at this news; but she rallied gallantly, and said, "Never mind. I'll make inquiries."

"But it could not be put on the tower without people seeing it. It would have to be fixed to the masonry. And there must be a dome of some kind to keep off the rain. A tarpaulin might do."

Lady Constantine reflected. "It would be a great business, I see," she said. "Though as far as the fixing and roofing go, I would of course consent to your doing what you liked with the old column. My workmen could fix it, could they not?"

"Oh, yes. But what would Sir Blount say, if he came home and saw the goings-on?"

Lady Constantine turned aside to hide a sudden displacement of blood from her cheek. "Ah, — my husband!" she whispered. "I am just now going to church," she said. "I will think of this matter."

In church it was with Lady Constantine as with the Lord Angelo of Vienna, in a similar situation, — Heaven had her empty words only, and her invention heard not her tongue. She soon recovered from the momentary consternation into which she had fallen at Swithin's abrupt query. The possibility of that young astronomer becoming a renowned scientist by her aid was a thought which gave her secret pleasure. The course of rendering him instant material help began to have a great fascination for her; it was a new and unexpected channel for her cribbed and confined emotions. With experiences so much wider than his, Lady Constantine saw that the chances were perhaps a million to one against Swithin St. Cleeve ever being Astronomer-Royal, or Astronomer-Extraordinary of any sort; yet the remaining chance in his favor was one of those possibilities which, to a woman of boundless intellect and venturesome fancy, are pleasanter to dwell on than likely issues that have no savor of high speculation in them. The equatorial question was a great one; and she had caught such a large spark from his enthusiasm that she could think of nothing so piquant as how to obtain the important instrument.

When Tabitha Lark arrived at the Great Hotse, next day, instead of finding Lady Constantine in bed, she discovered her in the library, poring over what astronomical works she had been able to unearth from the shelves. As these publications were, for a science of such rapid development, somewhat venerable, there was not much help of a practical kind to be gained from them. Nevertheless, the equatorial retained a hold upon her fancy, till she became as eager to see one on the Rings-Hill column as Swithin himself.

The upshot of it was that Lady Constantine sent a messenger that evening to Rings-Hill Bottom, where the home-
stead of Swithin's grandmother was situ-

ated, requesting the young man's presence at the house at twelve o'clock next day. He promptly returned an obedient reply, and the circumstance was enough to lend great freshness to her manner next morning, instead of the leaden air which was too frequent with her before the sun reached the meridian, and sometimes after. The mental room taken up by an idea depends as largely on the available space for it as on its nominal magnitude: in Lady Constantine's life of infestivity, in her domestic voids, and in her social discouragements, there was nothing to oust the lightest fancy. Swithin had, in fact, arisen as an attractive little interpolation between herself and despair.

VII.

A fog deformed all the trees of the park that morning; the white atmosphere adhered to the ground like a fungoid growth from it, and made the turfed undulations look slimy and raw; but Lady Constantine settled down in her chair to await the coming of the late curate's son, with a serenity which the vast blanks outside could neither destroy nor baffle. At two minutes to twelve the door-bell rang, and a look overspread the lady's face that was neither maternal, sisterly, nor amorous, but partook in an indescribable manner of all three. The door was flung open and the young man was ushered in, the fog still clinging to his hair, in which she could discern a little notch where she had nipped off the curl.

A speechlessness that socially was a defect in him was to her view a piquant attribute just now. He looked rather alarmed. "Lady Constantine, have I done anything?" — he began breathlessly, as he gazed in her face, with parted lips.

"Oh, no, of course not. I have decided to do something, — nothing more,"

she said, holding out her hand, which he rather gingerly touched. "Don't look so concerned. Who makes equatorials?"

This remark was like the drawing of a weir-hatch, and she was speedily inundated with all she wished to know concerning astronomical opticians. When he had imparted the particulars he waited, manifestly burning to know whither these inquiries tended.

"I am not going to buy you one," she said, gently.

He looked as if he would faint.

"Certainly not. I did not wish it. I — I could not have accepted it," said the young man.

"But I am going to buy one for myself. I lack a hobby, and I shall choose astronomy. I shall fix my equatorial on the column."

Swithin brightened up.

"And I shall let you have the use of it whenever you choose. In brief, Swithin St. Cleeve shall be Lady Constantine's Astronomer-Royal; and she" —

"Shall be his queen." The words came not much the worse for being uttered only in the tone of one anxious to complete a tardy sentence.

"Well, that's what I have decided to do," resumed Lady Constantine. "I will write to these opticians at once."

There seemed to be no more for him to do than to thank her for the privilege, whenever it should be available, which he promptly did, and then made as if to go. But Lady Constantine detained him, with "Have you ever seen my library?"

"No; never."

"You don't say you would like to see it."

"But I should."

"It is the third door on the right. You can find your way in, and you can stay there as long as you like."

Swithin then left the morning-room for the apartment designated, and amused himself in that "soul of the house," as

Cicero defined it, till he heard the lunch-bell sounding from the turret, when he came down from the library steps, and thought it time to go home. But at that moment a servant entered to inquire whether he would prefer to have his lunch brought in to him there, and upon his replying in the affirmative a large tray arrived on the stomach of a footman, and Swithin was greatly surprised to see a whole pheasant placed at his disposal.

Having breakfasted at eight that morning, and having been much in the open air afterwards, the Adonis astronomer's appetite assumed grand proportions. How much of that pheasant he might consistently eat without hurting his dear patroness Lady Constantine's feelings, when he could readily eat it all, was a problem in which the reasonableness of a larger and larger quantity argued itself inversely as a smaller and smaller quantity remained. When, at length, he had finally decided on a terminal point in the body of the bird, the door was gently opened.

"Oh, you have not finished?" came to him over his shoulder, in a considerate voice.

"Oh, yes, thank you, Lady Constantine," he said, jumping up.

"Why did you prefer to lunch in this awkward, dusty place?"

"I thought—it would be better," said Swithin simply.

"There is fruit in the other room, if you like to come. But perhaps you would rather not?"

"Oh, yes, I should much like to," said Swithin, walking over his napkin, and following her as she led the way to the adjoining apartment.

Here, while she asked him what he had been reading, he modestly ventured on an apple, in whose flavor he recognized the familiar taste of old friends robbed from her husband's orchards in his childhood, long before Lady Constantine's advent on the scene. She

supposed he had confined his search to his own sublime subject, astronomy?

Swithin suddenly became older to the eye, as his thoughts reverted to the topic thus reintroduced. "Yes," he informed her. "I seldom read any other subject. In these days the secret of productive study is to avoid well."

"Did you find any good treatises?"

"None. The theories in your books are almost as obsolete as the Ptolemaic system. Only fancy, that magnificent Cyclopædia, leather-bound, and stamped, and gilt, and wide-margined, and bearing the blazon of your house in magnificent colors, says that the twinkling of the stars is probably caused by heavenly bodies passing in front of them in their revolutions."

"And is it not so? That was what I learned when I was a girl."

The modern Eudoxus now rose above the embarrassing horizon of Lady Constantine's great house, magnificent furniture, and awe-inspiring footmen. He became quite natural, all his self-consciousness fled, and his eye spoke into hers no less than his lips to her ears, as he said, "How such a theory can have lingered on to this day beats conjecture! François Arago, as long as fifty or sixty years ago, conclusively established the fact that scintillation is the simplest thing in the world,—merely a matter of atmosphere. But I won't speak of this to you now. The comparative absence of scintillation in warm countries was noticed by Humboldt. Then, again, the scintillations vary. No star flaps his wings like Sirius when he lies low! He flashes out emeralds and rubies, amethystine flames and sapphirine colors, in a manner quite marvelous to behold. And this is only *one* star! So, too, do Arcturus, and Capella, and lesser luminaries. . . . But I tire you with this subject?"

"On the contrary, you speak so beautifully that I could listen all day."

The astronomer threw a searching

glance upon her for a moment ; but there was no satire in the warm, soft eyes which met his own with a luxurious contemplative interest.

"Say some more of it to me," she continued, in a voice not far removed from coaxing.

After some hesitation the subject returned again to his lips, and he said some more — indeed, much more ; Lady Constantine often throwing in an appreciative remark or question, oftener meditatively regarding him, in pursuance of ideas not exactly based on his words, and letting him go on as he would.

Before he left the house the new astronomical project was set in train. The top of the column was to be roofed in, to form a proper observatory ; and on the ground that he knew better than any one else how this was to be carried out, she requested him to give precise directions on the point, and to superintend the whole. A wooden cabin was to be erected at the foot of the tower, to provide better accommodation for casual visitors to the observatory than the spiral staircase and lead-flat afforded. As this cabin would be completely buried in the dense pine foliage which enveloped the lower part of the column and its pedestal, it would be no disfigurement to the general appearance. Finally, a path was to be made across the surrounding fallow, by which she might easily approach the scene of her new study.

When he was gone she wrote to the firm of opticians concerning the equatorial for whose reception all this was designed.

The undertaking was soon in full progress ; and by degrees it became the talk of the hamlets round that Lady Constantine had given up melancholy for astronomy, to the great advantage of all who came in contact with her. One morning, when Tabitha Lark had come as usual to read, Lady Constantine chanced to be in a quarter of the house

to which she seldom wandered ; and while here she heard her maid talking confidentially to Tabitha in the adjoining room on the curious and sudden interest which Lady Constantine had acquired in the moon and stars.

"They do say all sorts of trumpery," observed the hand-maid. "They say — though 't is little better than mischief, to be sure — that it is n't the moon, and it is n't the stars, and it is n't the plannards, that my lady cares for, but for the pretty lad who draws 'em down from the sky to please her ; and being a married example, and what with sin and shame knocking at every poor maid's door afore you can say, 'Hands off, my dear,' to the civilest young man, she ought to set a better pattern."

Lady Constantine's face flamed up vividly.

"If Sir Blount were to come back all of a sudden — oh, my !"

Lady Constantine grew cold as ice.

"There 's nothing in it," said Tabitha scornfully. "I could prove it any day."

"Well, I wish I had half her chance!" sighed the lady's-maid. And no more was said on the subject then.

Tabitha's remark showed that the suspicion was quite an embryo as yet. Nevertheless, saying nothing to reveal what she had overheard, immediately after the reading Lady Constantine flew like a bird to where she knew that Swithin might be found. He was in the plantation, sticking up little sticks to mark where the wooden cabin was to stand. She called him to a remote place under the funeral trees. "I have altered my mind," she said. "I can have nothing to do with this matter."

"Indeed?" said Swithin, surprised.

"Astronomy is not my hobby any longer. And you are not my Astronomer-Royal."

"Oh, Lady Constantine!" cried the youth, aghast. "Why; the work is begun. I thought the equatorial was ordered."

She dropped her voice, though there was nobody to hear even a Jericho shout. "Of course astronomy is my hobby privately, and you are to be my Astronomer-Royal, and I still furnish the observatory; but not to the outer world. There is a reason against my indulgence in such scientific fancies openly; and the project must be arranged in this wise. The whole enterprise is yours: you rent the tower of me: you build the cabin: you get the equatorial. I simply give permission, since you desire it. The path that was to be made from the hill to the park is not to be thought of. There is to be no communication between the house and the column. The equatorial will arrive addressed to you, and its cost I will pay through you. My name must not appear, and I vanish entirely from the undertaking. . . . This blind is necessary," she added, sighing. "Good-by."

"But you *do* take as much interest as before, and it *will* be yours just the same?" he said, walking after her. He scarcely comprehended the subterfuge, and was absolutely blind as to its reason.

"Can you doubt it? But I dare not do it openly."

With this she went away; and in due time there circulated through the parish an assertion that it was a mistake to suppose Lady Constantine had anything to do with Swithin St. Cleeve or his star-gazing schemes. She had merely allowed him to rent the tower of her for use as his observatory, and to put some temporary fixtures on it for that purpose.

After this Lady Constantine lapsed into her former life of loneliness; and by these prompt measures the ghost of a rumor which had barely started into existence was speedily laid to rest. It had probably originated in her own house, and had gone but little further. Yet, despite her self-control, a certain north window of the Great House, that

commanded an uninterrupted view of the upper ten feet of the column, revealed her as somewhat frequently gazing from it at a rotundity which had begun to appear on the summit. To those with whom she came in contact she sometimes addressed such remarks as, "Is young Mr. St. Cleeve getting on with his observatory? I hope he will fix his instruments without damaging the column, which is so interesting to us as being in memory of my dear husband's great-grandfather — a truly brave man."

On one occasion her building-steward ventured to suggest to her that, Sir Blount having deputed to her the power to grant short leases in his absence, she should have a distinctive agreement with Swithin, as between landlord and tenant, with a stringent clause against his driving nails into the stone-work of such a historical memorial. She replied that she did not wish to be severe on the last representative of such old and respected parishioners as his mother's family had been, and of such a well-descended family as his father's; so that it would only be necessary for the steward to keep an eye on Mr. St. Cleeve's doings.

Further, when a letter arrived at the Great House from Hilton and Pimm's, the opticians, with information that the equatorial was ready and packed, and that a man would be sent with it to fix it, she replied to that firm to the effect that their letter should have been addressed to Mr. St. Cleeve, the local astronomer, on whose behalf she had made the inquiries; that she had nothing more to do with the matter; that he would receive the instrument and pay the bill, — her guarantee being given for the latter performance.

VIII.

Lady Constantine then had the pleasure of beholding a wagon, laden with packing-cases, in the act of crossing the field towards the pillar; and not many

days later Swithin, who had never come to the Great House since the luncheon, met her in a path which he knew to be one of her promenades.

"The equatorial is fixed, and the man gone," he said, half in doubt as to his speech, for her commands to him not to recognize her agency or patronage still puzzled him. "I respectfully wish — you could come and see it, Lady Constantine."

"I would rather not ; I cannot."

"Saturn is lovely ; Jupiter is simply sublime ; I can see double stars in the Lion and in the Virgin where I had seen only a single one before. It is all I required to set me going !"

"Is it so ? I'll come. But — you need say nothing about my visit. I cannot come to-night, but I will some time this week. Yet only this once, to try the instrument. Afterwards you must be content to pursue your studies alone."

Swithin seemed but little affected at this announcement. "Hilton and Pimm's man handed me the bill," he continued.

"How much is it ?"

He told her. "And the man who has built the hut and dome, and done the other fixing, has sent in his." He named this amount also.

"Very well. They shall be settled with. My debts must be paid with my money, which you shall have at once, — in cash, since a check would hardly do. Come to the house for it this evening. But no, no ! — you must not come openly ; such is the world. Come to the window — the window that is exactly in a line with the long snow-drop bed, in the south front — at eight to-night, and I will give you what is necessary."

"Certainly, Lady Constantine," said the young man respectfully.

At eight that evening, accordingly, Swithin entered like a ghost upon the terrace to seek out the spot she had designated. The equatorial had so entirely absorbed his thoughts that he did not trouble himself seriously to conjecture

the why and wherefore of her secrecy. If he casually thought of it, he set it down in a general way to an intensely generous wish on her part not to lessen his influence among the sparse inhabitants by making him appear the object of patronage.

While he stood by the long snow-drop bed, which looked up at him like a nether Milky Way, the French casement of the window opposite softly opened, and a hand bordered by a glimmer of lace was stretched forth, from which he received a crisp little parcel, — bank-notes, apparently. He knew the hand, and held it long enough to press it to his lips, the only form which had ever occurred to him of expressing his gratitude to her without the incumbrance of clumsy words, — a vehicle at the best of times but rudely suited for such delicate merchandise. The hand was hastily withdrawn, as if the treatment had been unexpected. Then seemingly moved by second thoughts, she bent forward and said, "Is the night good for observations ?"

"Perfect."

"Then I'll come to-night ; it makes no difference to me, after all. Wait just one moment."

He waited, and she presently emerged, muffled up like a nun ; whereupon they left the terrace and struck across the park together. Very little was said by either till they were crossing the fallow, when he asked if his arm would help her. She did not take the offered support just then ; but when they were ascending under the heavy gloom of the fir-trees she seized it, as if rather influenced by the oppressive solitude than by fatigue.

Thus they reached the foot of the column, ten thousand spirits in prison seeming to gasp their griefs from the funereal boughs overhead, and a few twigs scratching the pillar with the drag of impish claws as tenacious as those figuring in St. Anthony's temptation.

"How intensely dark it is just here !"

she whispered. "I wonder you can keep in the path. Many ancient Britons lie buried here, doubtless."

He led her round to the other side, where, feeling his way with his hands, he suddenly left her, appearing a moment after with a light.

"What place is this?" she exclaimed.

"This is the cabin," said he; and she could just discern the outline of a little house, not unlike a bathing-machine without wheels. "I have kept lights ready here, as I thought you might come any evening, and possibly bring company."

"Don't quarrel with me for coming alone!" she exclaimed, with sensitive promptness. "There are reasons for what I do of which you know nothing."

"Perhaps it is much to my discredit that I don't know."

"Not at all. You are all the better for it. God forbid that I should enlighten you. Well, I see this is the hut. But I am more curious to go to the top, and make discoveries."

He brought a little lantern from the cabin, and lighted her up the winding staircase to the temple of that sublime mystery on whose threshold he stood as priest. The top of the column was quite changed. The tub-shaped space within the parapet, formerly open to the air and sun, was now arched over by a light dome of lath-work covered with felt. But this dome was not fixed. At the line where its base descended to the parapet there were half a dozen iron balls, precisely like cannon-shot, standing loosely in a groove, and on these the dome rested its whole weight. In the side of the dome was a slit, through which the wind blew and the North Star beamed, and towards it the end of the great telescope was directed. This latter magnificent object, with its circles, axes, and handles complete, was securely fixed in the middle of the floor.

"But you can only see one part of the sky through that slit," said she.

The astronomer stretched out his arm, and the whole dome turned horizontally round, running on the balls with a rumble like that of near thunder. Instead of the star Polaris, which had been peeping in upon them through the slit, there now appeared the faces of Castor and Pollux. Swithin then manipulated the equatorial, and put it through its capabilities in like manner.

She was enchanted; being rather excitable, she even clapped her hands just once. She turned to him: "Now are you happy?"

"But it is all *yours*, Lady Constantine."

"At this moment. But that's a defect which can soon be remedied. When is your birthday?"

"Next month, — the seventh."

"Then it shall all be yours, — a birthday present."

The young man protested; it was too much.

"No, you must accept it all, — equatorial, dome, stand, hut, and everything that has been put here for this astronomical purpose. The possession of these apparatus would only compromise me. Already they are reputed to be yours, and they must be made yours. There is no help for it. If ever" (here her voice lost some firmness), — "if ever you go away from me, — from this place, I mean, — and marry, and settle in a new home elsewhere for good, you must take these things, equatorial and all, and never tell how they came to be yours."

"I wish I could do something more for you!" exclaimed the much-moved astronomer. "If you could but share my fame, — supposing I get any, which I may die before doing, — it would be a little compensation. As to my going away and marrying, I certainly shall not. I may go away, but I shall never marry."

"Why not?"

"A beloved science is enough wife for me, — combined, perhaps, with a lit-

the warm friendship with one of kindred pursuits."

"Who is the friend?"

"Yourself I should like it to be."

"You would have to become a woman before I could be that, publicly; or I a man," she replied, with dry melancholy.

"Why a woman, dear Lady Constantine?"

"I cannot explain. No; you must keep your fame and your science all to yourself, and I must keep my — troubles."

Swithin, to divert her from melancholy, — not knowing that in the expression of her melancholy thus and now she found much pleasure, — changed the subject by asking if they should take some observations.

"Yes; the scenery is well hung to-night," she said, looking out upon the heavens.

Then they proceeded to scan the sky, roving from planet to star, from single stars to double stars, from double to colored stars, in the cursory manner of the merely curious. They plunged down to that at other times invisible stellar multitude in the back rows of the celestial theatre: remote layers of constellations whose shapes were new and singular; pretty twinklers which for infinite ages had spent their beams without calling forth from a single poet a single line, or being able to bestow a ray of comfort on a single benighted traveler.

"And to think," said Lady Constantine, "that the whole race of shepherds, since the beginning of the world, — even those immortal shepherds who watched near Bethlehem, — should have gone into their graves without knowing that for one star that lighted them in their labors there were ten as good behind trying to do so! . . . I have a feeling for this instrument not unlike the awe I should feel in the presence of a great magician in whom I really believed.

Its powers are so enormous, and weird, and fantastical, that I should have a personal fear in being with it alone. Music drew an angel down, said the poet; but what is that to drawing down worlds!"

"I often experience a kind of fear of the sky after sitting in the observing-chair a long time. And when I walk home afterwards I fear it, for what I know is there, but cannot see, as one naturally fears the presence of a vast something that only reveals a very little of itself. That's partly what I meant by saying that magnitude, which up to a certain point has grandeur, has beyond it ghastliness."

Thus the interest of their sidereal observations led them on, till the knowledge that scarce any other human vision was traveling within a hundred million miles of their own gave them such a sense of the isolation of that faculty as almost to be a sense of isolation as regarded their whole personality, causing a shudder at its absoluteness. At night, when human discords and harmonies are hushed, in a general sense, for the greater part of twelve hours, there is nothing to moderate the blow with which the infinitely great, the stellar universe, strikes down upon the infinitely little, the mind of the beholder; and this was the case now. Having got closer to immensity than their fellow-creatures, they saw at once its beauty and its frightfulness. They more and more felt the contrast between their own tiny magnitudes and those among which they had recklessly plunged, till they were oppressed with the presence of a vastness they could not cope with even as an idea, which hung about them like a nightmare.

He stood by her while she observed; she by him when they changed places. Once that Swithin's emancipation from a trammeling body had been effected by the telescope, and he was well away in space, she felt her influence over him diminishing to nothing. He was quite

unconscious of his terrestrial neighborings, and of herself as one of them. It still further reduced her towards simplicity.

The silence was broken only by the ticking of the clock-work which gave diurnal motion to the instrument. To expect that he was ever voluntarily going to end the pause by speech was apparently futile. She laid her hand upon his arm. He started, withdrew his eye from the telescope, and brought himself back to the earth by a visible effort.

"Do come out of it!" she coaxed, with a softness in her voice which any man but Swithin would have felt to be exquisite. "I feel that I have been so foolish as to put in your hands an instrument to effect my own annihilation. Not a word have you spoken for the last ten minutes."

"I have been mentally getting on with my great theory. I hope soon to be able to publish it to the world. What, are you going? I will walk with you, Lady Constantine. When will you come again?"

"When your great theory is published to the world."

IX.

Lady Constantine, if narrowly observed at this time, would have seemed to be deeply troubled in conscience, and particularly after the interview above described. Ash-Wednesday occurred in the calendar a few days later, and she went to morning service with a look of genuine contrition on her emotional and yearning countenance. Besides herself the congregation* consisted only of the parson, clerk, school-children, and three old people living on alms, who sat under the reading-desk; and thus, when Mr. Torkingham blazed forth the denunciatory sentences of the Commination, the whole force of them seemed to descend upon her own shoulders. Looking

across the empty pews, she saw through the one or two clear panes of the window opposite a figure in the church-yard, and the very feeling against which she had tried to pray came back again. When she came out and had crossed into the private walk, Swithin came forward to speak to her. This was a most unusual circumstance, and argued a matter of importance.

"I have made an amazing discovery in connection with the variable stars!" he exclaimed. "It will excite the whole astronomical world, and the world outside but little less. I had long suspected the true secret of their variability; but it was by the merest chance on earth that I hit upon a proof of my guess. Your equatorial has done it, my good, kind Lady Constantine, and our fame is established forever!" He sprang into the air, and waved his hat in his triumph.

"Oh, I am so glad — so rejoiced!" she cried. "What is it? But don't stop to tell me. Publish it at once in some paper; nail your name to it, or somebody will seize the idea and appropriate it, — forestall you in some way. It will be Adams and Leverrier over again."

"If I may walk with you I will explain the nature of the discovery. It accounts for the occasional green tint of Castor and every difficulty. I said I would be the Copernicus of the stellar system, and I have begun to be. Yet who knows?"

"Now don't be so up and down! I shall not understand your explanation, and I would rather not know it. I shall reveal it if it is very grand. Women, you know, are not safe depositaries of such valuable secrets. You may walk with me a little way, with great pleasure. Then go and write your account, so as to insure your ownership of the discovery. . . . But how you have watched!" she cried, in a sudden accession of anxiety, as she turned to look

more closely at him. "The orbits of your eyes are leaden, and your eyelids are red and heavy. Don't do it, — pray don't! You will be ill, and break down."

"I have, it is true, been up a little late this last week," he said cheerfully. "In fact, I could n't tear myself away from the equatorial; it is such a wonderful possession that it keeps me there till daylight. But what does that matter, now I have made the discovery?"

"Ah, it *does* matter! Now, promise me — I insist — that you will not commit such imprudences again; for what should I do if my Astronomer-Royal were to die?" She laughed, but far too apprehensively to be effective as a display of levity.

They parted, and he went home to write out his paper. He promised to call as soon as his discovery was in print. Then they waited for the result.

It is impossible to describe the tremulous state of Lady Constantine during the interval. The warm interest she took in Swithin St. Cleeve — many would have said dangerously warm interest — made his hopes her hopes; and though she sometimes admitted to herself that great allowance was requisite for the overweening confidence of youth in the future, she permitted herself to be blinded to probabilities for the pleasure of sharing his dreams. It seemed not unreasonable to suppose the present hour to be the beginning of realization to her darling wish that this young man should become famous. He had worked hard, and why should he not be famous early? His very simplicity in mundane affairs afforded a strong presumption that in things celestial he might be wise. To obtain support for this hypothesis she had only to think over the lives of many eminent astronomers.

She waited feverishly for the flourish of trumpets from afar, by which she expected the announcement of his discovery to be greeted. Knowing that

immediate intelligence of the outburst would be brought to her by himself, she watched from the windows of the Great House each morning for a sight of his figure hastening down the glade. But he did not come.

A long array of wet days passed their dreary shapes before her, and made the waiting still more tedious. On one of these occasions she ran across to the tower, at the risk of a severe cold. The door was locked. Two days after she went again. The door was locked still. But this was only to be expected in such weather. Yet she would have gone on to his house, had there not been one reason too many against such precipitancy. As astronomer and astronomer there was no harm in their meetings; but as woman and man she feared them, — for herself, at any rate.

Ten days passed without a sight of him; ten blurred and dreary days, during which the whole landscape dripped like a mop, and the park trees swabbed the gravel from the drive, while the sky was lined with a thick vault of immovable cloud. It seemed as if the whole science of astronomy had never been real, and that the heavenly bodies, with their motions, were as theoretical as the moves and pieces at a bygone game of chess.

She could content herself no longer with fruitless visits to the column, and when the rain had a little abated she walked to the nearest hamlet, and in a conversation with the first old woman she met contrived to lead up to the subject of Swithin St. Cleeve, by talking about his grandmother.

"Ah, poor old heart; 't is a bad time for her, my lady!" exclaimed the dame.

"Why?"

"Her grandson is dying; and such a gentleman born!"

"Oh, it has something to do with that dreadful discovery!"

"What, my lady?"

She left the old woman with an eva-

sive answer, and with a breaking heart crept along the road. Tears brimmed into her eyes as she walked, and by the time that she was out of sight sobs burst forth tumultuously. "I am too fond of him, but I can't help it, and I don't care, — I don't care!"

Without further considerations as to who beheld her doings, she instinctively went straight towards Mrs. Martin's. Seeing a man coming, she calmed herself sufficiently to ask him through her dropped veil how poor Mr. St. Cleeve was that day. But she only got the same reply: "They say he is dying, my lady."

When Swithin had parted from Lady Constantine, on the previous Ash-Wednesday, he had gone straight to the homestead and prepared his account of *A New Astronomical Discovery*. It was written perhaps in too glowing a rhetoric for the true scientific tone of mind; but there was no doubt that his assertion met with a most startling aptness all the difficulties which had accompanied the received theories on the phenomena attending those marvelous suns of marvelous systems so far away. It accounted for the nebulous mist that surrounds some of them at their weakest time; in short, took up a position of probability which has never yet been assailed.

The papers were written in triplicate, and carefully sealed up with blue wax. One copy was directed to Greenwich, another to the Royal Society, another to a prominent astronomer. A brief statement of the essence of the discovery was also prepared for the leading daily paper.

He considered these documents, embodying as they did two years of his constant thought, reading, and observation, too important to be entrusted for posting to the hands of a messenger; too important to be sent to the sub-post-office at hand. Though the day was wet, dripping wet, he went on foot

with them to a chief office, five miles off, and registered them. Quite exhausted by the walk, after his long night-work, wet through, yet sustained by the sense of a great achievement, he called at a bookseller's for the astronomical periodicals to which he subscribed; then, resting for a short time at an inn, he plodded his way homewards, reading his papers as he went, and planning how to enjoy a repose, on his laurels, of a week or more.

On he strolled through the rain, holding the umbrella vertically over the exposed page to keep it dry while he read. Suddenly his eye was struck by an article. It was the review of a pamphlet by an American astronomer, in which the author announced a conclusive discovery with regard to variable stars.

The discovery was precisely the discovery of Swithin St. Cleeve. Another man had forestalled his fame by a period of about six weeks.

Then the youth found that the goddess Philosophy, to whom he had vowed to dedicate his whole life, would not in return support him through a single hour of despair. In truth, the impishness of circumstance was newer to him than it would have been to a philosopher of threescore and ten. In a wild wish for annihilation he flung himself down on a patch of heather that lay a little removed from the road, and in this watery bed remained motionless, while time passed by unheeded. At last, from sheer misery and weariness, he fell asleep. The March rain pelted him mercilessly, the beaded moisture from the heavily charged locks of heath penetrated him through back and sides, and clotted his hair to unsightly tags and tufts. When he awoke it was dark. He thought of his grandmother, and of her possible alarm at missing him. On attempting to rise, he found that he could hardly bend his joints, and that his clothes were as heavy as lead from saturation. His teeth chattering and

his knees trembling, he pursued his way home, where his appearance excited great concern. He was obliged at once to retire to bed, and the next day he was delirious from the chill.

It was about ten days after this unhappy occurrence that Lady Constantine learnt the news, as above described, and hastened along to the homestead in that state of anguish in which the heart is no longer under the control of the judgment, and self-abandonment, even to error, verges on heroism. On reaching the house in Rings-Hill Bottom, the door was opened to her by old Hannah, who wore an assiduously sorrowful look; and Lady Constantine was shown into the large room, — so wide that the beams bent in the middle, — where she took her seat in one of a methodic range of chairs, beneath a portrait of the Reverend Mr. St. Cleeve, her astronomer's erratic father.

The eight unwatered plants, in the row of eight flower-pots, denoted that there was something wrong in the house. Mrs. Martin came down-stairs, fretting, her wonder at beholding Lady Constantine not altogether displacing the previous mood. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish, my lady!" she exclaimed.

Lady Constantine said, "Hush!" and pointed inquiringly upward.

"He is not overhead, my lady," replied Swithin's grandmother. "His bed-room is at the back of the house."

"How is he now?"

"He is better, just at this moment; and we are more hopeful. But he changes so."

"May I go up? I know he would like to see me."

Her presence having been made known to the sufferer, she was conducted upstairs to Swithin's room. The way thither was through the large chamber he had used as a study and for the manufacture of optical instruments. There lay the large pasteboard telescope, that had been just such a failure as Crusoe's

large boat; there were his diagrams, maps, globes, and celestial apparatus of various sorts. The absence of the worker through illness or death is sufficient to touch the prosiest workshop with the hues of pathetic romance, and it was with a swelling bosom that Lady Constantine passed through this arena of his youthful activities to the little chamber where he lay.

Old Mrs. Martin sat down by the window, and Lady Constantine bent over Swithin.

"Don't speak to me!" she whispered. "It will weaken you; it will excite you. If you do speak it must be very softly." She took his hand, and one irrepressible tear fell upon it.

"Nothing will excite me now, Lady Constantine," he said; "not even your goodness in coming. My last excitement was when I lost the battle. . . . Do you know that my discovery has been forestalled? It is that that's killing me."

"But you are going to recover; you are better, they say. Is it so?"

"I think I am, to-day. But who can be sure?"

"The poor boy was so upset at finding that his labor had been thrown away," said his grandmother, "that he lay down in the rain, and chilled his life out."

"How could you do it?" Lady Constantine whispered. "How could you think so much of renown, and so little of me? Why, for every discovery made there are ten behind that await making. To commit suicide like this, as if there were nobody in the world to care for you!"

"It was done in my haste, and I am very, very sorry for it! I beg both you and all my few friends never, never to forgive me! It would kill me with self-reproach if you were to pardon my rashness!"

At this moment the doctor was announced, and Mrs. Martin went down-

stairs to receive him. Lady Constantine thought she would remain to hear his report, and for this purpose came out, and sat down in a nook of the adjoining work-room of Swithin, the doctor meeting her as he passed through it into the sick-chamber.

He was there during what seemed a torturingly long time; but at length he came out to the room she waited in, and crossed it on his way down-stairs. She rose and followed him to the stair-head.

"How is he?" she anxiously asked. "Will he get over it?"

The doctor, not knowing the depth of her interest in the patient, spoke with the blunt candor natural towards a comparatively indifferent inquirer. "No, Lady Constantine," he replied; "there's a change for the worse." And he retired down the stairs.

Scarcely knowing what she did, Lady Constantine ran back to Swithin's side, flung herself upon the bed, and in a throb of sorrow kissed him.

Thomas Hardy.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

IV.

"A FIRST-CLASS POSITION."

THERE are many men from the Northern and Northwestern States in Texas, and a large proportion of those with whom I talked complained bitterly of being "disappointed with the country;" but most of them seemed to have had unreasonable expectations. Some of them said they had heard, before leaving their old homes, that "a man could live so much easier hyar than in Eele-noy," but that it was not at all true. One young man, with something rather flashy in his appearance, whom I met at Dallas, while waiting for a train, told me with great candor that he had been "down hyar for a couple o' years," and had "tried a number o' things." He was now about to obtain a "first-class position" as agent of a traveling dramatic and variety company, with "some durned purty gurls in it." After some further explanation of his prospects, he remarked, "Anyhow, I've never had a blister on my hands yit, an' I don't mean to have, if I can help it." He liked the country pretty well, he said, "only the folks are so blamed ready

to shoot people. Why, they'll shoot a man jest to see him kick while he's a dyin'." This gentleman was from Chicago.

Usually, when in the South, after a man gave me any information in regard to his own pursuits or undertakings, I wished him success, as we separated; and I always said so the more explicitly because I had to decline the inevitable invitation to drink to each other's prosperity; but in this case I reflected that the course my young friend had chosen would probably lead to a pistol shot in a drinking saloon or house of ill-fame, as the last act in the drama for him, or to a cell in some state prison.

At San Antonio I met a "Massachusetts Yankee," as he described himself, who several years ago invested his entire fortune, some thirty thousand dollars, in blooded cattle and horses, and brought them to Texas for sale, hoping to stock the whole region with animals of improved breed. But he had not been able to sell them for one half what they cost him. The people there, he said, would "rather have these durned little Mexican mules."

ANOTHER TYPE.

I found a young white man in Texas, a native of the country, who is not afraid to work, nor at all careful about blistering his fingers. He lives near Emory, in Rains County. He was twenty-four years of age; was married at eighteen, and had nothing then. Now he owns one hundred and twenty acres of good land, a span of heavy mules, two cows, twenty-four sheep, nearly a hundred hens, and a "small drove" of hogs. He is not in debt, has some money in the bank, and intends to buy more land next winter. He and his wife have "made" all this by their own labor and good management. He invited me to go out to see his place. I found them living in a log cabin of one room, well furnished, very neat, orderly, and comfortable. His wife had a troublesome ailment of the eyes, brought on four years ago by her being overheated, while at work in the field with the hoe, "chopping out cotton." (The cotton-seed is planted by handfuls, and a great deal more comes up than can grow. It is thinned out, mostly, with the hoe.) This young woman cards, spins, and weaves the cloth for the clothing of the family, and makes up all their garments. She attends to the chickens and the cows, and makes money from her eggs and butter. We had an excellent supper and breakfast, and the "spare bed" was clean and sweet. The young man raises cotton and corn, and all the time that is not needed for work on the farm he employs in hauling goods from the railroad to Emory for the merchants there. He contrives always to have a "return load," and makes this business highly profitable. Both these young people are as energetic and "pushing" as any that I know in the North. The man does not drink at all, and has no vices that I could discover. They have two sturdy little children. All go to church on Sundays. The only thing

I could see to regret in their life was that the young wife and mother was working too hard. They are simple-hearted, kindly people, not very intelligent or well informed, but sensible and contented. Perhaps they know enough. More knowledge might not make them happier or better.

THE SUNSET ROUTE.

We leave New Orleans at noon, if we are going to Texas by the Sunset Route, and, if going through without stopping, ride steadily westward the remainder of the day and all night, to reach Houston at seven or eight o'clock of the following morning. There, if we are going on at once, we make close connections, again push on all day long, and reach San Antonio at night. I did not go through thus directly, but I mention the arrangement of trains and the time required in order to convey some impression of distances in that part of our country. I think, however, that no one can have an adequate idea of the vast extent of the State of Texas without traveling through it. From New Orleans to Houston most of the country is low and flat. The water is nearly everywhere brackish, and in every door-yard you see a huge cistern, or wooden vat or tank, above ground, to receive the rain-water from the roof of the house, for domestic use. Very often the cistern is nearly as large as the house. The cabins of the negroes in Western Louisiana are roomy and comfortable; they are mostly, indeed, small framed houses, all of them having outside chimneys, built of sticks and clay. These are cheap, and, when well constructed, durable and safe. Much of the land near the coast is very fertile, and, when dry enough for tillage, produces excellent crops of sugar-cane and cotton. Where the land becomes higher the live-oak is abundant. It is a very handsome tree, usually growing with a low, spreading top, and looking much like a greatly

magnified apple-tree. This resemblance half domesticates the appearance of the rolling, open pasture-lands where it grows.

TEXAS CATTLE.

Westward from Houston the country becomes drier, though there is still much low prairie. All along the road through this region one sees many cattle, and soon learns the meaning of the accounts, so often repeated, of cattle being able to "live out all winter, without feed or shelter." They do live so; that is, some of them do. Many die from starvation. I saw their bodies everywhere, and many of those still alive were wretchedly emaciated. Hundreds of them were, to use an expressive Southwestern phrase, "on the lift;" that is, when they laid down they were so weak that they could not get up; but if they were helped to get up they could walk about and feed, until weariness or weakness prompted them to lie down again, when the process had to be repeated. I saw great numbers of dead animals in the pools and ditches, where they had come to drink, and being too weak to struggle through the mud they had fallen into the water and been drowned. The owners appeared generally to hold the same cheerful philosophy with a man with whom I talked at Corinth, Mississippi, who thought he did not lose much when hundreds of his sheep died for want of food and shelter, because, as he said, "we git the wool." So those Texas cattle men seemed satisfied with the hides. "Hundreds and thousands of the cattle die when the new grass begins to come:" so I was told everywhere. The explanation is that the cattle, weak from long starvation and ravenous with hunger, eat excessively of the fresh grass. They have no "dry feed" to serve as a corrective, and the surfeit on green food kills them. The whole system and plan of cattle-raising in this State seemed to me to be enormously wasteful, yet the industry

is a source of wealth. It would, however, be much more profitable with better methods; and as population becomes more dense, and the range for cattle is circumscribed, these will of necessity be adopted. Nearly every pursuit in the South is to a great extent carried on, or rather goes on, with similar wastefulness of method and result. Of course no business thus managed produces so much as it would if prosecuted with even moderate energy, foresight, and prudence. I should not like to express my opinions upon such matters so forcibly as Southern men express theirs everywhere.

A GREAT SOUTHERN INDUSTRY.

Sheep-raising and wool-growing would be highly remunerative in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, and other parts of the South; and this would be one of the easiest industries for people to engage in who have not much capital to begin with. But the South, in common with large portions of New England, is devoted to another industry, which is always incompatible with sheep-raising and wool-producing. This is the rearing of dogs. I did not find anything else, I think, that can be attributed to the South generally. I found plenty of white republicans and black democrats there; and there is, as in the North, almost every possible variety of opinion on every possible subject. The South is so large, and its life and thought so varied and complex, that a real observer will be slow to impute many things to this part of our country in general. But in regard to this business the South is really "solid." The popular devotion to the rearing of dogs recalls the animal worship of the ancient Egyptians. I was often on the point of asking, "How much do you make a year on your dogs?" They are so numerous, and are increasing so rapidly; they occupy a place of such prominence in the general life of the South, and so dominate public senti-

ment and influence public morality, that one is constantly inclined to the conviction that their rearing and care must be among the most important and valuable pursuits of the people. I was told that there is a dog-tax in some of the States, but that when the assessor of taxes goes his rounds scarcely anybody can be found who will confess to owning a dog. A vigorous effort was made in the legislature of one of the chief Southern States, a few years ago, to enact a law to limit or discourage the rearing of dogs, and to stimulate the production of sheep and wool. But a colored member of the legislature made an eloquent and enthusiastic defense of dog-rearing, and talked sentiment, and quoted what the poets have written in praise of dogs (some white wags having assisted him in the preparation of his speech), until one would have thought that the highest interests of civilization depended upon having as many dogs in the country as possible. The obnoxious bill was voted down by a large majority, and the imperiled industry was rescued.

NORTHERNERS AND NATIVES.

Notwithstanding all such discouragements, there are already Northern men in many places in the northern zone of the South who have begun sheep-growing, and I saw many more who were "prospecting" with a view to engaging in this pursuit. Most of those with whom I conversed were from Northern cities. Some of them had scarcely ever seen a sheep, and it was very interesting to hear their conversation with "the natives" (as all Northerners traveling in the South, or living there, call the people of the country) who have "had some experience in sheep," as they say. One man in Tennessee said that when he began, a few years ago, he thought it "scandalous" to let sheep run in the woods all winter, without any feed, as the natives did. He bought two hundred sheep, and kept them on dry feed,

and gave them plenty of it; "but a lot of them died, and more were sick," while the sheep that lived in the woods even while the ground was covered with snow, and were not fed at all, did very well. He said the natives knew best, after all; that sheep could subsist very well in the woods; and he declared that he had seen sheep eat all day on a piece of ground as bare as a barn-floor. The popular belief or theory that "stock will do well enough out-of-doors" is a very convenient one for people who have no great liking for labor; the truth is, doubtless, that sheep should be fed in winter, and should also be sheltered from cold, wet storms, but that they should have access to the ground, and to the herbage of the woods or fields. Considering the manner in which many Northern men are beginning operations in the South, in pursuits new to them, it should not be surprising if we receive unfavorable reports now and then from some men who "have been to the South and tried it."

THE PROCESS OF DESOLATION.

In Mississippi a large proportion of the land under cultivation is mortgaged to New Orleans merchants and bankers. When a Mississippi planter increases his indebtedness from year to year, he calls it extending his credit; and in many cases this process is continued until almost everything he owns is swallowed up. Then there is a sale, or some kind of "final arrangement," and the planter, advanced in years, and with possessions far less in value than when he began life and business as a young man, goes to Texas, to begin again. In some parts of the South, and noticeably in Northern Mississippi, much damage has been done to the agricultural interests of the country by the washing away of the surface soil. Over thousands of acres this process has gone on so long that nothing is left but the inert and unproductive clay, and this is cut up by gullies and

chasms so wide and deep that they often have to be bridged, like rivers. It would require a vast amount of work and an expenditure too great for the present inhabitants of such regions to repair these injuries, and restore the soil of these unsightly and sterile, ruined areas. Owing to the neglect and inefficiency of the owners of the land, or, in some instances, to the poverty caused by the civil war, the same processes have been permitted to go on here unchecked which, in other parts of the world, have transformed once fertile and populous regions into deserts. Such destructive washing can be prevented by proper management and care on the part of the cultivators of the soil, in adapting their methods to its peculiar qualities and conditions. I saw nothing in my journey through the South which appeared to me more imperatively to require the immediate and earnest attention of the most intelligent and capable men of the country than this evil of the rapid denudation of large areas of fertile country of the entire body of their soil. It is the permanent destruction of a valuable part of the national domain, and of the inheritance of posterity.

PROSPERITY IN LOUISIANA.

There is a larger proportion of rich land in Louisiana than in any other Southern State, I think, and in various parts of the State I saw signs of more of what Northern people would regard as a healthful and "happy" life, for both white people and negroes, than I found anywhere else in equal measure, though I observed instances of a similar kind in other States, especially in Virginia and Alabama. There are fewer "poor whites" in Louisiana than in any other part of the South. There was less whining about poverty, less of the frantic outcry for Northern capital, than elsewhere. I also saw there white men who could "work out-of-doors" in the summer. I am convinced that white men

can work in the fields all summer long, in every part of the South. I saw many who said they and their neighbors had always done so; and yet I was frequently informed by Southern men that white men cannot endure field labor in the "cotton belt," or in the "sugar regions," and that if the negroes will not work nothing can be done. I think it appears to be true that the negro is not so much affected by malaria as the white man. He can live and work near the swamps and rivers, where "the chills" would soon shake the life out of a white man. But so far as my observations warrant any conclusions regarding this matter, it is plain to me that the chief difficulty in the way of the success of "white labor" in the South is a psychological one; it is the want of will.

SOUTHERN WINES.

Virginia and Georgia, with portions of other Southern States, are likely, before many years have passed, to produce great quantities of grapes and wine. It is not improbable, indeed, that in almost every part of the South some particular kinds of grapes, with the wines which they produce, will become sources of profit, and will be extensively cultivated. Where much wine is made much of it will be used, and this industry has important and peculiar relations to the morals and civilization of the countries in which it is largely developed. Its effects are not wholly beneficial or desirable, but, with our existing national civilization and character, whatever is found to be profitable, or which proves to be a source of wealth, is certain to be employed and fostered by our people.

Much might be written of the sea-island cotton culture, of rice-growing and the production of tobacco, as well as of other matters pertaining to Southern agriculture, which I have not described; but to treat them adequately would require greater fullness of detail

than I can now employ. The newspapers of the Southern States are doing excellent service in stimulating interest and disseminating information in regard to agricultural interests and improvements. There is a healthful, practical spirit abroad in the South regarding such subjects, and her people have an admirable journal devoted to agriculture, horticulture, live-stock, and the household, which was established more than forty years ago. Some of the most intelligent agriculturists of our country are in the Southern States. There is, however, a greater disposition to look to the national government for aid to agriculture than is wholesome or desirable. The prosperity of the Southern people will be more real and durable if they depend upon themselves. The more fully the industries of the people (as well as their educational institutions and activities) can be kept free from the entanglements of partisan politics, the better it will be for the interests of all concerned.

PROBABILITIES.

The condition and the development of agriculture in the Southern States are matters of national interest, and they will in a few years exert a decided influence upon emigration, and will attract increasing attention, not only in the Northern States of this country, but in Europe. The old methods of work are certainly to be displaced more and more, as railroads are extended, as manufacturing industries are multiplied, and as immigration increases. Northern and English capital will, it is probable, be more largely invested in Southern land and its cultivation. As in every other department and interest of Southern life, so in agriculture, the old order of things is passing away. The South is taking its place in the modern world of business and financial activities, and it will soon be a more important factor in the world of industry than it has ever been before. Labor and money are

the most important agencies in the new development of Southern civilization. They will be found potent enough for their work. Whether they are to be directed and supplemented by adequate intellectual and social forces, time alone can determine.

MANUFACTURES.

One of the greatest means for the improvement of agriculture in the South is the extraordinary increase in the use of improved farm utensils and machinery. This brings me to consider Southern manufactures. I have visited nearly all the principal cotton-mills of the South, besides many factories in different States for the production of oil and oil-cake from cotton-seed, artificial stone, ice, fertilizers of various kinds, medicines and toilet preparations, flour, tobacco, beer, whisky, lime, cement, soap, soda-water, artificial limbs, saddles, sash, blinds and doors, furniture, lumber, wagons and carriages, plows, steam-engines, boilers, cane and sugar mills, saw-mills, cotton-presses, iron store fronts, cotton-gins, staves and barrels, and other articles for industrial and domestic use. I saw in several places the manufacture of excellent rope and twine, and was in one good electrotype foundry. I observed also the beginnings of various other manufacturing enterprises, some of which are likely to grow to important proportions. Many things are now made from the oil contained in cotton-seed, and this is becoming one of the most valuable products of the South. An oil-mill is not an attractive place to well-dressed visitors, but I have seen few manufactures which have more interest for a thoughtful man who enjoys seeing substances which have been regarded as of slight value converted into articles of the highest importance and utility. Such development of a new source of wealth out of a familiar agricultural product is of far greater benefit to the country than would be conferred

by the discovery of the richest mine of silver or gold. The workmen in the mills like to eat the oil-cake, which is sweet and pleasant to the taste. They chew it while at work, and grow fat on it. Work in the oil-mills is a healthy occupation, though not very cleanly.

Iron is made from the ore at various points, and this industry is rapidly increasing. The manufacture of agricultural machinery and implements is already extensive and highly remunerative, and the same is true of wagon and carriage making. Whisky has long been, as everybody knows, one of the staple products of the South. It is made far more abundantly than I could wish were the case, considering its relation to the real interest and welfare of the people of the country; but the special opposition to its production—as if that were the cause of its excessive and injurious consumption—is of course entirely unintelligent. Within a few years the making of beer has also become extensive and profitable in the South. The production and sale of fertilizers amount to many millions of dollars' worth annually. There are excellent iron foundries, doing a good business, at several places in Mississippi, Alabama, Texas, and other States. In most of these, as in some other of the shops and factories mentioned above, negroes are employed; and in the manufacture of tobacco, a business of enormous extent, most of the laborers are negroes, though a few white women work with them.

THE MILLS.

In the cotton-mills of the Southern States only white laborers are now employed, I believe, although before the emancipation of the slaves there were cotton-mills which were carried on by means of slave labor. Through my entire journey in the South I gave much attention to everything connected with the cotton manufactures of the region, because I have had more acquaintance

with the same business in the North than with any other of our great manufacturing industries. Having seen much of factory life in New England, I have been greatly interested in employing the "comparative method" of study in the Southern mills. The first thing noticeable everywhere there is the extremely happy and satisfied feeling of the manufacturers, and their confident hopefulness in regard to their business in the future. I saw the books and balance-sheets of a number of the principal mills, and ascertained that the owners have a solid and adequate basis for their somewhat exultant and triumphant mood. They are making money, and are extending this industry with great energy and rapidity. In some instances they have had offers from Northern capitalists of more money than they need, and several of the stronger corporations are becoming possessed of sufficient capital of their own.

OPINIONS.

Some Northern manufacturers think it might be easier, or more profitable, for the people of the South to begin with such manufactures as shoemaking, and other industries requiring a less costly "plant," than to engage in the manufacture of cotton, until they have more capital than at present. But Southern men insist that their region is the natural and proper place for the manufacture of cotton, and that the time has already arrived for them to make all coarse cotton fabrics as fast as possible for home consumption, and to take their part in supplying the markets of the world. Many of the large mills are putting in new Lowell-made machinery, of the latest and most improved construction, and are already producing goods of great excellence and durability. When I visited them they nearly all had orders for all they could produce for many months in advance. I saw large quantities of valuable goods, baled,

marked, and ready to be forwarded to the markets of New York, Chicago, Shanghai, Zanzibar, and other remote parts of the world. Everywhere there was apparent a determination to make superior goods, and to depend upon their merit for success. Many of the gentlemen with whom I conversed regarding these subjects dwelt upon the unprofitableness of sending cotton all the way to New England to be spun and woven, and then sending it all the way back to Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, and Texas to be sold and used. They said everywhere, "It will not be so long. Of course you will make the finer cotton fabrics in the North for some years yet, but we shall ultimately try to learn that too, and some of your manufacturers will probably come down here to make money by and by."

THE LABORERS.

Another side of the cotton manufactures of the South, which interests me quite as much as the feeling and fortunes of the manufacturers or capitalists, is the condition and character of the operatives, as affected by their employment and circumstances. I enjoyed excellent opportunities for studying these matters. I walked through every part of most of the mills, often alone, observing and examining everything as fully as I desired; and visited many of the operatives in their homes, inspecting their houses and surroundings, learning as much as possible about sanitary matters, their food, social and personal habits, use of leisure time, their morals and general tone, temper and character. It is manifest that there is a very comfortable and satisfactory feeling between employers and employed. Everywhere the mill owners, agents, and overseers say that the Southern operatives are the best laborers in the world, the most loyal to the interests of their employers, the most faithful, pleasant tempered, and easily managed. On the other

hand, I found it impossible to obtain from the laborers with whom I talked any expression of dissatisfaction with their employers. I could not find anywhere any indications of restlessness or discontent among the mill people. I believe there has been little or no socialist agitation, no labor disturbances, among the Southern factory operatives.

The wages paid and the hours of labor in Southern cotton-mills (they say "factories" there, mostly) are about the same as in New England; but in their home life and all its most important conditions, Southern operatives are more fortunate than the same class of laborers in the Northern States. They have better and much larger houses. There is as yet very little, if any, unwholesome or injurious crowding in the tenements occupied by the operatives of Southern mills. Sanitary arrangements appear to be recognized by mill-owners in the South as something that must be carefully looked after. Perhaps the climate, which insures greater danger from any neglect of such things, may compel closer attention to these matters than they usually receive in the North.

LIFE AND ITS CONDITIONS.

But the relation between the factory people and their employers is plainly different in the South from anything that I have observed in New England; it is more "patriarchal" and less democratic. The control, authority, or influence of the owners and managers over the working people is more absolute than in the North. I am obliged to say that it seems to be a just and beneficent control. The employers appear to feel a real interest in the welfare and prosperity of the people whom they employ. I have not been able to detect, on either side, any feeling of antagonism, any notion that the interests of the manufacturers and those of the laborers are opposed, or even distinct. Almost universally, perhaps in all cases, the oper-

atives are paid in full, in money, and at short intervals. In many places the corporations own most of the houses occupied by the operatives. The rent is generally much lower than the prevailing rates in the same town. The houses are carefully kept in repair by the mill-owners. At some of the largest mills, each family among the operatives has a garden and keeps a cow. The laborers in the mills go to church on Sundays, and are members of churches, far more generally than in the North. There is much less drinking, and there is beyond all comparison less of licentiousness, among them than in their class in New England. The women and girls who work in Southern mills are, I am convinced, almost all of good character. I inquired everywhere in regard to this, and was uniformly told that when, as occasionally happens, a girl of immodest behavior comes into a mill to work the women employed there detect her at once, and commonly expel her by the severity of their manner toward her. But if she does not go, the women make complaint to the agent of the mill, and the offender is at once discharged. It is announced and well understood everywhere that no person of known vicious habits or character will be employed or retained in a cotton-mill there, and the effect is certainly most wholesome. I observed everywhere that the women and girls in the mills were modest and feminine in looks and bearing.

KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTER.

An observer who is familiar with the appearance of the laborers in Northern cotton-mills can see at once that Southern operatives are less intelligent; that they are not so "well informed about what is going on in the world," in the New England sense of these expressions. They are more placid, contented, and industrious, and less restless, than people of the same class in New England; they are more domestic,

settled, and regular in their habits and character. There is far less moving about from place to place, and from one mill to another, than in the North. All, or very nearly all, the hands in Southern factories are Southerners, natives of the region near the mill in which they work, and they all belong to a more primitive, simple, and old-fashioned order of things than is now anywhere in existence in connection with factory life in New England. Southern operatives read less than Northern; they have not so many ideas, and they have not been affected in any considerable degree by the "reforming and progressive" sentiments and influences of the time. They are, in consequence, happier, less liable to discontent, and far more useful and agreeable to their employers. After wide observation in New England, I believe that the operatives of Fall River are, as a class, more "intelligent and intellectual" than those of any other factory town in that portion of our country. Physically, too, they are a superior class. But without judging between them and their employers, one may say that they do not appear to be more happy, useful, or successful than other operatives.

Some of the principal Southern cotton-mills have savings-banks connected with them, belonging to the corporation; that is, the corporation receives the savings from their own operatives who wish to deposit them, and pays interest on them, the same as any other savings-bank. But most of the mill-owners consider this plan injudicious; they regard it as establishing a relation not wholesome or strictly legitimate between employers and employed. These gentlemen say, "We must have thorough and absolute control over our business. This is indispensable to successful management. But the moment we owe a man a dollar which we are not ready to pay, he controls us. Now there might be, some time, a condition of financial disturbance or panic, which would agi-

tate our depositors, and make them anxious or distrustful about their money ; and that, you see, would demoralize them as laborers for us. Many of our people have for years wished us to keep their money for them, but we do not think it would be for our interest, or for theirs, to do so. No ; let other people establish and conduct savings-banks for them. We pay them promptly and in full, because it is better for them and for us that they should have no long-deferred or postponed claims against us. We do not need their money, and we do not wish to take care of them in a way that would not be for their good. If we should need money, it would be far better to obtain it in the market, in the regular way."

CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS.

The owners and managers of Southern mills and factories whom I have met appear to me to be gentlemen of high character ; and they seem to have an intelligent and encouraging perception of the truth that the prosperity and moral welfare of their laborers are essential conditions of their own success as employers and capitalists. They all appear to give very close attention to the details of business, and to trust comparatively little to the judgment of subordinates. Of course, if the time ever comes when many foreigners shall be employed in Southern mills, most of the conditions which I have here described will probably be changed. I hope it may be long before the present state of things is greatly altered, for I think the operatives in Southern mills are among the happiest and most truly prosperous laborers that I have seen anywhere. The principal mills have good schools connected with them, and nearly all the children of the operatives attend Sunday-schools. The Methodist and Baptist churches appear to be doing most for the moral and social welfare and guidance of the working people, as they

are the principal churches in most places in the South, but other religious organizations are also doing their part. The operatives are not regarded in the South as constituting a class so separate or distinct as in New England. They belong more fully and vitally to the body of the people.

FACTORIES IN THE WOODS.

There are large and prosperous factories at Wesson, Mississippi ; Columbus and Augusta, Georgia ; Greensboro, North Carolina, and at various other places, where I saw many things of special and local interest ; but I cannot particularly describe any of these, as I prefer rather to report the general features and conditions of this industry throughout the South. But there are some small factories in different parts of the country, which are of interest because they are small, and as instances of the successful prosecution of this industry in mills of a type which is very different from that of the extensive establishments which I have described. Some of these smaller factories are among the oldest in the South. Most of them are situated in places remote from towns and railroads, and they are managed in a very quiet and unambitious style, working but a small force of hands as compared with the great mills ; yet they produce a handsome profit for their owners. I found a good representative of this class of mills in the woods on Flint River, in Alabama. It was under the charge of Major —, a graduate of West Point, and an officer of the Confederate army, and belonged to a family corporation which owns three thousand acres of land around the factory. The whole property is worth about a hundred thousand dollars. They had made twelve per cent. profit on this capital the year before. They work one hundred hands, — twenty men and eighty women and girls. The young women were all Americans, and they

seemed modest and pleasant, and the major said there was no vice among them. Each family has a house on the land of the corporation, a large garden, and a cow. The houses seemed to me wonderfully large, after my acquaintance with New England factory "tenement-houses." Think of a house more than forty feet long for one family of operatives! This is the size of each dwelling at the Bell Factory, and each has in addition a detached kitchen. I saw a sewing-machine in every house. All have open fire-places and cooking-stoves. The people raise their own vegetables, and each house has a pretty door-yard, with shrubbery and flowers. It seemed a happy and prosperous little community. The manager plainly felt great interest in the moral and personal welfare of his laborers, and they showed that they loved him as a wise, strong friend. He is, indeed, a kind of patriarch of the "settlement" of three hundred inhabitants, a fatherly king over them. No liquor is sold in or near the place, except under his direction. There are a church and a school. The major rarely goes away to the town, or leaves the little factory village. The factory has been in operation more than fifty years. Before the war the work was done by negro slaves owned by the corporation. They grew up in the mill, and knew no other work. Now the operatives are all whites. It would be a great blessing to the country if there could be many factories like this, but the changed conditions of the time have probably made their establishment impossible. Everything must now be done on a different scale, in starting new enterprises, though some of these old factories may be successful for some time longer. They are likely, however, soon to be swallowed up by larger undertakings, or destroyed by their competition.

I suppose that no conditions could make it possible to organize a similar industry and community among New

England people. We should all assert ourselves, and fight for independence and equality, and should disdain to obey any man. No measure of profit would reconcile us to patriarchal control or guidance. We should find means to evade and nullify the rules relating to the sale of liquor, and, in short, to do whatever was forbidden. But such a system is suited exactly to the character and qualities of the people of the primitive community which I have described. In purity of life, content, and happiness, they surpass any New England factory population with which I am acquainted.

PROSPECTS.

If the cotton crop should be large for the next two or three years, and agricultural affairs in the Southern States generally prosperous, several large cotton-mills will probably be erected. At Charleston, South Carolina, I found much interest and discussion over plans for a great cotton factory. The leading business men of the city said that they had been "away behind" the North in enterprise, but they did not intend always to be so. There is a large and valuable building at Corinth, Mississippi, which was erected a few years ago for a cotton-mill, but which has never been occupied. When I was there it was offered to me for a merely nominal price, on condition that I should put in machinery, and promise to employ one hundred laborers. Norfolk, Virginia, has been unfortunate with her mills, losing heavily by fires, but will try again. Some Southern mills are exempted from taxation for a long term of years. This may be right, or necessary, but there are real objections to this method of fostering particular industries. In various parts of the South I saw signs of the gradual accumulation of capital, and of successful effort in laying the foundations of new or expanded business enterprises; a coral-insect kind of work, going on out of sight, but which is sure to be

manifest in time. On the other hand, many Southerners who declaim against the backwardness and "shiftlessness" apparent in their region are themselves quite as inefficient and improvident as any of the people around them.

RAILROADS.

Railroad construction is active in many parts of the South, and that portion of our country is building more railroads than it is likely to have business adequately to sustain. But some of the new roads and projected lines are important, and will of course be of great benefit to the regions most affected by their construction and operation. While in New Orleans I took a long walk down the river-front. There is evidently a great deal of business in the city, and her capital appears to be abundant and substantial. But I think that her relative importance as a metropolis, and her superiority in commerce and wealth over the other cities of the South, are likely to be less marked in the future than they have been in the past. The city has been made and sustained chiefly by the Mississippi River, but the river itself will be of less importance henceforward. The dominion is passing to the railroads in all that part of the country. A glance at a railroad map shows that the Mississippi River has hitherto kept railroads out of a vast region to the west of it along all its lower course. From Memphis to the Gulf the river has had the country and its commerce all to itself. But a railroad has recently been completed which forms a continuous line westward from New Orleans to San Antonio, Texas. A railroad is now being built from Vicksburg to Shreveport, on the Red River. There is already a road from New Orleans up the west side of the Mississippi to Bayou Goula, and there are various short pieces and scattered links which will soon be extended and connected, until the whole country from the Mississippi westward

to the Trinity will be, within the next twenty years, I think, striped and cross-barred with railroads.

TO BUILD UP CITIES.

All this may greatly benefit and develop the region referred to, but it will have the effect of sending to other points much of the tribute that has hitherto gone to New Orleans. The railroads of the South will be much more valuable and friendly to ports on the Southern Atlantic coast than to the beautiful metropolis of the Gulf States. Savannah, Charleston, Norfolk, Richmond, and Baltimore will all be greatly aggrandized by the new and advancing development of the Southern States. The prophecy of a great Southern port and city to rival New York is a guess, a dream. The chances or possibilities of the future are too many and too uncertain for such predictions to have any basis even in probability, but the five coast States between Pennsylvania and Florida are certain to gain greatly in wealth by the increasing production of the States lying west of them. Of all these seaboard States, Virginia holds, I think, the best position for commerce. Chesapeake Bay is an invaluable possession, and the situation of the State north of Cape Hatteras gives it great advantages.

THE "DRUMMER."

The traveling salesman, or "drummer," is one of the chief features of the mercantile business of the South, at present. I do not think I traveled an hour by railway, while in the Southern States, without the company of at least one of these men, nor stopped at any railroad hotel without meeting one; and usually there were several of them present at such places at the same time. It must be said that most of these young men are kind and obliging to their fellow-travelers, — to everybody, indeed; and the uncomplaining indifference with which they accept the miserable fare of

Southern eating-houses and hotels may claim a degree of respect, though they are commonly treated better than anybody else on the road. (The clerk of the pretentious railroad hotel at Montgomery, Alabama, added fifty per cent. to my bill when he learned that I was not a drummer.) I was interested in observing and studying this class of young men, and in learning how they regarded their own life and occupation. There are a few elderly men, of excellent character, on the road, but most of them are young, and are somewhat peculiar. Many of them regard themselves as the real merchants and principal business men of the country, and speak of the houses which employ them as if they (the merchants in the cities) were mere subordinates, or agents, employed by the drummers to put up and forward the goods sold on the road. I heard many discussions among these traveling salesmen of the various methods by which they could so conduct business as to bring the principal profits to their own pockets. They speak of the trade as theirs, and not that of the houses they represent, and often talk of the amount of business which they control, frequently threatening to "carry the trade over to another house." They always have the best rooms, and the best of everything at the hotels, and when several of them meet at the same house they are apt to have "little suppers" together. They are usually extremely hospitable on such occasions, and often invited me

to join them, but I always begged to be excused. A good deal of wine is consumed at these suppers. It is a part of "the necessary traveling expenses," as they explained to me. At Jackson, Mississippi, arriving late at night at the hotel, I found myself in a merry company of drummers, who greeted me with effusive cordiality and offers of unlimited hospitality. The leader explained that they were "all as drunk as the devil, but g-g-goo-GOOD-natured. An' we're jus' as glad to see you 's if you were sober!" The traveling-salesman method of doing business seemed to me clumsy and costly, and the older men on the road in the South say they do not believe the system will be maintained for many years in its present proportions.

CREDIT AND DEBT.

Merchandise of all kinds is very generally sold on credit in most of the Southern States, and there is a larger proportion of the population who are hopelessly in debt than in any other part of our country. In a "rather smart" Tennessee town, I saw a dry-goods and variety store which bore in large letters across its front the legend, "Our Terms! Cash Down From Every Body Saint and Sinner Now and Forever More Amen." It would mark the coming of a better day for Southern business men, and for their customers as well, if this inscription could be placed above the doors of all their shops and stores, from Norfolk to San Antonio.

SERENA.

MORE than twenty years ago Serena Hedding drove through the gateway of her father's farm, while her little son held the creaking gate open. Her vehicle was a low buggy, with room at

the back for a sack of nubbins, which the scrawny white horse would appreciate on his return trip. The driver was obliged to cluck encouragement to him as he paused, with his head down, in the

gateway; and before he had taken ten steps forward, before Milton could stick the pin back in the post-hole and scamper to his seat at her left side, she lived her girlhood over. She saw her father holding that gate open for camp-meeting or protracted-meeting folks to drive in to dinner with him. She saw Milton Hedding ride through to court her, and the scowl her father gave him; and the buggy which waited for her in the woods one afternoon, herself getting into it, and Milton whipping up his horse to carry her away forever.

The road wound, folding on itself, through dense woods. Nothing had changed about the road. She noticed that the old log among the haw saplings remained untouched. That log was a link binding her childhood to her girlhood. She sat on it to baste up the hem of her ridiculously long dress before going to school, her dinner-basket waiting near; and, coming home in the evening, she there ripped the basting out, lest Aunt Lindy should notice that her skirt did not flop against her heels, as proper skirts had done in Aunt Lindy's childhood. Seated on that log, she and Milton had talked of the impossibility of their marriage, and decided to run away.

It was so near sunset that the woods were in mellow twilight. She heard the cows lowing away off, and a loaded wagon rumbling over the Feeder bridge. The loamy incense of this ancestral land was so sweet that it pained her. Soon the house would come in sight, and seem to strike her on the face. If they had altered it any, she did not know it. Was her father's sick-bed down-stairs, or did Aunt Lindy keep him above the narrow staircase? The slippery-elm tree she used to wound for its juicy strips started out at the roadside to give her a scarry welcome. Her fingers brushed her cheeks, and drew the black sun-bonnet further over them.

"What's the matter, mother?" in-

quired her light-haired boy. "Are you feared grandfather's worse?"

"I hope he ain't," replied Serena. Then the house, on its rising ground, appeared, crossed by trees. It had a yard in which lilac bushes, and tall holly-hocks bordered the path. The gate opened into an orchard, and the orchard was guarded from the lane by bars, which Serena's little boy let down, and they drove in.

Her father's barn was one of those immense structures which early Ohio farmers built to indicate their wealth. It had always seemed bursting with hay and grain, and the stamp of horses resounded from its basement stables.

Serena looked piteously at the house. Vehicles of various kinds were fastened all along the fence. Still, no solemn voice or sound of singing reached her ear. It had long been the Jeffries custom to hold services over their dead at the house. No feather-bed hung across the garden palings; neither was the hideous cooling-board standing up anywhere, like a wooden tombstone. But the whole neighborhood was there. He must be very low indeed.

The youthful widow and her boy alighted, and tied their horse in a humble corner near the woodpile. Nobody came out to receive them. That was another bad sign. She was cramped by her long ride. If her suspense had not been so great she must have felt a pang of shame at the shabby appearance of her son and herself, on this first return from exile.

The house dog barked, waking suddenly from his meditations to learn who they were and what they wanted. But he recollected that a great many strangers had been coming and going recently, and, considering his duty done, trotted back, and stretched himself to snap flies.

Serena felt obliged to go around to the front of the house, though the back doorstep showed the wear of her childish feet. But as she passed the first

rose-bush, Milty trotting in the white path behind her, a woman came from the back porch, holding a handkerchief over her cap, the ribbons of which flew back on each side of her neck. The light glared on her spectacles. She was as trim and quick as a young girl. Her dress, cape, and apron were of the same material, and her waist was fastened in front with a spiky row of pins.

"Serene Heddin'!" she exclaimed, with the spring in her voice which Serena remembered comparing to the clip of a mouse-trap, "you're not goin' into the front door to scare your father to death in his last moments."

"Oh, Aunt Lindy," said the shabby widow, lifting her hands, "is he as bad as that?"

"He's been struck with death all the afternoon. You come in this way."

"Can't I see him?" asked Mrs. Hedding, climbing over the back doorstone, like a suddenly exhausted pilgrim, her face quivering under streams of tears.

Through open doors she recognized in the parlor and sitting-room groups of old neighbors, waiting in that hush with which they always accompanied each other to the brink of death. A woman came from among them, whispering, —

"Who's this, Lindy?" and immediately informing herself: "Why, Sereny Jeffr's! Have you got here? Come right in to your pap. He's pretty nigh gone."

"It won't do no good, Sister McGafferty," said Aunt Lindy. "He won't know her, and 't will disturb him. She was postin' in at the front door when I caught her," declared Aunt Lindy, as if speaking of a thief.

Sister McGafferty, a comfortable, large woman in blue spectacles, the presiding elder's wife, and therefore a person of authority, still beckoned Serena in, and she passed Aunt Lindy, followed by her barefooted boy. The round-posted bedstead was drawn out from the wall, and under its sheet and many-

colored quilt lay the old farmer, his mouth open, his eyes glazed, his narrow brows and knotty features wearing a ghastly pallor. But behind the solemn terror of that face was her father.

Aunt Lindy followed, and twitched her elbow, thereby creating a faction in Serena Hedding's favor among the spectators. They were all well-to-do people, who noticed her dejected attitude toward the world, and had always disapproved of her thriftless match. But they said within themselves that Lindy Miller was going too far when she tried to pull a daughter away from her dying father.

"Ain't you 'shamed to disturb his last peaceful minutes!" Aunt Lindy hissed with force.

But the returned culprit fastened such desperate interest on the unseeing eyes of her father that Aunt Lindy's interruption was as remote to her as the gambols of loose horses in the pasture.

If there had now been time and opportunity Serena could not argue her case with him. He never had allowed that. She could not tell how true and happy her marriage was, in spite of his disapproval and its accompanying poverty. She had suffered, but her heart had ripened so that she could discern and love the good in human nature across its narrow bounds. Words or expressions did not occur to her; but a thousand living thoughts swarmed in her mind. If he would look at her again with reconciliation in his eyes, she could be satisfied, and bear all her future trials like benedictions. Never a loving father, he was, until her disobedience, a fairly kind one. He was a very religious man of the old sort, believing seriousness to be the primary principle of godliness, and levity a fermentation of the inward Satan. He always paid his quarterage and contributed to foreign missions, while every successive preacher on the circuit used his house as home. The deep grooves making a

triangle of his upper lip showed how constant and sad his meditations had been. Yet this old farmer was in some matters timid and self-distrustful, and so fond of peace and quiet as to yield his rights for them.

"Father," pleaded Serena Hedding, bending closer to him. "Father!" Unconsciously she repeated the name like a cry. The hum of the bee-hives against the garden palings could be heard. Did a ray dart across his leaden brain from the afternoon his only child, in short coats, poked a stick in the bee-hives, and, feeling the results of her folly, wailed thus to him? Did he imagine himself again dropping the rake and leaping the fence to run with her from her tormentors? A flicker grew through the glazing of his eyes, and became a steady light, a look, a tender gaze, a blessing. She clasped her hands, and rocked before him in ecstasy. He knew her, and revealed, midway over the silent chasm of death, how unalterably close and dear she was to him. In that small eternity of time they were knitted together as never before. His eyes began to glaze again, and she remembered Milt. Pushing the child forward, she cried again, "My boy, father! See my boy!"

The old man saw him. That rigid face was too set to smile, but with the image of his child's child on his eyes, the hope of future generations of his blood, he passed away.

A little time was allowed for the wailing that rises around every death-bed. The overtaxed young widow rocked her son against her, while he gazed about him in awe. Aunt Lindy stood by the bedpost, burying her face in her apron. Her son, Hod Miller, a huge creature, very black-eyed, bright-complexioned, and having the appearance of possessing no immortal soul, sat near the foot of the bed, with his legs crossed and his shoulders hung forward, looking respectfully concerned.

There were no other near relatives except Jesse Jeffries and his wife, who covered their faces while this elder brother lay in the first dignity of death.

Then a quiet bustle began. Sister McGafferty took Serena Hedding out of the parlor, and made her lie down on the sitting-room straw-tick lounge, and smell camphor. Milt wandered out-of-doors, and was grateful to a neighbor's boy, forbidden the house and enjoined to watch the horses, who told him, after an exchange of scrutiny, that he durstn't take a dare which 'ud reach the medder fence first. The men took charge of the body. They closed the parlor doors, and, with basins of water, clean linen, and the new store suit Aunt Lindy's forethought had ready in the house, performed those solemn rites to which all our flesh must humbly come. One mounted a horse and rode to Millersport for the undertaker. Little Jimmy Holmes, who was a middle-aged man, but had a father known as Old or Big Jimmy, was informed by his wife that he could go home now, and look after the milkin' and feedin'; she would stay here and tend to things. Into her capable hands Aunt Lindy appeared to resign the house, while Little Jimmy and their son, Little Jimmy's Jimmy, drove into the pleasant dusk.

After inquiring about the date of the funeral, and detailing watchers for the intervening nights, the other neighbors slowly dispersed in squads. Lights appeared about the house, and the kitchen and cellar yielded up their prepared good things.

Before they reached home the neighbors began to speculate about the disposition of the property. They said Moses Jeffr's had been a hard worker, and his sister Lindy had been a hard worker, and she had kept his house for more than twenty year: 't would n't be no more than right for him to leave her well off. She had been savin' with what her man left her, and Hod Miller had

done a son's part by the old man. Money goes to them that lays up. Some said Mr. Jeffr's had cut off Sereny with a cent in his will. Sereny ought to knowed better than to done as she did. It was a pity, specially as she was left a widow-woman, with a little boy to raise. But when a person makes their bed, they got to lie in it. How tickled Mr. Jeffr's was when Sereny was a little girl experiencin' religion! He never thought then she would go and run off. She had a good home, and he would have done well by her.

On the other hand, there was folks-talk among the Serena faction, whose hearts melted toward the girl when she rocked before her father. They said there never would have been any trouble between Moses Jeffr's and his daughter, if Lindy Miller had n't managed things. Milt Heddin' was a good feller, only he had n't the knack of gettin' along. But he could have worked the farm as well as Hod Miller. They wanted Sereny to have her rights. It was a scandal and a shame if that big, able-bodied feller, with land of his own, could turn her off the home place.

Serena wandered about the house, which strangers seemed to possess, crying over familiar objects. She had large violet eyes, and was once considered as pretty a girl as came to meeting, though her lips were too prominent and full. She looked shabby and piteous. Sister McGafferty combed her hair for her, while her trembling, work-worn hands lay in her lap.

"They've borried a black bonnet and dress for you, Sister Sereny," said the elder's wife, who had been around the circuit when this sorrowful creature was a shy child.

"I might have worn a better dress and bonnet. But, when word came, I felt so bad I did n't think of anything. They did n't let me know he was so near gone."

Milty spent his time out-of-doors. He approved of the barn and did not ap-

prove of Aunt Lindy. His mother had said, "Aunt Lindy, this is my boy."

And Aunt Lindy had said, "He looks spindlin', like the Heddin's. I hope you're raisin' him to obedience. Children set on their own way gives their parents plenty of sorrow to sup."

This spry great-aunt's glasses detected him if he touched a daguerreotype among the glaring, upright array on the sitting-room table, or ventured too near the fine men and women pasted on the fire-board.

She took him to see his grandfather after the laying-out, turned back the ghastly sheet, which was stretched between two chairs, removed cloths from the dead man's face, and warned the boy to prepare for death. He never afterwards inhaled the pungent odor of camphor without turning faint.

At table he and his mother huddled together, feeling scarcely welcome to the abundant food. Little Jimmy Holmes's wife, with a number of helpers, kept the table burdened with every country luxury, but Aunt Lindy saw that the best was reserved until the great final dinner on the day of the funeral.

That day was considered a credit to Moses Jeffries. It was one of the largest funerals ever known in those parts. The weather was pleasant, and summer work so well advanced that everybody could feel the pressure of neighborly duty. Carriages and fine horses nearly filled the orchard space in front of the house; the yard was darkened with standing men in their best black clothes. Not half the people could get into the house, to say nothing of getting into the parlor. There Elder McGafferty lifted his hands, praying and preaching over the old farmer, who looked so unused to his collar and neckcloth and brand-new suit when they took off his coffin-lid.

A number of men wandered down by the barn; the hymn-singing came to them faint and plaintive, in gusts of couplets, just as the preacher lined the words.

One of them remarked that old Mr. Jeffr's left things in pretty good shape, and he s'posed Hod Miller would n't alter them much. Another thought that Serene Heddin' would come in for a sheer, if not all. A man may be put out with his children, but he'll favor them when it comes to such serious business as makin' a will. Hod Miller had bought and sold and made money on that farm, enough to pay for his work. He ought n't to stand in Sereny's light.

"What's she been doin' since her man died?" inquired the first speaker, shaving off long whittlings from a piece of pine.

"Workin' out, 'pears like I heard. She got a place near Lancaster, where they'd let her keep her boy with her. It's my opinion," said the second speaker, suddenly spitting a flood, and letting his spiky chin work up and down with slow rumination, "that old Lindy kept her away from her pap as long as she could, for fear there'd be a makin' up."

"Oh, sho! The old man was very set in his ways. He did n't need bully-raggin' to make up his mind and keep it made up. Hod Miller might marry the widder now, and that'd settle all claims."

"I don't believe she'd have him," said the chawer, smiling slowly. "Jesse Jeffr's, he thinks Sereny's all right. He claims he seen the will."

The whittler scoffed at such claims. Jesse Jeffries was held in light esteem by his old neighbors. He sold his farm, and had such a hankering for town life as to settle in Millersport, where the Deep Cut of the Ohio canal is, and lose every cent of it in grocery-keeping. What Jesse Jeffries said or did thereafter was of small importance. His record slew him.

There was bustle at the front of the house. Both men squinted in the sun, and watched a long black object with shining dots upon it coming through the door, borne by stout young farmers.

The men in the yard raised their hats. After the coffin came Serena, on her Uncle Jesse's arm. He shuffled along uncomfortably, as if not used to showing such attention to the women-folks. After them came Hod Miller and his mother, and Jesse Jeffries' wife with Serena's boy. Sister McGafferty considered this the proper order of procession, and had so managed it. Streams of people gushed from all the outlets of the house; the carriages filled and were arrayed in line; the long black serpent trailed down through the woods; and the women remaining to prepare dinner stood and counted, until they declared it beat everything. It was a pleasant sensation to be at such a populous funeral.

When Jesse Jeffries foretold the contents of the will he did not speak without authority, for it had been left in his hands. After a hearty dinner, at which many tablefuls of neighbors assisted, he importantly called the possible heirs together, and their factions sat by to listen.

Aunt Lindy was neither nervous nor bowed with grief. She had done her duty, and knew what her deserts were. Her son Hod tipped back in his chair, and twitched his shirt-collar. He wanted to have the thing over, and was not without doubts of his succeeding to the estate. If it came to him he meant to hold to it. His hands were as strong as a vise, and typified his grip on property. Serena might try to break the will, but if she lawed until Judgment Day he would not give her a cent he was not obliged to give her. Women-folks were a sort of cattle he had no fancy for.

Curious eyes watched Serena, and speculated on her emotions. She was pale and quiet. Her son stood beside her.

The testator's brother broke the seal, and began to read.

The testator, after stating his sanity and general ability to execute such a

document, giving the numbers of his various lands and enumerating his parcels of property in the tedious and high-sounding repetition prescribed by law, bequeathed it all to his beloved daughter Serena Jeffries, and her heirs, the said Serena being enjoined to pay a stated annuity to her aunt, the testator's beloved sister, and to make over to her certain chattels particularly named; also a legacy of five hundred dollars to her cousin, Howard Miller.

Sister McGafferty poked the camphor bottle toward Serena, but it was declined.

Still the poor girl could not believe this. Disinheritance had been so long accepted as part of the penalty of her marriage that she scarcely thought of it as injustice. But to have the homestead for her own was a rise which made her dizzy.

After gazing on her with satisfaction through his glasses, Uncle Jesse turned the paper over, and rapidly read a small codicil, which nevertheless choked him. He knew nothing about this part of the will. It destroyed Serena Hedding's claims, on account of her disobedience, and made Howard Miller unconditional heir.

So that settled the matter. Serena turned whiter. It was a shock, after realizing one instant the possession of competence.

"I 'low Mozy must have put that on the day he took it away to have more added, he said," remarked Uncle Jesse, huskily. His good wife, who was all cap-rim and beak, with a thin neck and general air of scrawniness, sat with her claws crossed in silent sympathy. Jesse and his wife did not find Lindy a congenial sister.

"Well," remarked Aunt Lindy, turning her head so the light fell in a sheet of glare upon her spectacles, "I'm satisfied. That is, I will be when I've said what I'm goin' to say. I'm a plain speaker, and tell my mind. Things has

turned out right. Sereny Heddin' left her pap, and we stayed by him. She's got her reward, and we've got our'n. I hope you don't take no exceptions to his will, Sereny?"

Sereny replied in a low voice that she did not take any.

"To show that I'm fair-minded and want to do right by you," said Aunt Lindy, raising her voice to the tone she used in speaking-meeting when exhorting sinners, "I'll give you your mother's spinnin'-wheel that stands in the smoke-house. You ought to have something to remember her by."

Little Jimmy Holmes's wife nudged the woman next to her, and whispered, with a curving mouth, "Just the idy! And all Sereny's mother's spoons, and her quilts and coverlids she had wove! And the girl never having any settin'-out in the first place!"

Serena climbed the staircase, to take off her borrowed mourning, and put on her own shabby weeds for her ride back into the world. She passed presses stacked with household linen. The precious things of her childhood, seen and handled in this trying visit, seemed so heart-breakingly precious because Hod Miller's future wife would throw them about as common. She would like to have the yellow, leather-bound copy of Alonzo and Melissa, the novel of the house; always considered unwholesome by the elders, and as surely read with sly zest by the children. The coverlet with her mother's name woven into it had never been intended for anybody but the daughter of the house. It was unendurable to go away from home this second time, and into perpetual exile.

"Now I wisht they'd find a later will," said Little Jimmy Holmes's wife, tying on her bonnet in the best bedroom. The persons who had lingered to support the family through the ordeal of will-reading were driving off, one after another. "Oh, but Aunt Lindy 'll carry

things before her! Is she anywhere near? I don't want her to hear me."

"Things don't turn out that way except in novel-stories," said another woman, with her mouth full of pins. "They don't find wills hid around in stockin's or Bibles. I declare, I'm real sorry for Sereny. I don't see how old Mr. Jeffr's can lay easy in his grave, turnin' his own child out to give place to a big, hearty feller, with money in his own right."

"I always thought so much of Serene," said Little Jimmy Holmes's wife. "We was taken into full church membership on the same day; and we used to run together and swap dinners at the Gum College. Aunt Lindy was so hard on her. I've asked Serene to go home with me and stay as long as she wanted to. But she has to take that horse and buggy back. And I don't think she could stand it, so near the old home."

"Now what do you think?" said Jesse Jeffries' wife, coming in, with her black-mitted hands pressed together. "Things is willed to Sereny, after all."

The bedroom resounded with ejaculations.

"How do you make that out?" inquired Little Jimmy Holmes's wife. "I'd give all my yearlin' calves to have it so."

"There was another piece wrote on to the paper, that Jesse missed. 'Pears like Mozy cut her off, and then repented, and went right to another lawyer and had it fixed, for it's in two different handwrits. Things stands just as they did in the first."

"I'm sorry Lindy gets her yearly portion," said Mrs. Holmes, in an irreverent aside. "Let me get out of this crowd: I'm goin' to hug Serene."

"I *thought* 't was a great pity," said the woman with pins in her mouth, bestowing them rapidly about her bonnet ribbons, "if Sereny could n't have the homestead to bring up her boy in!"

"You said folks never found new wills!" observed a neighbor, triumphantly.

"Well," retorted the woman, turning her face from side to side to get her chin set properly in the bonnet ribbons, "they *did* n't find any. Jesse Jeffr's only fooled around and did n't read all of the first one. They might 'a knowed *Jesse Jeffr's* 'ud make a mess of it. *He* don't know how to do a thing right."

This opinion was shielded from the ear of Mrs. Jesse. She was busy nodding her leghorn bonnet and exchanging parting civilities with several old neighbors.

But Little Jimmy Holmes's wife had flown up-stairs, and interfered with Jesse Jeffries and Sister McGafferty and a number of others. Serena lay upon a bed, and the air reeked with camphor.

"She 's overcome like," explained Uncle Jesse.

"Let me get to her," said Mrs. Holmes. Having got to her, Mrs. Holmes raised Serena's head on her arm, and began to laugh.

"She's comin' out of it now," observed Sister McGafferty. "All of you 'd better go down-stairs except Sister Holmes and me. Let her be without disturbin' awhile. We'll have plenty of other chances to enjoy Sister Heddin's company."

The neighbors and Jesse went submissively down-stairs, but Little Jimmy Holmes's wife kept on laughing with some effort, as if she felt afraid of ending in a sob.

"Oh, I'm so glad you'll be in the neighborhood again, Serene!" she said. "Things would n't never been right in this world if they'd turned out the other way. Don't look at me like you's thinkin' of the dead. But rouse up and feel better. There's your Aunt Lindy and Hod standin' at the gate: I can see 'em through the winder. They're talkin' mighty serious, and she don't look so well satisfied as she did. But you must do well by her, Sereny. Give her the old spinnin'-wheel that stands in the smoke-house!"

M. H. Catherwood.

MRS. CENTLIVRE.

DRYDEN ascribes the profligate comedy of the Restoration to the sojourn in France of the banished English court, while Canon Kingsley traces the immorality of French comedy to the evil influence of English cavalier playwrights. The question is too large for present discussion; but, if Canon Kingsley be right, it is only poetically just that we should now be indebted to France for nearly all the comedy we have. That, apart from literary form, there has been any substantial gain in exchanging the candid coarseness of our native comedies for the sophisticated mixtures of infidelity and forgiveness, of bad morals and good clothes, which now hold the stage, will always seem more than doubtful to those whose conscientious scruples have been resolved by that pleasantest of casuists, Charles Lamb. The reader need have no fear that the familiar arguments are about to be restated. The dry bones which Lamb's fine critical genius was powerless to vivify are past all quickening. Dead is "the artificial comedy of the last century;" dust, the embroidered suits, the muffs, the periwigs, the clouded canes, of its intriguing heroes. Where are the beaux now? Of no avail were their dandy weapons against the pen of Collier. They have put up their swords, and skipped away into Hades, where, for all we know, their gallantries to Proserpine are making Pluto ridiculous.

Jeremy Collier's *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* was published in 1698. Then began that rapid theatrical reformation, one hundred and eighty years of which have been enough to make the English stage, in the phrase of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the most contemptible in Europe. All the authors who attempted to answer Collier were ignominiously rout-

ed. From glorious John Dryden down to inglorious John Dennis not one could withstand the furious onset of the Jacobite parson. "Almost the last of our writers to hold out in the prohibited track," says Hazlitt, "was a female adventurer;" and the purpose of this paper is to give some account of a woman "who seemed to take advantage of the privilege of her sex, and to set at defiance the cynical denunciations of the angry reformist."

The daughter of a Puritan, Susanna Freeman was born in 1680, probably in Ireland, whither her father had fled at the Restoration. Early motherless, and soon wholly orphaned, she was left to the care of a step-mother. The tender mercies of the step-dame are cruel, and it is not surprising that in her fourteenth year we should meet this pretty runaway, afoot and penniless, on the road to London. A weary road it was to her young feet, and she had not gone far before she threw herself in tears upon a wayside bank. Neither King Cophetua nor the Lord of Burleigh chanced to pass that way, but Anthony Hammond did. Later, a noted wit and orator, honored by Bolingbroke with the epithet of silver-tongued, and the subject of a *bon-mot* of Chesterfield, who said that he had all the senses but common sense, Hammond was at this time an under-graduate of Cambridge. Whether he deserved Bolingbroke's compliment or not, his accents would seem to have had an instant effect upon Susanna, whose sorrowing beauty won for her a readier compassion than would perhaps have been accorded to a less attractive sufferer. Be this as it may, she dried her eyes, and after some coy deliberation accepted his protection. Dressed in a suit of boy's clothes, Susanna accompanied Hammond to Cambridge, where she was introduced

into his college as cousin Jack, "come to see him and the university." This masquerade, however, could not long deceive the vigilant eyes of the college dons, and Hammond was compelled to restore his companion to her native petticoats.

Though no saint, Anthony was not wanting in generosity: for soon afterwards we find Susanna in London, with money in her purse, and a letter to a gentlewoman of Hammond's acquaintance. She had at last reached the end of her journey, and the scene whereon the remainder of her life-drama was to be enacted. Anthony Hammond had gone out of her heart into politics, to become member for his university, for Huntingdon, commissioner of the navy, paymaster of the forces in Spain, and also, in due time, the lawful father of a forgotten elegiac poet.

No longer in tears, but smiling, a little ruefully perhaps, Susanna became at once a conspicuous ornament of the play-house, where her beauty, the rather masculine type of which was heightened by a small mole on her left eyelid, attracted many admirers. Chief among these was Sir Stephen Fox's nephew, who married her. In less than a year he died. Susanna was no laggard in love. Mr. Carrol, an officer of the army, easily consoled her. Eighteen months later he was lying dead in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the victim of a duel.

Mrs. Carrol is said to have been warmly attached to her rash young husband, whom she sincerely mourned. Either this is true, or, discouraged by repeated failure, she had lost hope of matrimonial settlement, for she seems now to have turned her attention to literature as a means of livelihood. She brought to her new profession a fair ignorance of several modern languages, — her French being of a kind that never was on sea or land, and her Spanish by no means pure Castilian.

Mrs. Carrol's first play, written in

1700, when she was twenty years old, is a tragedy called *The Perjured Husband*. A puerile performance, hardly rising to the dignity of bombast, it gives small promise of the excellence its author afterward attained in comedy. Pitiful, indeed, are these clumsy figures, distinguishable only by their name labels, speaking English to which the loftiest buskins could not lend grammar, and calling upon "all the gods" with the cheerful impartiality of Greeks or Romans. Emotionless, we behold the injured Placentia, disguised as her own brother, plunging a sword into the breast of Aurelia. Nor is our excitement intemperate when the faithless Bassino bursts in, stabs his wife, and falls by the weapon of Alonzo. Besides all this, there is a comic under-plot, of a seriousness so profound as almost to relieve the humor of the tragedy. *The Perjured Husband*, tiresome as it was, served to introduce Mrs. Carrol to the literary circles of London.

Mrs. Carrol does not appear to have belonged to the aristocracy of letters. Pope, to be sure, knew her well enough to bestow a vitriolic line upon her in the *Dunciad*, and she probably enjoyed the acquaintance of Steele and Farquhar. For the rest, her friends were among those illustrious obscure authors whose works, never read, are now seldom mentioned. Rowe, the best known of them, helped her with *The Cruel Gift*, which was dedicated to Budgell, a writer chiefly noted for going to the bottom of the Thames with his pockets full of stones, leaving behind him the words, "What Cato did and Addison approved cannot be wrong." Another of her intimates, Nicholas Amhurst, a satirist not too deadly, had been expelled from Oxford for misdemeanor. Sewell, who closes the list, is responsible for a couplet that passes with Mr. Bartlett for a familiar quotation: —

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on."

This lofty sentiment, however, has not been more preservative of reputation than the stern maxim of Budgell. No more have his epilogues, written for the plays of our author, to whose sufficient obscurity his own lends a darker tinge.

Such was the environment in which Mrs. Carrol began to write her plays. Comedy was her forte, and tragedy her foible. Except in the instance of *The Cruel Gift*, which is not enough better than *The Perjured Husband* to be good, she never returned to tragedy. *The Beaux Duel*, her first comedy, was rapidly followed by *The Stolen Heiress*, *Love's Contrivance*, *The Gamester*, and *The Basset Table*. *Love at a Venture*, the close resemblance of which to Cibber's *Double Gallant* occasioned some controversy between the two authors, happily terminated by the discovery that both knew French equally ill, was produced at Bath in 1706, Mrs. Carrol herself taking a part. Strictly provincial, and of less than a year's duration, her histrionic career closed with an appearance before the court at Windsor in the modest rôle of Alexander the Great. Judging from the portrait prefixed to her works, Edmund Burke's copy of which now lies before me, her charms at twenty-six must have been great. At any rate, they were sufficient to make sad havoc in the French heart of Queen Anne's chief cook, one Joseph Centlivre.

Susanna's best work was done after her third marriage. In 1709 Mrs. Centlivre gave to the world her first successful comedy. Decried before its performance as the work of a woman; scorned by the great Wilks, who, at rehearsal, threw his part of Sir George Airy into the pit, and could hardly be brought by the tears of the author to assume it at all; warmly praised in the *Tatler*, by Steele, *The Busy Body* was destined to a long stage life. It ran for thirteen nights just after the failure of Congreve's *Way of the World*, and the next year was playing at both Drury Lane and

the Haymarket, with Pack at one and Dogget at the other in the part of Marplot. This character, — the ancestor of Paul Pry, according to Mr. Ward, — Doran says was stolen from Sir Francis Fane's *Love in the Dark*. The ubiquitous Marplot adds none the less to the fun of *The Busy Body*, in which, however, he seems rather an interjection than a necessity, as his maladroit appearances, while they momentarily embarrass the scene, in no way alter the current of events. For a *jeune premier* thoroughly conversant with stage business, there could be no better part than Sir George Airy: his dialogue with the veiled Miranda, who asks him to turn his back while she explains her pursuit of him, and then slowly recedes, leaving him in converse with the empty air; the scene in which, finding her sworn to silence, he puts speeches in her mouth, which she adopts by significant gesture, — all this must have been delightful in the hands of a player like Wilks, whose varied graces enabled him to give to Mrs. Centlivre's outlines of character that skillful shading without which they would have been as lifeless on the stage as they are in the closet.

Of all Mrs. Centlivre's plays the one which time has selected is *The Wonder*, or *A Woman Keeps a Secret*. The scene of this comedy has led some writers to accuse our author of borrowing from the Spanish. She was certainly none too good for predatory incursions into other literatures, but as not one of her critics has named the original, the charge may properly be dismissed. In the elegance and brilliancy of its dialogue, and in the effectiveness of its situations, no comedy of Mrs. Centlivre's approaches *The Wonder*. This is perhaps best shown by the fact that its chief character, so often played by him, was chosen by Garrick for his last appearance on the stage. He had thought of making his farewell in *Richard III.*, but he dreaded the fight and the fall,

and on reflection preferred to be remembered associated with the mad gayety of the jealous and choleric Don Felix, rather than with the sombre villainy of the crook-backed king. A comedy seen always takes stronger hold of the imagination than one merely read. The lively recollection of a performance of *The Wonder*, at which I once assisted, is doubtless the secret of my own predilection for this play. No amount of general description can impart an idea of the stratagems, disguises, games at cross-purpose, mistakes of identity, the endless sword-clashings, knock-downs, heel-trippings, and what not, with which Mrs. Centlivre's comedies abound. *The Wonder* is a congeries of misunderstandings.

"T is a perfectly clear plot. The hero and heroine are to be married, and they are at a loss how to get it put off till the fifth act." Such was the comment of Colonel Caustic, in one of Mackenzie's *Loungers*, on beholding a comedy of this school, and a juster criticism could hardly be made. A motive not too strong for a farce, serving as groundwork for the five acts of a comedy, is what necessitates all this bustle and intrigue, this huddling of incident upon incident with impossible conveyance. Given practicable doors enough, a play like this might be extended to fifty acts as easily as to five. In many instances, as has been observed by Sir Walter Scott, there was no way of bringing matters to a close, except by compelling all the persons of the play to renounce their dramatic characters; that is, for the miser to turn generous, the coquette modest, the gallant virtuous, and so on. No wonder that Fielding, whose comedies never had much vitality, was accustomed superfluously to damn his fifth acts.

Mrs. Centlivre was assuredly an adept in the construction of what may be called the comedy of doors and disguises, but in her handling of the latter she shows

little versatility. A door must needs be a door, but why invariably disguise the women in masculine belongings? Placentia, in her first play; Isabinda, in *Marplot*, the sequel to *The Busy Body*; Clarinda and Emilia, in *The Beaux Duel*; Angelica, who, in *The Gamester*, wins her own portrait set with diamonds from her lover, the only scene in the play not taken from Regnard's *Le Joueur*,—all are compelled to assume male attire.

Mrs. Centlivre was not a witty person. Nevertheless, there are better things than farce incidents to be found in these comedies. Sir William Mode's reprimand of his valet—"Blister me, if you don't speak plain English! I shall have the world think I am such a sloven as to keep an English valet"—is a good example of our author's mild satire, aimed at the prevailing affectation of French manners. Her force as a humorist is considerably greater. The scene between Ogle and the sergeant, in *The Beaux Duel*, would do no discredit to the robust genius of Smollett.

It has not been an unpleasant task, turning the yellow leaves of these old play-books; serenading with Sir William Mode; yawning with some weary valet awaiting his reckless master's return from the gaming-table; playing bass-set with Lady Reveller; or accompanying Brazen the sharper in his pursuit of the opulent charms of the widow Dowdy, with her patches, her preposterous hoops, and her long-tailed gown. And as for the talk of these "chaotic people," not much worse than that of modern burlesque, never so bad as that of *opéra bouffe*, I have found it hardly more injurious to morals than the dumb villainies of Clown and Pantaloon. Sir Walter Scott says of the comedies of Cibber and Mrs. Centlivre, "This is a species of comedy easily written." It were folly to differ with so eminent an authority, and yet, after some slight acquaintance with the species, I cannot

but lament the pertinacious adherence of contemporary playwrights to the more difficult styles.

The closing years of Mrs. Centlivre's life were passed in serenity and not without honor. The *Wonder* was bespoken and witnessed by the royal family, who also made her a handsome present. Prince Eugene gave her a gold snuff-box for the dedication of *The Perplexed Lovers*. For a short poem inscribed to the Duc D'Aumont, the French ambassador, she received another snuff-box, before bestowing which the duke asked her if she had one. "Yes, one from Prince Eugene." "Oh," said he, "that was a whig box; now I will give you a tory snuff-box;" and with that he gave her a gold box, set with a picture, itself valued at fifty pistoles. The dedication of *Marplot* to the Duke of Portland brought her forty guineas; that of *The Cruel Gift*, a diamond ring from Budgell. From Lord Halifax she received a repeating watch, and from the Duke of Newcastle a gold medal. All these gifts were graciously conferred. But Secretary Craggs, complimented on his liberality by Mrs. Bracegirdle, to whose hands he entrusted twenty guineas for the dedication of *A Gotham Election*, remarked that he did not so much consider the merit of the piece as what was becoming in a secretary of state. Nevertheless, the piece was a

good one, and affords a picture of an English election in 1715, quite consoling to those of us who mourn the decay of political morality.

Mrs. Centlivre died in 1723, not without a parting scoff from Pope, who somewhere speaks of her as "the cook's wife in Buckingham Court." She was buried in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where Farquhar also reposes. Little as she is known, the memory of Susanna Centlivre can never wholly perish so long as the phrase "the real Simon Pure," the name of a Quaker in her *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, continues in daily use among all English-speaking peoples. As a writer, hers was a thorny pathway. The Turkish view of woman still prevailed, and the managers bold enough to produce her plays found it prudent to conceal the sex of their author.

A sad lot were all these early feminine intruders into the field of letters, — Aphra Behn, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Pilkington, and the rest. Mrs. Centlivre was the best of them. Almost the first of her sex to adopt literature as a calling, she may well be regarded as an unconscious reformer, the leader of a forlorn hope against that literary fortress which was so long defended by the cruel sneers of its masculine garrison. She fell upon the glacié. But over her body the Amazons have marched on to victory.

H. A. Huntington.

DOCTOR ZAY.

VI.

EAST SHERMAN, as Mrs. Butterwell had not untruthfully observed, was a place lacking in "society." The people were miserably poor, and proportionally ignorant, — foreigners, largely: French and Irish lumbermen, and house-

holders of the lesser sort, who raised cabbages, aspired to potatoes, and supported a theory, if not their families, — the theory being that they were farmers.

There are advantages in remoteness, solitude, and unlimited opportunity to appreciate nature, but advanced sanitary conditions are not, even in the State of

Maine, necessarily among them. East Sherman raged with scarlet fever and diphtheria through that long July, and Doctor Zay had her expressive hands full. She was busy day and night. The exhausting rides of the country physician extended themselves through the neighboring towns, to disheartening lengths. Old Oak relieved the gray pony now regularly every day. The office bell rang to the verge of confusion. Handy, plunged in gloom, rolled out the phaeton at midnight, or waited vainly, deep through the late summer twilights, for the "blessedest, best sound" of low wheels returning down the lonely road. Handy had one spot in the back yard, by the wood-pile, where he stood to exercise what might be called his mind upon the medical and moral subjects connected with his calling. He dug his foot — the right one always, and he took off his shoe for the purpose — spirally into the sawdust, a process not widely understood for its tendency to develop thought, and retired deeper than usual into his hats. He had two. The felt one was the bigger; he wore it altogether during the prevalence of the epidemic. Handy regarded the scarlet fever as a serious infliction, chiefly on horses, not to mention indirectly persons by occupation devoted to equine interests. He made unsuccessful attempts to explain this scientific theory to the doctor; but found her the slave of established medical prejudices, not predisposing one to accept popular discoveries. When Handy was especially aggrieved, he alluded to his injury as "an Ananias 'n' Sapphiry shame." No one had ever traced the etymological derivation of this figure.

One evening, as the clock was striking eight, Handy, having reached that depth of spiral action on the sawdust heap which expressed resignation, not as yet hope, expectation, or disappointment, and still as far from the pessimistic as it was from the optimistic view of life, found himself, like many a better and

wiser soul that in facing duty wrests content from the teeth of despair, suddenly plunged into undreamed-of (but plainly deserved) delight.

The doctor was coming home.

"Some of 'em's better," observed Handy, wriggling out of the sawdust, and into his shoe, an artistic attitude which joggled his hat an inch or so lower than usual over his nose. "Or some of 'em's dead. Somebody's cured. Or somebody's killed. I don't care which. Well, Doctor?"

"Don't water her for thirty-five minutes," said the doctor, throwing the reins over the dasher. "She's too warm."

"Gointerwanteragin?" asked Handy, in one agonized breath.

"Not to-night. Put her up. Have you fed Old Oak? Very well. That's all."

"Bobailey was after you 'safternoon. The Baileybabyswuss. 'Relse it's better. I forget. It's one or t'other. It always is one or t'other," added Handy in an aggrieved tone. "Haintgoterseeitagin-aveyer?"

The doctor did not answer Handy. If she had been a man, one would have said she strode by him into the house. As it was, she had a long, nervous, absorbed step, that Handy knew very well. He and the gray pony looked at each other with a confidential air through the twilight of the deserted back yard.

"It's dead," said Handy, "ain't it?" He stroked the pony's chin. The horse returned the boy's gaze with soft, tired eyes, and seemed to nod.

"I thought so," said Handy. "You needn't tell me you ain't glad of it. Got your supper an hour sooner. Accommodatinbabywarntit?"

He leaned his face against the pony's, and whistled, as he led her to her stall, a polka made popular in Maine by the Sherman Brass Band. The horse and the boy went gayly into the barn together, cheek to cheek, as if they both belonged there. Suddenly Handy ap-

peared in the barn door, and made a dive (chiefly over the flower beds) after the doctor's retreating figure.

"Oh, I say, Doctor! I forgot! He-wantsyer, mostpartiklertoo. I've got too much to do to keep rememberin' *him*," said Handy, with a look of disgust.

"What *is* the matter, Handy?" The doctor stopped, not without a touch of annoyance.

"Why, the fellar in the house. He's wuss, too. They're all wuss to-day," cried Handy, with professional glee. "It's one of our days. It's pretty much all wussness. We've got our hands full, I tell yer, younmenthelosses."

"But I went to see Mr. Yorke this morning," said Doctor Zay, rather to herself than to Handy. She pushed off her hat, and passed her hand over her forehead wearily. There was an irritable, almost a womanish accent in her voice; as if she would have said, "What *shall* I do?" or, possibly, would have cried a little, if she had not been ashamed to. But only Handy heard her, and the gray pony, neighing through the barn door for her supper. Both of them discriminated finely, up to a certain point, in the doctor's tones; but she had passed that point.

"Can't help that," said Handy; "yer-vegotergo. He said so."

She bathed, and changed her dress, and took her supper, before she obeyed Mr. Yorke's order; but she obeyed it. He was on the lounge in his room, in the familiar position, and the lamp was in the entry; she came through the half-light, towards him, against the Rembrandt-like background. He watched her in silence.

"Well?" she said, stopping before him. She made no movement to sit down.

"Why, Doctor, you're cross!" said the young man, with an indefinably masculine touch in his tone; half frolic, half tenderness, as if he sported with

her retreat, and put it aside as something not important to the case, or even as a thing which it might be in his power to overcome, if he chose.

"Handy said you were worse, and needed me," replied the doctor, gravely. Plainly, she was not a woman to be meshed by these little nets.

"I did not tell Handy I was worse. But I do need you."

"So do many other people. If there are no new symptoms, Mr. Yorke" —

"*Symptoms!*" breathed the patient, all but inaudibly. "There are new symptoms every day."

She made a nonchalant little gesture with one hand.

"If that is all," — there was a very fine emphasis, too light to bear italics, too clear to pass unnoticed, upon the "that," "you will excuse me, to-night. I am — tired."

"Bring the light, please," said Yorke, with a change of manner. "No, sit down. I can do it myself. Take the easy-chair. No, take the lounge. I can sit up a few minutes perfectly well. I won't keep you more than a few minutes. Please! Why not? Where's the harm? How tired — how tired you are!"

He had hobbled over, and brought the lamp: it was a little lantern, that he had made to swing upon his arm, — one of the contrivances of convalescence, the offspring of necessity, like all the great inventions of history; it had a Japanese paper shade. He stood leaning upon his crutches, looking down. She had silently taken the empty chair.

Doctor Zay had borne her epidemic superbly. Her bloom had subsided a little, it is true, but only enough to increase the delicacy rather than detract from the vigor of her strong face. He had all along perceived in her a person practically supported by what we are accustomed to call, with the most imperfect apprehension of the phrase, a scientific passion.

Against the strain of exhausted sympathy she had set the muscle of intellectual conquest. It could not be denied that in a certain sense the doctor enjoyed her terrible work. She gave out of herself, as if she possessed the life everlasting before her time. She had bread to eat that he knew not of. He could not think of her as sinking, dejected, in need, ahungered. Her splendid health was like a God to her. She leaned against her own physical strength, as another woman might lean upon a man's. She had the repose of her full mental activity. She had her dangerous and sacred feminine nerve under magnificent training. It was her servant, not her tyrant; her wealth, not her poverty; the source of her power, not the exponent of her weakness. She moved on her straight and narrow way between life and death, where one hysteric moment would be fatal, with a glorious poise. The young man acknowledged from the bottom of his heart that she was a balanced and beautiful creature. He had read of such women. He had never seen one.

It was not without a thrill of reverence, amounting almost to awe, that he perceived, when he swung his fantastic little lantern full in her face, that she was undergoing some intense emotion, which, in almost any woman that he knew, would have weakened itself in vehement vocal expression.

"I had a letter from my mother," he began, "and I thought — it was about you — I had told her at last — and it was such a pleasant letter. I meant to read it to you. She sends a long message to you. I really am not such a brute as I seem. I thought perhaps it would amuse you. Doctor Zay, I had no more idea you were so overworked than I had that you were" — He broke off.

"I never saw you look so!" he murmured, with rebellious, almost affectionate anxiety. "It's not easy, when

you've done so much for him, for a man to look on, like a woman, this way. Is n't there anything I can do? If you would stay a while, I could read to you. We will send for Mrs. Butterwell, if you would rather. I could do something, I know I could! Just let me try."

"You cannot help me," she said, gently enough. "Nobody can. I have lost a patient."

Yorke was on the point of crying, "Is that all?" but saved himself in time, and only said, —

"Who is it?"

"The little Bailey baby. It was doing so well, — out of danger. The mother took it over to a neighbor's. You cannot conceive the ignorance and recklessness that we have to manage. She took the child out, like an express bundle, rolled in her shawl. Coming home, it got wet in that shower. I had ceased to visit there every day; they did not send at once, — I suppose every doctor makes these excuses for himself; what would become of us, if we could n't? — but when I got there, I could not do anything. The little thing died at half past seven."

She sat looking straight before her at the Japanese lantern. Yorke felt that the personality of the red and purple paper men on it came as near her at that moment as his. He could not think of anything to say which would not present the edge of an intrusion upon an experience so far without the pale of his own. The young man's imagination was well stocked with comfortable material for the lesser sympathies. If she had lost a steamer to Liverpool, or a ticket for a Christmas oratorio, or a picture bidden for in the last great art craze, he could have comforted her. She had lost only a miserable child out of a beggarly home. What could he say?

"I don't believe every baby in Sherman is worth your looking like that!" he cried, with an impulse whose only

virtue lay in its honesty. He really perceived that something more than scientific pride was hurt in Doctor Zay. He felt, with a kind of senseless triumph, which he put aside to analyze by and by, that he had found the woman in the doctor.

"It was a dear little thing," she said, softly, "and fond of me. I had always taken care of it, ever since it was born. It was just beginning to talk. It was n't a big, noisy baby, like the rest of the family. It is terrible that a child should die,—terrible! It ought never to happen. There is no excuse for it. I can never be reconciled to it!"

She rose impetuously, and left him without another word. The patient looked after her. She had forgotten him. He and the paper men turned and regarded each other. It was not for them to help her in her trouble. She went across the entry, and on into her own rooms, and he heard the door shut. Only one patient rang the office bell that night. He was glad she was left to herself. Mr. and Mrs. Butterwell came in. They, too, were much moved by the doctor's grief. They all sat together in the sick-room, and mourned about that baby as if it had been one of the family.

"It's always just so," said Mrs. Butterwell, wiping her eyes. "She has n't lost but two patients since she came to Sherman,—except old Father Foxy, that nobody counts; for the Lord himself could n't have saved *him*,—eighty-seven, and drunk since he was seventeen. The Sherman Temperance Lodge used him for a warning in good and regular standing, till he got to be about fifty, he kept such excellent health; and sixty, then they fought shy of him; and seventy, but did n't die; and when he came to be eighty they gave him up as a bad argument. But there! It *kills* Doctor Zay to lose a patient. I never saw anybody mind anything so. She acts as if she'd murdered 'em. You'll

see! She'll be all but down sick over this. She'd better take it as a blessing. I would. Those Baileys have got seven now, and poor as Job's Monday dinners. I tell you, Providence knows what he's about, if folks don't. He will drown the extra kittens, when he can. I say he ought to be thanked to mercy for it. But we never do. We up and blame him, the more fools we!"

"Why, *Sar-ah!*" said Mr. Butterwell, placidly.

Upon the sill of the open window, during the unwonted domestic excitement of that summer evening, a felt hat with a boy under it had sympathetically and prudently reposed. Nobody minded Handy. He looked in and out unnoticed, with wide-apart, dumb eyes, like the pony. Sometimes Yorke wondered dimly if anybody had fed and watered him; but even that was an intellectual effort disproportionate to the proposition. It was a long time since the doctor had lost a patient. Handy regarded it as an epoch in human history. He felt that the event reflected importance upon himself, who might be said to have had a share in the glory of the circumstance. He felt above the company of the pony and Old Oak that night; and though the bosom of the family, as expressed by the window-sill, was a little hard, there is a compensatory pleasure in finding one's social level. Handy remained there, after Mr. and Mrs. Butterwell had gone. It seemed to him that this lame gentleman encroached somewhat upon his (Handy's) rights in exhibiting so much interest in that dead baby. That was a professional matter mainly between himself and the doctor.

Mr. Yorke, left alone, after a few moments' thought, bent his head upon the top of his crutch, sitting quite still. The red and purple light of the Japanese gentlemen on the little lantern, flashed and defined his profile. Handy vaguely resented its expression. The old felt hat slipped softly from the win-

dow-sill, and betook itself confidently to the doctor's side of the house. The office door was open to the warm night. Handy peeped. He peeped without a qualm. He regarded it as one of his privileges to follow the doctor's private career. Who had as good a right?

Doctor Zay was sitting by her office table. A half-open drawer showed surgical instruments. Rows of vials exhibited mysteries of white pellets and powders. Medical books lay open underneath her hat and gloves, which she had tossed down on coming in. But Handy regarded these points with the apathy of familiarity. The environment did not interest this scientific child. Doctor Zay, who drove the fastest horse in Sherman, who always knew by an awful omniscience whether you missed a painful or shook the oat-measure; Doctor Zay, who had got old Doctor Adoniram's practice half away from him; *Handy's Doctor Zay*, was bent and bowed over her office table, her face crushed into her resolute hands, as if she had been stricken down by a power that no man could see.

If Handy's education had progressed a little farther he would have called this a phenomenon. As it was, he could only say, —

"It's a thunderin' Ananias'n' Sapphishy shame. Nothin' but a Bailey baby!"

It occurred to Handy, as he walked sadly away, over the heavy wet heads of the clover-tops, back to the sawdust heap by the wood-pile, that perhaps he had peeped as far for that one night as the perquisites of his calling allowed.

"Two of 'em," reflected Handy. "Heads down, like unlucky coppers. One on his crutch. T'other on her learnin'. Bobailey 'n' all his tribe ain't wuth it."

Handy was confusedly jealous of something. He imagined it was Bob Bailey.

The doctor was called out that night to see a poor girl, three miles away.

Handy accompanied her. As they drove through the chilly dawn alone together, Handy's emotions waxed mighty within him.

"Doctor?" he said, in a pleasant, confidential way.

"Well, Handy?"

"Is Mr. Yorke wuss?"

"Why, no, Handy."

"Ain't wrong in his head or nothin', is he?"

"Oh, no, Handy."

"Well. I did n't know. While you was takin' on so about the Baileybaby, he flopped over on them Bangor crutches, and says he, 'Poor girl!' He says it out loud. I heern him. Now, you know, you *ain't* a girl; you're a *doctor*. I thought may be he was a mite loony, and we'd ought to look after him. Do you keep any medicine for loons, Doctor?"

She made her call, as usual, the next morning; a very short one. Yorke had hoped he knew not what, he knew not why, from it; she left him only his powders and his disappointment. It was impossible to draw her within telescopic sweep of a personality. She had seemed near to him in that outburst of grief, last night, as if some kindly or friendly impulse in her reached out its hands to him; precisely by the width of that impulse was she now removed. He had his day's orders from his doctor; nothing more. She looked, as Mrs. Butterwell had prophesied, really ill. He thought of her; he thought of her till he was ashamed to think how long it was since he had thought of anything else. The terrible leisure of invalidism gaped, a gulf, and filled itself with her. If he could have arisen like a man, and bridged it, or like a hero, and leaped into it, she would never, he said to himself doggedly, have this exquisite advantage over him. He lay there like a woman, reduced from activity to endurance, from resolve to patience, while she amassed her importance to him, —

how idly! — like gold that she gave herself no trouble to count.

He was surprised that night at receiving a second visit; but his momentary gratification quickly spent itself. Her errand was to inform him that she should not come again.

"I do not understand you, Doctor Lloyd," said the young man, with an effort at composure; his breath shortened, and he felt dizzy and faint.

"Oh, I mean, if you are able, won't you come to the office?" she answered wearily. "I am preoccupied, and begin wrong end foremost. I do not mean to neglect you. But I really think you able to get around to my door. The air and exercise will be beneficial to you. There is no reason for my coming to you so often. You can take the morning hour, from eight to nine, or the one at noon, as you prefer."

She gave that slight and fine emphasis of hers to the word "reason."

"This means that I am not to see you — here — any longer?"

"Not unless it is necessary."

"Suppose I find it necessary, Doctor Lloyd?"

"I must be the judge of that, Mr. Yorke."

"Very well," said Yorke, after a moment's thought, "I will come to your office to-morrow."

He went. He stumped around on the Bangor crutches over the piazza to the office door, which set forth the legend "Z. A. Lloyd, M. D.," in modest little letters of gray and gold. The reception-room was partly full. Five or six women sat there, and a child or two; one man, a lumberman, who said Puella said she wanted more powders for that crookedness in her mind. Another man came, while Yorke waited, with what he called an "order" for an immediate call on his wife. Doctor Zay nodded to Yorke pleasantly when she came out, but did not speak. He perceived that he was to bide his turn, like

any other patient. The doctor said, "Next?" as if they had been children at school. She was abstracted and pale. She had that look of application which failed of being beautiful. The reception-room was rather pleasant. It was clear that the young lady furnished her own part of the house. Yorke took in an idle, luxurious sense of familiar photographs and even a high-art carpet. There were flowers all over the room, and a table covered with books and periodicals for the patients. Some of the women were reading. He took up yesterday's Boston Advertiser, and hid his amusement, if not his embarrassment, behind it.

Presently he realized that they had all gone. Doctor Zay stood waiting for him, gravely. He followed her into the office; a tiny room, hardly more than a generous closet. She shut the door, and motioned him to a chair. She took her own at the desk where the vials were. Her ledgers and note-book, and one or two volumes of *Materia Medica*, were lying about. The office, he saw at once, was lined from floor to ceiling with book-cases, all full. The doctor waited a moment, as if for him to begin his daily report. He did not. She raised her eyes quickly to his face, and that sensitive change he liked so much crossed her own. Then, for the first time, he saw signs of embarrassment in her. She colored a little, and he smiled.

"Really, Doctor," he said, "do you think this is an improvement?"

She hesitated before she answered: "Really, I — don't know."

"Keeping me here among all those ladies, — the only fellow, except Puella's. He did n't stay by me long. I think, for my own part, it was much better in my room."

"Perhaps it was," she admitted, "but" —

"But you don't want to come any longer?"

"Frankly, Mr. Yorke, no."

"Then you sha'n't. I won't be more disagreeable than I must. I will come to the office, as you wish. But why cannot I have a separate hour, after the women are gone? It seems to me it would be quite as pleasant, and much less"—he, too, hesitated before adding, "noticeable."

"I hardly know," said Doctor Zay, knitting her brows. "There are no precedents, exactly." He had never seen her irresolute before. She looked fatigued and annoyed. "There are new questions constantly arising," she went on, "for a woman in my position. One ceases to be an individual. One acts for the whole,—for the sex, for a cause, for a future. We are not quite free, like other people, in little perplexities. It is what Paul said about no man's living to himself. We pay a price for our privilege. I suppose everything in this world renders its cost, but nothing so heavily, nothing so relentlessly, as an unswerving purpose in a woman. Nothing is more expensive than sustained usefulness,—or what one tries to make such. I hate to think of petty things!" she added, with some fire.

"Then don't!" urged the young man. "I cannot see the need of it, in a case like yours. You are an antidote to pettiness. You eat it out, like a swift and beautiful vitriol. You would make us all ashamed of it. It cannot exist where you are. I felt that in you the first time I saw you. And pretense,—I had got so tired of pretense. You went on your way so simply. You were so *thorough*. I said, There is a trained woman. She is honest all through. She has the modesty of knowledge. I thought all this while you were tying that artery, before I fainted. What a faint that was!"

"You overestimate me, Mr. Yorke," said the doctor, rather distantly. And yet he was sure that he had not displeased her.

"I have sometimes wondered," he

went on, with an awkward courage, "what you thought of *me*, the first time you saw me. I dare say you could n't remember. I don't presume, believe me, that it was of so much importance."

"Oh, yes, I remember perfectly," said Doctor Zay, laughing. "I thought, Concussion and dislocation! Possibly a fine compound fracture. I have never had a compound fracture. I've always wanted one."

"And I have always thought, always maintained, that the scientific temperament is the hardest among civilized types. 'He broke himself against that flint,' I heard said once of a sensitive man, in a miserable instance,—it happened to be a marriage, but that does n't affect the point. One comes upon such a nature as against the glacial period: it solidifies against you; it never bends nor shatters"—

"Nor melts?" she asked, smiling (he could see) out of pure mischief.

"In the course of ages, I suppose. Too late to be of practical service. One freezes in the process."

"The best thing that could happen!" she said quickly.

A white light darted over the young man's face, and passed. He was a remarkably fine-looking fellow in these swift pallors. He shook himself, as if to shake his weakness off.

"Come, Doctor," he said, lightly enough. "Tell me! Was that all you thought when I fell into your remorseless hands?"

"No," she said gravely and gently. "I thought—His mother would not know him."

"Was I so hideous?"

"Yes, you were badly mangled."

"Well, I am even with you. That first time you touched me, I thought I was in hell."

"Yes, sir; you made the fact quite evident, particularly when I set the ankle."

"And now," he said, leaning his head

back in the office chair, and dreamily regarding her across the little distance that separated them, — “now I am in” —

The doctor looked at her watch, and moved back her chair.

“I have spent fifteen minutes on you!” she said, in a tone of vexation too genuine to be mistaken by the blindest feeling for a freak of feminine coyness. “So long out of this short morning! And I have thirty-five calls to make before supper. Continue the remedy that you have, till to-morrow. Then call on me again, — here. Come at noon; the office will not be so full, then. You may be a little late, if you like. You may come to me twice a week, now, for an office call. If you need extra attention, — but I do not think you will, — I will call on you, as formerly. You must excuse me now.”

“Twice a week!” cried the patient. She made him no answer, rang her bell for Handy, and, putting on her feathered hat, walked rapidly away.

Yorke sat in the office a few minutes where she had left him; he looked confusedly about. It seemed to him that he was taking her up in new and unknown conditions, like the second volume of a novel. He turned the leaves with a dull uneasiness. Something in him urged, “Throw the book down!” He searched his soul for power to arise and do so. He found there only a great compulsion, as silent and as terrible as the thread in the hand of Lachesis, which he knew would bind him down to read on to the end.

VII.

He did not go at noon. It occurred to him in the morning that he was well enough to wait till the evening office. He dreamed away his day on the piazza, watching her as she went and came; lost in admiration of his own self-re-

straint, and in a nebulous impression that it was time to take matters into a more strictly masculine control.

She did not come home till eight o'clock. The July twilight was already deepening down. Handy came up from the depths of the sawdust-heap, and retired from public life with Old Oak; the doctor went to her supper; and Yorke got around into the reception-room, and waited for her in the dusk. No other patients were there. Roses were in the room somewhere, — he could not see them. The folds of the long muslin curtains drifted in the warm wind. The rows of books in the office, seen through the open door, looked fuller for the darkness. Beyond them, another door led into the doctor's private parlor. He had heard Mrs. Butterwell say that her lodger had three rooms below (“two and a half,” Mrs. Butterwell called them), and one up-stairs. This other door was half open, swinging idly on its hinges in the perfumed air. He sat and watched it till she came in. It did not open; it would not shut.

She did not see him at first, and he admired the fine unconsciousness of her movements as she crossed the rooms. She lighted her German student lamp on the office table, and, pulling a formidable professional book towards her, without a moment's irresolution, plunged into its contents with the headlong dash which only an absorbing intellectual passion gives. She leaned her head upon her hand, with her controlled profile towards him, while she read. He contrasted this little act cruelly with his invalid reveries.

A woman who says, “My life is too full to have need of you,” will be met by the historic masculine privilege of reply, “You take the trouble to mention it. I reserve the benefit of the doubt.” Doctor Zay took the trouble to mention nothing.

The young man had seen for himself what all the little feminine protest in

the world could never have made patent to his imagination : a woman absorbed in her business, to whom a man must be the accident, not the substance, of thought.

He rose at once, and made her aware of his presence. She expressed the slight, superficial surprise of a preoccupied person, whose life brings her in constant contact with the unexpected. She met him very cordially. He vaguely felt that she approved of him for staying away half a day longer than was necessary. He limped over to the office chair. She shut the door, and he surrendered himself to the brief medical consultation. She found it necessary to examine the injured foot, upon which she laid for a moment her vital, healing touch.

"You would get on much faster if this foot could be properly treated every day, Mr. Yorke. There is not a *massage* rubber short of Bangor. You need one now. You have reached the stage where I should recommend it decidedly. I am sorry."

Yorke made no reply ; he dared not, he was so sure that he should say something unexpected to himself and annoying to her ; and she brought the consultation to an end. As he went away she told him that she desired him to ride the next day. His ankle she thought, would bear the motion, — one of the last experiments before walking, — and he would have a driver, of course. She gave the order lightly, the means by which it was to be obeyed not being the physician's concern.

"I should like it, of all things," said Yorke, impulsively, "if I may. But it is so dull with a driver, and Mr. Butterwell is going to Bangor, you know, for several days. I don't doubt he would offer to take me, if he were here. I wish" —

"Why, I suppose I might take you," said Doctor Zay, after a scarcely perceptible pause. "I never thought of it!"

"I did n't suppose you did," said Yorke, laughing ; "but I don't see why I should n't go, — if you won't let me bore you, that is, — do you?"

"Certainly not. I will take you with pleasure. I often take patients in the summer. It is stupid waiting. You won't find it an exciting process, I warn you. But it will be better for you than moping on the piazza. You have done enough of that."

"Quite enough, I think," said Yorke, looking fully into her upraised eyes.

"Persistent pallor!" said the doctor, in a meditative tone. "Tendency to fixed ideas. This accords with other symptoms I have noted. I must look it up carefully ; but I feel pretty sure I shall give you" — her face lighted with the fervor of the symptomatologist — "I shall give you *carbo vegetabilis*!"

They rode. They rode three hours through the warmth and scent of roadside things, while the summer morning waxed indolently towards the splendid noon. Yorke bore the experiment with remarkable success. The doctor attributed this to the *carbo vegetabilis*.

She chatted cordially with him, as they drove over the long, solitary intervals that separated one call from another ; or she came from a grave case to sit in the phaeton silent and distraught, and mind him no more than if he had been Handy ; or a patient was responding to a difficult diagnosis or a pet theory, and she radiated her happiness upon him. He did not try to talk much. He absorbed her idly, as he did returning life and the throbbing day. He had never been beside her for so long before. He thought of that first ride through the Maine forest, and said dreamily, —

"It seems like a modern magazine serial that I should be driving with the caryatid. But I have not overtaken Atalanta. There is the Greek tragedy. No, don't turn to your note-book. I am not delirious — yet. You need not" —

"Need not what, sir?"

"Need not change the remedy. It works well."

"You speak in figures," said the woman of science, curtly. "I am a person of facts. I fail to follow you."

They called at those Baileys' who had become historic during the scarlet fever, and Yorke looked about him with vague reminiscences. The woman came to the door to welcome the doctor, extending her lean arm.

"There! It's the sign-post woman!" cried Yorke. "We owe it all to her."

"You are strangling in allegory, again. It is a case of asphyxia," said the doctor, handing him the blue reins.

"I mean, we owe it to her that I ever got to Sherman, — a precious sort of debt you think it! Your eyes laugh loud enough to be heard in Bangor. You might spare a shattered man so innocent a delusion. Science would be none the less exact for it. Hang — no, bless Mrs. Bailey! It was she who put me up to — By the way, Doctor, *did* you drop it by accident, or did you mean" —

"How's that leg of Bob's?" asked the doctor, in her happy soprano. She was half-way up the dreary front yard. The children ran to meet her, — a forlorn little batch, — and the woman clung to her with an uncouth, pathetic gesture, half reverence, half fearless love. Mrs. Bailey never thought of paying a doctor's bill, but she wore new mourning for her baby. Her affection was none the less genuine for that. Doctor Zay did not grudge her the sleazy alpaca.

There was a sacredness to the physician beyond the pale of enlightened social science, in the clasp of those scraggy black arms. Mrs. Bailey might outrage political economy, and retard the millennium by becoming a pauper; but she trusted her doctor, and had lost her baby.

Yorke knew little about people of this sort; he had left the lower orders of

society to his mother, with a dim sense of their usefulness in providing an outlet for her superfluous sympathies. Boston women must always have an outlet. His mother kept herself supplied with several. He thought, as he sat in the phaeton waiting for this unusual young lady to exchange the society of the Baileys for his own, that she possessed a power which was far more masculine than feminine, of absorption in the immediate task. He thought it would go hard with a man to haunt her. She would shake him off for what she called objects in life, as a fine spaniel shakes off the drops after a plunge into the sea; earth is his element, after all.

Bob Bailey had cut one of the femoral muscles on a mowing-machine. The doctor etherized him, and sewed the leg up, enthusiastically. The odor of the ether permeated the fresh morning, and Yorke sickened over it in the phaeton. She came out presently, with that cool, scientific eye which stimulated more than it defied him.

"I had forgotten you were here!" she said, as she took the reins. "Are you tired waiting?"

"I am not patient by nature, but may become so by grace. I am cherishing a host of feminine virtues," replied Yorke, stretching his big dimensions in the little carriage. "I shall make rather a superior woman by the time I get well. Like the man who had a damp cellar: it was good for nothing else, so he grew mushrooms in it. These beautiful characteristics which suffering or you, — it's all the same thing" —

"Why, *thank* you!"

—"Are cultivating in me, are" —

"Mushrooms?"

"I'm afraid so. They won't live long. I am *not* a woman, unfortunately. I am only an arrested development. It is something, though, in this world, to be even a lost opportunity."

"Call it a rudiment," was the scien-

tific suggestion. "And I am glad you reach the subject of mushrooms, Mr. Yorke, of your own accord. It is precisely the point to which I wish to conduct your botanical education. When one knows enough not to expect a mushroom to be, say, an aloe, one is prepared for life. You will recover. I like the symptom."

"Symptom!" cried the young man irritably. "Everything, with you, is a symptom. I am growing nervous over the sound of the word."

"Morbid sensitiveness to trifles. I must consider that in your next remedy. Well, and why not, Mr. Yorke? Most things are symptoms. Life is only a pathological experiment."

"That is a narrow professional view."

"All views are narrow. Let me advise you to have as few as possible."

"I am tired of being advised," said Yorke wearily.

Her eyes brimmed with frolic. "Do you want to go home? Or change your doctor?"

"Sometimes I think I will do both, to-morrow."

"You could not do a better thing," said Doctor Zay, carelessly.

"Do you think me able to travel so far?"

"I did not say that. Much depends on the patient. There are collateral dangers in all cases. Many cures consist in a fine choice of risks. Therapeutics, as Hamilton said of conversation, is always a selection."

Yorke regarded her steadily. "I shall not go," he said with decision, after a moment's pause.

They rode. He drank in the divine healing of the day. They talked of safe subjects, — anæsthetics and *Materia Medica*. Yorke had always before regarded homœopathy as a private hobby of his mother's. He was interested in this young woman's clear-headed exposition of a theory to which he was compelled to acknowledge himself a

grateful, if not a convincing testimony. With the irresponsibility of the laity, he amused himself with her fervor, while revering her skill. When she alluded to the Divine Truth in connection with her sugar-plums, he laughed. But when they drove over that bridge whence the Bangor pony had plunged to his last account, the young man grew respectfully grave. He experienced at moments a species of awe of this studious and instructed lady; not so much because of her learning, which was unquestionable, nor of her beautiful inborn fitness for the art of healing, which was as clear as the flash of her eye, as for the fact that, in spite of these circumstances, she could be a charming creature.

The swift morning grew into the high, hot noon. The dew dried on the white clover by the roadside. The dust flew a little. Yorke was tired, despite himself, and glad when the doctor took a cross-cut through a wood-path to make her last call. It was a poor girl, she said, who had few friends. They passed a saw-mill, as they drove to this place. The wheel was silent. The water dripped from it with a cool sound. The men were separating to their dinner; one remained at work above the dam. Yorke observed with admiration his practiced step upon the slippery logs which floated, chained, over the deep, black pool.

Doctor Zay drove to the foot of the hill, and stopped. She would leave him in the shade, she said, and walk up to her patient's; it was but a step. Yorke made no protest. He had long since learned that it was hopeless to argue with his physician. He sat and rested in the green coolness, till she returned.

She was gone about twenty minutes, and came out abstracted and stern. She did not speak at first, or take the reins, but sat still, with a twitching of all the delicate facial muscles which in other women would have meant a shower of tears or a tornado of anger.

"Well?" asked Yorke, conscious how imbecile the monosyllable sounded, but not daring to add another.

"She has just told me who it is that is to blame," said the physician in a low, surcharged voice

Yorke uttered a sympathetic ejaculation, as her meaning flashed upon him. He felt touched both at the simplicity and the solemnity of her words. Nothing of the sort had occurred to him, when she spoke about her "poor girl." Nothing could have revealed to him as did this little shock, the gravity and sacredness of her work. Alas! what could have so betrayed to him the gulf between her dedicated life and his own?

"I have tried for some time to learn," said the doctor, with unwonted agitation. "The poor thing opened her heart to me just now. You cannot think how such things affect me. He was perfectly free to marry her. There is nothing too bad for him! I have no mercy for such men, — none! I wish — Excuse me, Mr. Yorke," she interrupted herself. "There is a professional thoughtlessness; I hope I do not often fall into it. I was overborne by the poor thing's trouble. She is such a pretty creature. It would break your heart to see her. And the women all depend on me so; they think there is nothing beyond my power. Why, she clings to me as if she thought I could undo it all, — could make her what she used to be again! I believe she does. It is more than I can bear."

His own eyes filled, as he saw the slow, strong tears, beaten back and dreaded, gather on her lids. All the littleness and pretense and shallow barrier of the world slipped away from them, as they sat there together in the forest. They did not seem any more to be young and unfamiliar, or even man and woman, but only two human beings, who could arise and go hand in hand to meet the solemn need of all the world. To Yorke it was a moment that he wished might never end.

She was the first to speak, and she said gently, —

"I have tired, or perhaps shocked you. We will go home now. It is not my habit to speak of my cares to my patients. You must" —

"Help! Help! Oh, for God's sake, HELP!"

A terrible cry interrupted the doctor. It came from the mill-pond, whose dam frowned over their heads. The thin cascade of the falls drooped like lace against the wall of stone. The trees gathered close about the water, and Yorke looked up to the sky, as out of a well. He could see nothing else. The cry died in a gurgling sound. Yorke sprang, putting the woman by; he forgot her.

"Mr. Yorke, stay *just where you are!*"

An imperious voice, a firm hand, barred his way.

"Let me go!" demanded the man.

"Not an inch! To lame yourself for life, and help nobody! You never can get up there. Sit back! Take the reins! Drive on for help! There must be men at dinner behind that barn. Do as I bid you! Do as I ask you, — please."

He obeyed her; he cursed his helplessness, but he obeyed. She was already out of his sight, behind the saw-mill. The next instant, as he drove, lashing the pony, he saw her run swiftly out upon the chained logs above the dam. He closed his eyes. She poised herself like a chamois. He saw her sink upon her knees, — had she slipped? His breath came fast and feeble. The road darkened before him, and the forest whirled.

"Am I going to do such a lady-like thing as to faint?" thought the sick man. He fixed his eyes fiercely upon the blue reins, — they seemed to remain knotted in his fingers; he had a vision of the flying road, of the sudden sun, of dashing down upon a group of men, of seeing figures dart, of cry answering to cry; and his next precise impression was

that he had been sitting in the bottom of that phaeton, with his head on the cushions, longer than he supposed. He was alone, by the barn she spoke of. All the men were gone. He gathered his soul together, and drove back as he had come.

A cluster of men hung on the bank above the dam. A motionless figure lay on the ground in the centre of the group. For an instant Yorke could see nothing distinctly.

"Turn him over!" rang out a clear, sweet, imperious voice. "No, not so. So. This way. There! Now, here, Jenley! You help me."

"All right, Doctor!" said an unseen man. Silence followed. Yorke bowed his face upon his crutch, with a confused idea of saying his prayers. All he could think of was the Apostles' Creed and Fairy Lilian. The trickle of the fall fell cheerfully over the dam.

"Tompkins, *you* here!" came the word of command, in that calm, refined voice. "Work at his feet, as I bade you. Keep the arms, Jenley. Tear the shirt, — don't wait. Harder, Smith! Get more blankets from the house, — bed-quilts, anything. And flannel cloths, — all you can muster. Be quiet. Work more steadily. Don't get excited. I want even motions, — so."

Fifteen minutes passed. One of the men spoke in a low tone: —

"He don't budge, Doctor."

She made no answer. They worked on silently. Yorke looked at his watch. Twenty-two minutes.

"Make that chest movement just as I told you, Jenley! — patiently. Have courage. Give me the flannel, Smith. No. Rub *upwards*, not down; I told you twice. Harder. Here, I'll show you."

Twenty-six minutes. Half an hour. The lumbermen began to mutter. Yorke could hear their faint guttural protest.

"You can't resusentite a dead man, Doctor."

"He's dead, that's gospel sure, — deader 'n Judas."

"A critter's legs don't hang that way if he's livin'."

"Yo hain't seen so many drowned lumbermen as we have, young lady."

"My *arms* ache," said one big fellow earnestly. "I've rubbed a long spell. Give him up, Doctor?"

"Give him up? *No!*" came down the ringing cry.

Yorke quivered with the pride he felt in her. He leaned over his watch, as if it held the arrested heart-beats of the human life for which the brave girl fought.

Thirty-five minutes. Forty. Forty-one — two — three. Forty-four minutes.

A low, awed whisper began to rustle through the group. Some of the men dropped on their knees. One ran towards the house. She seemed to call him back, to utter some rapid order; he started off again. As he ran past the phaeton he called to Yorke, —

"*Gor a' mighty, she's fetched him!*"

This man did not return.

Yorke was sitting in a picturesque heap, with his crutches, wondering where was the precise point at which a newly-acquired tendency to faint ceased to be physics and became psychology, and how long he should maintain himself at that creditable juncture in philosophical experience, when he felt her hand upon his own.

"Drink this," she said laconically. He looked up, and saw that she had coffee in her hand; he swallowed it obediently.

"We have got him into the house," she said, speaking rapidly. "Everything goes well. I know this has hurt you. But I don't want to take you home yet. I have a reason. Can you eat, — if I desire it very much?"

"I can try," said Yorke, smiling at her tone; she really pleaded.

"Then I will sit here with you, and

we will have luncheon together. You need your dinner. You will be good for nothing with an empty stomach. There! It will gratify me if you will eat half this bread."

She got into the phaeton and sat beside him, leaning back, and watching him with a gentle eagerness which he would have dared to call tender if he had not remembered that it was professional. "I will eat it all," said Yorke.

She made a pretense of sharing the slice with him, but he could see that she was keenly excited.

"Now," she said, when the bread and coffee were gone, "are you better? Are you strong enough to hear what I want of you?"

"Try me, and see."

"They are together there," — she pointed to the poor girl's house, — "those two, who ought to be together for all their lives. *He* is the man."

"The drowned man?" cried Yorke. She nodded fiercely.

"I want you to come up there with me. I want you for a witness. I may fail in the thing, but it's got to be tried. I can't have any of those fellows there, and there's nobody at home but a young step-mother, who won't come near us. Are you able to do this?"

Yorke replied by silently taking the reins. He, too, felt excited and strong. They drove up the steep, short hill, and close to the poor place. At the gate stood a wagon, containing an elderly and gentlemanly but very impatient person. A few men were hanging about the door-steps. The doctor helped her patient out, and he followed her into the house, asking no questions.

They went into a low, clean room on the ground floor. A man was there upon a lounge, swathed in blankets; he was ghastly white. A girl hung over him: she uttered low, inarticulate cries; she rained her tears upon his face, his hands, — nay, her kisses on his great coarse feet, as if he were her saviour. The doctor

shut the door softly, and Yorke stood uncovered beside her. The girl noticed them no more than if they had been spirits.

"Why, Molly!" said the fellow weakly. "Why, *Molly*! I hain't done so well by you that you should — kiss me — now. I don't deserve it," he added, after a moment's thought.

"Molly," said the doctor, coming forward with her nervous step, "leave Jim to me a minute. I want to talk to him."

Molly gathered herself together, a miserable little effort, — shame and love and tears, — and obeyed. She was a pretty girl, with blonde hair.

"Deserve it?" said Doctor Zay, in a changed manner, as soon as the girl was gone. "*Deserve* it? You have behaved to her like a coward and a sneak. She is behaving like — a woman. She *loves* him, I suppose," added the doctor, in an undertone. "That is the way with these women. Now, then, Jim Paisley! I have just this to say to you. You are able to sit up. Let me see you do it."

The resuscitated man struggled to an obtuse angle against the pillows.

"Very good. I wish you could stand up, but that will do. I want you to marry Molly. I will call her back."

"But, Doctor" — began Jim.

"No shilly-shallying," returned the doctor sharply. "Not a word. Let me see it done before I leave the house. I sent Henry for the minister the first breath you drew, — out there on the shore, — before I sent for the brandy, before you gasped twice. He is sitting at the gate this minute, with a borrowed horse, too, that he's in a hurry to get back to a man who is mowing. Don't waste any more of our time. It's too precious for you. Come!"

"But, Doctor, how can I be married, done up in blankets like a mummy. It's — so — ridiculous!" pleaded Jim. "I'd have liked my best close on."

"Paisley!" said the doctor, towering and superb, "did I work over you four-

teen minutes after every man in Sherman would have given you up for dead? Fourteen minutes longer than is laid down by Hering, too," she added, turning to Yorke.

"Well, Doctor, I s'pose you did."

"Did I bring back the soul to your senseless, sinful body, after it had gone God knows where, but where you'll never go again till you go to stay?"

"That's a fact, Doctor. Yes, marm."

"I've got some rights in your life, have I, Jim?"

"Yes, marm. I don't deny you brought me to."

"Do you suppose you were worth *touching*, except that you had it in your miserable power to right a poor wronged girl? Come! Do you?"

"No, marm."

"If you don't marry Molly before I leave this house, every lumberman in Sherman may throw you into the mill-pond, — and some of them will. I'll stand by and see them do it. I won't lift a finger for you."

"You're hard on a fellow," complained Jim. "I hain't said I would n't. I only said I'd rather wait and get my best close. I vum, when I come to, and — Good Lord! did you see her, Doctor? I hain't done right by her, that's a fact. I told her so."

"Well, well!" said Doctor Zay, softening. She went at once to call the girl, who lay crouched like a spaniel outside the door, upon the bare entry floor. "Come here, Molly," she said, with ineffable gentleness. "Jim wants to be married."

Molly stood still. The color slowly crept over her delicate neck.

"He hain't asked me himself," she said. Jim held out his hand to her.

"The doctor thought I was n't fit to ask you, Molly. She ain't far out, either."

The girl advanced slowly, looking at

him searchingly. Then, with a certain dignity, she gave the man one hand, and said, —

"Very well, Doctor."

The minister came, talking about his borrowed horse. He was worried and hurried.

"Where is your certificate of intention to marry?" he asked shortly, "we require five days' notice of intention in our State."

"The marriage will be legal," replied Dr. Zay, promptly. "I've had occasion to look into that. Whatever formalities are necessary, I will attend to myself. I will pay your fine, if you are called to account for this."

"It is a large fine," said the minister, slowly.

"I will be responsible for it," persisted the Doctor. "I must see the thing done now. Something might go wrong with the case yet. The man is very weak."

The old minister yielded his point after a little feeble protest; he wanted to get back to his mowing.

Yorke and the physician witnessed the marriage. And the young step-mother, out in the front yard, gossiped with the lumbermen through it all.

Doctor Zay took her patient home immediately when the painful scene was over. He was greatly exhausted. She sent him at once to bed, left minute orders for his care, and went off on her afternoon rounds.

In the evening she came to him again. She sat some time. She was anxious, gentle, half deprecating. She gave her professional tenderness a beautiful freedom. He felt her sympathy like a sparkling tonic. She atoned for what she had cost him by a divine hour.

She did not mention the poor girl. But Yorke thought of the caryatid lifting marble arms to hold the Temple "high above our heads."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE POETS' BIRDS.

THEIR friends have claimed for the poets that they are the chief ministers and high priests of Nature. They are said to be in exceptional communion with her; to be her "interpreters," her "favorites," and her "children." Indeed, the poets have repeatedly claimed as much for themselves.

"Where's the poet? Show him, show him,
Muses Nine, that I may know him.
'Tis the man who with a man
Is an equal, be he king
Or poorest of the beggar-clan,
Or any other wondrous thing
That may be twist ape and Plato;
'Tis the man who with a bird,
Wren or eagle, finds the way to
All its instincts. He hath heard
The lion roaring, and can tell
What his horny throat expresseth;
And to him the tiger's yell
Comes articulate, and presseth
On his ear like mother tongue."

But, none the less, I fear that much might be found in English poetry to support any one who should say that, as a class, the bards are not only inadequately informed as to the ordinary objects in nature, but curiously unfair towards those which they profess to understand.

This holds good only of British poets, Tennyson excepted; for the poetry of America marks a perfectly new departure from the stereotyped, artificial, and unsympathetic treatment of natural objects which characterizes British verse. America, perhaps, is too large to tolerate prejudices, or it may be that a specific variation in the intellectual conditions of the West develops a corresponding variation in the poetic tone. Her poets cannot go to an antique heraldry for grotesque fancies about beasts which heralds had never heard of, nor to classical myths for whimsical ideas about birds which were unknown to Greece and Rome. They are protected, therefore, to a certain extent, from any "hereditary

taint" of prejudice, and have fewer temptations than European poets towards the logicians' "fallacy from antiquity." But this does not suffice to explain that universal kindliness towards "the speechless world" which is conspicuous in the works of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Bryant, and Whittier; that tender gospel of sympathy, of which Buddha was the Messiah and Edwin Arnold is the latest evangelist. Now this sympathy, coextensive with Nature, which I find common to all the poets of America, is one of the rarest of traits in the poets of England. The latter, I notice (and I have carefully examined two hundred volumes of their verse), are seldom in true accord with Nature, and seldom, therefore, in her fullest confidence.

Science, as an American writer has said, is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it does not permit sentiment in its treatment of natural objects; but even conceding the essayist to be right, it is also certain that poetry is hardly more satisfactory when it shows an unnecessary disregard of scientific facts. All who love the poetry in Nature better than the poetry out of it will admit this.

Poetical license of course excuses much, and in homage to the true aim of poetry almost anything may be condoned. But even poetical license must confess to laws, and, like Nature herself in her most wayward moods, must never permit the extension of an idea except in the direction of its natural progression. It must be produced in a straight line only. There must be no kinks in it, no eccentric liberties taken. When Nature made a bat she availed herself of a lawful license; but when poets call the bat "a bird," they go beyond the justifiable. If a bard is not content with merely saying that the eagle stares at the sun, but goes on to add that its sight

pierces through the sun and beyond it, his extension is in a straight line; or if another, describing the raven riding on the crest of the swiftly-moving storm, speaks of it as *hastening* the storm, there is an admissible and pleasing prolongation, so to speak, of the original idea. But when the vulture, because it is opposed to the dove in general character, is made (as by Savage) to chase the dove and catch it; or when, the sea having become calm, the sea-gulls begin (as in Mallet) to "warble," we resent the liberty taken by the bard, for it is eccentric, and out of the regular plane of Nature's procedure.

It will no doubt be also pleaded, in justification of poetical license, that the writers are often only pursuing "points of high prescription," and following up old tradition. The plea is admissible, for no one can be displeased with any effort to preserve the delightful fancies of antiquity. But the poets should sometimes save themselves by an *aiunt*, or at all events they should not go beyond the original myth. It is a poor compliment to the fable of the bird of paradise, that it sleeps on the wing, to stretch the same privilege, as Cowper does, to the swallow; nor is it respectful to the legend of the pelican to exaggerate her act into one of self-destruction. She fed her young from her breast, so tradition pretended, to save them from starvation. But she did not, obviously, give them "her life's blood," for that would have precipitated the very catastrophe which the poor mother tried so painfully to avert. Now these, I take it, are abuses of tradition, and opposed to that tender, reverent trusteeship of old-world bird-lore which we look for in the poets. Let them, by all means, perpetuate the pretty "wisdom of the ancients." But they must not add to it for their present purpose, nor take from it to suit their text.

Nor again, when following the fictions of Greece and Rome, does it look well

in a poet that he should have no gold of his own to set their jewels in. The swan on the water is a thing of surpassing grace, yet what a sterile majority of our bards see in it only the fowl that sings before death! Is there no poetry in the contemporary kingfisher, that it should never be anything but the "brooding halcyon" of the past? Yet it would be as hard to find a poet who mentions the kingfisher in nature as one who does not mention it in fable. The real beauty of the swan's life is almost ignored; the imaginary beauty of its death is hackneyed to absurdity.

Taking the bird-world alone, it is extraordinary with what direct loss of power and beauty the poets have neglected the opportunities which Nature offers them for simile and illustration, ornamental epithet or moral analogy. There are known to science more than three thousand species of birds. But poetry takes ken of a bare hundred, and of even these a third are so casually mentioned that, virtually, they are useless to the text, and, so far as they contribute any special significance, force, or beauty, almost any other birds might have taken their places. The treasures of the tropics are absolutely ignored, and, in fact, Asia, Africa, and America might not exist, for all the advantage their bird-wealth has been to British poets; while Europe, except where its species are British species also, is similarly neglected. Taking foreign birds, we find only six,—the ostrich, bird of paradise, pelican, flamingo, ibis, and vulture,—and even these are only utilized to perpetuate half a dozen of those "pseudodoxia" which Sir Thomas Browne tried to demolish two centuries ago. The ostrich is still, with the poets, the "silliest of the feathered kind, and formed of God without a parent's mind;" the bird of paradise, not having recovered its legs yet, sleeps on the wing, and hatches its eggs in mid-air; the ibis still brandishes its "spiral neck at snakes;"

the pelican goes on "opening to her young her tender breast;" and the vulture continues to "spring from the cliff upon the passing dove." Such, then, may be said to be the sum of the English poets' study of foreign bird-life (except in the case of cage-birds, such as cockatoos, macaws, canaries, parrots), the aggregate of the beauty they can find in the lessons taught and similes pointed by many hundreds of feathered things. The humming-birds, poems each one of them; the magnificent hornbills, miracles of plumage; the sun-birds, a very regalia of feathered gems; the astonishing trogons and their painted kin; the glittering lorries and toucans, creatures of paradise; the pheasants of Asia, cast in gold and silver, and jeweled on every feather; the multitude of beautiful water-fowl that haunt the great rivers of the world, the Amazon and Nile and Ganges streams; the wondrous birds of prey, the condors and lammergeyers of Alp and Andes, — all are wasted alike. Yet surely, if only for their surpassing beauty of plumage and form, their unrivaled power and speed, some of these deserve appreciative reference, instead of the stale old peacock, already plucked bald, and the still staler turtle-dove. So pressed for similes of beauty are the poets that they have all of them to turn again and again to the peacock's tail, the turtle's neck, and the swan's breast, — to one or other they invariably go, — and never once think, apparently, of the myriads of lovely things that might brighten and beautify their verse, if they would only let their minds travel beyond "the tame villatic fowl" of their homesteads.

Now, why is the poets' range so unnecessarily and injuriously limited? In the case of the earliest poets the contemporary ignorance of zoölogy is sufficient explanation; but for the rest, the same explanation cannot be accepted, unless we are to believe that poets are permitted to ignore what the prose

writers of their own day knew well, which is irrational. It will of course be argued that the poets did not need more birds than they used, that they had enough birds, that they used only as many as they wanted, and so forth; but unless poetry differs from prose in some essential manner not yet revealed, it is absurd to suppose that a choice of beauties would not have been resorted to, that monotony and imitation would not have been avoided, that a world of exquisite morals and illustrations would not have been utilized, had they been to hand. What craftsman, working on a thing of beauty, would not use beautiful materials, if heaped up round him, in preference to second-hand odds and ends, much the worse for wear and tear? Indeed, to accept any other explanation is to accuse the poets of something worse than mere ignorance.

Moreover, from internal evidence, it is easy enough to show that, as a matter of fact, the poets were *not* satisfied with their repertory of fowls. Sometimes they try to compass variety by using different names for the same bird, for we find them singing mysteriously (to modern ears) of "gleads," "puttocks," "ernes," "tiercels," and so forth, when they had used the more familiar names sufficiently often. Or they make up new birds for themselves, like Spenser's "shriks," Milton's night-ravens, Shelley's death-birds, or Savage's night-crows; or they go boldly into the bird-land of fable, and eke out their stock with such "fearful wild-fowl" as the simurg and roc, gryphon and phoenix, popinjay, heydegre, martlet, and allerton.

Further evidence might, if needed, be found in the fact that where the poets are really at home with their birds they are careful to show it. Thus the hawks of sport are all nicely specified by their technical distinctions, and British game-birds are enumerated without a single omission. The "dove" is also the wood-dove, wood-pigeon, ring-dove, stock-dove,

turtle-dove, and carrier-pigeon, while the barn-door fowl is accurately detailed into Chanticleer and Partlet, cock and hen, cockerel, capon, pullet, and chicken, — eight birds made out of two, or out of one. It is fairly evident, therefore, that the very limited range of the poets was not altogether optional with them; for not only did they make the very most of the few birds they were sure of, but they invented others to increase the number, and it becomes difficult, except under the theory that they were ignorant of nature, to explain their reticence. But in the case of many of the poets, their ignorance, as I have said, was a misfortune, and not a fault, for, however disastrous it may have been, as depriving their poems of much beauty, variety, and power that they might otherwise have possessed, the door to the natural world was, in their day, only just ajar.

I will not, therefore, press this charge against the bards. Our loss was perhaps their misfortune. But my second charge, that of injustice to the bird-world, is far more serious. It also arises from ignorance, but ignorance of another degree. We can hardly quarrel with a poet for not writing about birds which he did not know of. But we *can* quarrel with him for not knowing about the birds which he did write of. And it is this second ignorance, therefore, this inner coil, that I complain of, and resent. For the larger offense, the neglect of the whole world's ornithology, we can find palliation, or, at any rate, we may condone it with pity. But for the smaller, more concentrated neglect, I feel but little tenderness. The poets have wasted some two thousand exotic birds, — let that pass. But I feel it a duty to notice, in some detail, their unfair treatment of their seventy-six "British species."

The complete list¹ stands as follows: albatross, blackbird, bullfinch, bittern, blackcock, buzzard, booby, cormorant,

¹ Complete, that is, out of the eighty poets I have taken for my text.

crane, cock, corn-crake, chaffinch, cuckoo, crow, chough, coot, curlew, duck, eagle, field-fare, fulmar, gull, goldfinch, goose, gannet, greenfinch, grouse, goshawk, heron, hobby, jackdaw, jay, kingfisher, kite, linnet, loon, merlin, magpie, martin, moor-hen, nightingale, night-jar, noddy, owls, ousel, osprey, peacock, plover, partridge, pheasant, ptarmigan, quail, raven, ring-dove, rook, robin, swan, swallow, skylark, sparrow, snipe, stone-chat, sand-lark, stock-dove, starling, sparrow-hawk, swift, thrush, turtle-dove, teal, white-throat, wren, woodpecker, woodcock, woodlark, wild-duck, — seventy-six in all.

Now one of the first points to attract attention in this curious list is the presence of only seven sea-birds. What a collection to represent the feathered nations of the ocean and the sea-vexed coasts and cliffs! The albatross, it is true, is used with notable effect in the *Ancient Mariner*, but what shall we say of the rest?

The unhappy cormorant, perhaps because Milton began by saying the devil resembled it, is selected by Churchill as the very abomination of desolation ("Let cormorants in churches make their nests"), and is invariably misrepresented and maligned by the other poets as "obscene," "greedy," and "ill-omened," that inhabits caves which "the dun seals" share with it. The gannet is once mentioned by Scott as "flying," and the fulmar once by Mallet as "screaming," while the loon, the booby, the noddy, and the "soland-geese" are each once referred to, to point a pleasantry. Such are the ocean-birds of the poets, and, except where "sea-mews" and "sea-pies" are thrown in (and sometimes very finely) as adjuncts of sea scenery, not another bird is mentioned. Not a word for the frigate-bird, — though it *does* sleep on the wing, — and barely a line for the stormy petrel, its name itself a tragedy! Is there not a real and grievous injustice done

here to the beautiful and noble birds that add grace and dignity even to the sea itself?

Unjust, also, we must consider the treatment of the birds of prey. If the poets were contemptuous to the "fishers of the sea," they are prejudiced against "the pirates of the sky."

These are represented in Britain, according to the bards, by the eagle, hawk, falcon, buzzard, goshawk, hobby, osprey, sparrow-hawk, and kite. The eagle is imperial both in nature and out of it, and the poets have indeed done splendid justice to this splendid bird, but unfairly, and at the expense of others. Thus, that which is grand in eagles is wicked in hawks. The latter are always "rending" something, or "ravening," or "gorged," or "bloudy." Once and again, by accident as it were, and for no obvious purpose, the "gentle spar-hawk," "the soaring hobby," and "the merlin" are introduced. Spenser, a naturalist, knew the goshawk, and Burns sees it "driving on the wheeling hare." But the buzzard is hardly allowed to be worth calling a bird, and is used to express the *ne plus ultra* of unworthiness among fowls; the osprey is treated as of "ill-omen," and the constant companion of "obscene" birds; while the kite is held in general abomination, it is regarded only as a carrion-bird, a scavenger, and as eating human flesh. In the last character, Macaulay delights in "the carrion-kite." He gives Valerius to "the kite," the Lord of Norba to "the Porcean kites," "fair-haired" armies to "the kites," and

"The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close."

When used in sport, both hawks and falcons are abundantly referred to, — as "haggards," "gentles," "tiercelets," "tarsels," and so forth, — and many fine results obtained, with the adventitious help of hernshaws and cranes, lures, bells, hoods, jesses, and all the other paraphernalia of falconry. We have

them presented to us in every light, either when "they soar to seize, or, stooping, strike their prey;" or when, "humble, they sit upon the wrists of common men." Somerville, especially, when he sings

"the valiant falcon's
Aerial fights, where no confederate brute
Joins in the bloody fray, but bird with bird
Jousts in mid-air,"

is fired with a worthy admiration of "the lordly fowl" of Spenser, the Marmion among the feathered. But through all this praise we hear the sad jingling of the trained bird's bells. In nature, as apart from falconry, this splendid family, the Falconidæ, has no more than the meagre recognition I have already noted. The peregrine, the earl among the birds; the kestrel, so beautiful and so brave; or the merlin, "the lady's hawk," conspicuous even among falcons for its grace, its daring, and its astonishing velocity, might each of them adorn many a line which other fowls now encumber.

From these two classes alone, the sea-fowl and the birds of prey, we might consider the charge of injustice substantiated; but now that all the birds are in court, I may as well call up other witnesses.

Conspicuous, then, in my list as unpopular birds are the following: the bittern, crows, the goose, jackdaw, jay, and magpie, owls, and the raven; to which I should add, from foreign climes, the ostrich, peacock, parrots, and vulture. In their treatment of these birds, the poets' utterances are curiously characterized not only by a want of sympathy, but also by an unlooked-for want of originality.

The bittern, one of the most strangely poetical of birds, is found useful only as a synonym for discordance and desolation, and if it had not been for its making strange noises would not probably have been mentioned at all. Scott says it "shriecks," and "booms,"

and "drums" from the "melancholy marshes;" Thomson, so often absurd, says that, "with bill ingulphed, he shakes the surrounding marsh;" and Burns may be suspected of harboring the same heresy, for he calls upon the bird to "rair" until "the quagmire reels." But Churchill and Shenstone do it a more conspicuous injustice; for the one, thinking it to be a sea-bird, and having read of it as a thing of desolate places, symbolizes ruin by making this bird perch on "the sails of commerce," while the other calls it the "caitiff bittern."

The crows fare even worse. Ever since, in Rome, —

"The cawing crow was to the state
A sure interpreter of fate,"

this bird has been one of ill-omen and unkindly superstition. Sometimes it is mistaken for "the honest rook;" at others for the raven, as when Green says, —

"The honorable prophet
Did more than angel couriers greet
The crows that brought him bread and meat,"

and thus, vicariously, arrives at some respect or honor. But as "the crow" it is "the most accomplished of the feathered race" in mischief, a "lurking" (Dyer) and "dastard" (Dryden) bird; the truth being that this sagacious fowl collects others of its kind to hustle the eagle, which all poets consider an unjustifiable affront to "the bird of Jove," denying the crow even the right of self-protection. But here, as elsewhere, when a tradition lures them away from nature, the poets all follow each other on Butler's lines, —

"Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows or ravens croak from trees?"

and repeat each other as to its "trebled" years, its "hoarse" voice and generally uncanny habits.

"The crows sit on the murrained cattle," says Shelley; and again, "On the lean sheep sit the prophetic crows;" and it is in this light, as a carrion-bird and of evil augury, that the bards, without exception, prefer to view it.

VOL. XLIX. — NO. 296.

50

The goose, sacred to at least two great nations of antiquity, the wisest of fowls, the bird of the quill and "the gray - goose shafts," is the butt and jest of poets. They even think it discreditable to the Capitol (see Spenser, Addison, and others) to have been saved by such a bird. It is "ill-formed" and "waddling," "gabbling" and "greedy," the symbol of foolishness and garrulity. The poets could not, apparently, look farther than their own patch of common. The farm-yard gate barred their "eagle vision." But I forget: the wild-geese was known to one poet, at any rate, for he makes *vultures* chase it.

Jackdaws are, in poetry, only "daws," and, for poetical reasons no doubt, are "idle," foolish, "wrangling," "of ominous note," and "obscene;" while that deplorable incident of the feather, which might generously have been forgotten long ago, is carefully made the most of. Yet how is it that contemporary prose writers perpetually refer to the pleasant chattering of the jackdaws, these retainers of old English houses, the privileged tenants of ancient family seats, turret, tower, belfry, and castle wall? To my own prosaic mind, indeed, the jackdaw is among the birds something like the cedar among trees, as lending an air of ancient repose and long-undisturbed possession to an estate. Its voice strikes on the ear, as we approach some old baronial place or many-spired cathedral, the first note of that reverend calm which possesses us when we actually stand within the hushed precincts of the ivy-muffled walls. So, too, the cooing of doves makes the noon silent, the cry of the corn-crake proclaims the slumber of the summer-evening fields, and the sudden hoot of the owl emphasizes the stillness of the night.

Nor with regard to the magpie do I confess to more contentment with the poets. For here, again, even if we admit it to be "thieving," "chattering," "gossiping," I see no reason for insist-

ing — because it is “the magician magpie” of Churchill, and because country folk believe it “scatters notes of presage” — that it is a disagreeable adjunct to the landscape, and nothing better than

“An impudent, presuming pye,
Malicious, ignorant, and sly.”

It is really a wonder that owls, pelted as they have been with bad names, have not before now become the abandoned and wicked fowls that poets declare them to be. A less sober bird would have gone wrong under such undeserved contumely long ago. It is only necessary to give some of the epithets which the bards have slung at the owl — “silent,” “hoarse,” “moody,” “grim,” “boding,” “moping,” “complaining,” “wailing,” “gibbering,” “screaming,” “shrieking,” “ill-faste,” “obscene,” “ghastly,” “dire,” “unhallowed” — to be assured of the opinion they had about poor Nyctemene. But this gradually ascending scale of opprobrium is not by any means the whole of her wrongs. Her personal appearance is discredited, for she is described as “gray” and “wide-staring,” with an “uncomely” beak, and given to “blinking” and “goggling.” Her association with the night makes night dreadful, for instead of being merely a bird of sleep and innocent darkness, or “the sad bird of night,” which, when —

“the shades of eve come slowly down,
And woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
Awakens in her dell,”

the very presence of the owl makes night a time of phantoms and desolation and death and evil deeds. She lives in ruined towers, “lightning-blasted” trees, and “baneful” ivy-bushes. Here, during the day, she sleeps, with frequent interruptions (especially in Scott); and hence, when darkness favors her criminal designs, she issues forth in the bad company of “bats” and “shadows,” “sickness,” “ghosts,” and “night-ravens.” She ought to be, but is not, on good terms with the night or the moon,

for she “disturbs” and “afflicts” the one, making it “hideous,” while, though she “salutes” the other, she does so with impropriety, either with “unseemly” or “derisive shouts,” “fearful howlings,” or “barbarous noises,” and, though making a confidante of Selene, does not hesitate to “mock” her. This “bird of the ivy,” therefore, simply as a thing of feathers, a fowl of the air, has much to complain of. But its indignities are multiplied when the poets come to speak of it “poetically.” Some of their synonyms are these: “gloom bird,” “rude bird of hate,” “shrieking harbinger,” “foul precursor of the fiend,” “augur of the fever’s end,” “messenger of death,” and “companion of infernal haggies”! After this, “death-boding,” “dirge-singing,” “unholy,” are merely acidulated compliments. But is it not enough to make a good bird take to bad ways to be accused of foretelling “the hapless doom” of every impertinent and casual passer-by, when it was really only conversing with its lawful wife; or to speak of it as “affrighting poets’ souls with words of woe,” when, as a fact, the bird was merely making a remark to a neighbor about her last mouse?

Nor does the raven fare better. Taunted with its conduct towards Noah, robbed of the credit of nourishing Elijah, triumphed over for its disgrace in Olympus, and abused for flying on the standard of the conquering Dane, “the hideous raven with prodigious flight” has little to thank English bards for. They credit it with “glossy plumage,” but this is the full extent of their generosity. According to the poets, it is “solitary,” “dark and foul,” “greedy,” “obscene,” “a carrion-eater,” “not less a bird of omen than of prey.” When on the wing it prefers tempests, and when afoot it sings “dirges,” perching for choice on “blasted” trees, generally “oaks,” which rhyme with “croaks.” These are the ordinary “ravens” of the

poets. But Milton and Spenser have "the night-raven," and Young "the midnight-raven," which come out in the dark. Nights of horror have always, therefore, raven accompaniments. Ravens fly on funeral wings, and witches use their feathers. Ravens haunt graveyards. Corpses are called "ravens' food." But why go on with the catalogue of the bards' affronts?

To these I have added, as unpopular, from foreign birds, the ostrich, peacock, parrot, and vulture. The first Spenser alludes to as "the greedy ostryge," Prior as "the stupid ostrich," and Cowper as the —

"Silliest of the feathered kind,
And formed of God without a parent's mind."

Beyond, therefore, alluding to these popular delusions about this wonderful bird, — its indiscriminate feeding, its burying its head in the sand, and its desertion of its eggs, — the poets can find no use for the ostrich, no opportunity for a compliment. Yet in this one bird centres much of the poetry of the Arabs, and half the romance of the deserts.

Against the peacock there is evidently a grudge, — it may be even a sort of unworthy envy. At any rate, the poets, tedious as courtiers can be in their compliments to "Juno's bird," are often very bitter towards it, — when the goddess is out of the way. Their peacock's legs seem always sticking out of their peacock's feathers. It is gorgeous, they grant willingly, but it uses its splendor to "affront the daylight," and "swagger" over other birds: It is stately. This they readily admit, but its stride easily becomes a "strut" and "perke." Its voice, never pleasant, is made the worst of, as are its legs and feet. One quotation — it is the very rudest of all their references to this bird — may stand alone in illustration of the strange reluctance of the poets to give the peacock unqualified praise. It is an admirable passage —

"That self-applauding bird, the peacock, see;
Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he!
Meridian sunbeams tempt him to unfold
His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold;
He treads as if, some solemn music near,
His measured step was governed by his ear,
And seems to say, 'Ye meaner fowl, give place;
I am all splendor, dignity, and grace.'
Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,
Though he too has a glory in his plumes;
He, Christian-like, retreats with modest mien
To the close copse or far sequestered green,
And shines without desiring to be seen."

The parrot, "an odious libel on the human voice," affords, with its other caged kindred, an easy butt for the poets, who industriously repeat after each other the jests about the "trivial mimic," that, "fraught with antics," "fine and gay, is kept to strut, look big, and talk away." But why call Poll "*a jack-pudding*"? Had the poets only known that in the East the parrot is the bird of love, that Kama, the Oriental Cupid, always rides on one, what pretty changes would have been rung on the pretty theme! As it is, Prior no doubt thought it a bold flight of fancy, when singing Mira's parrot, to say, —

"The queen of beauty shall forsake the dove;
Henceforth the parrot is the bird of love."

He did not know, apparently, that for some thousands of years the parrot had already been "the bird of love" for half the world.

Last on my present list is the vulture. Unlovely, but innocent in nature, it becomes in poetry the incarnation of cruel greed, a thing of crime and blood and horror. I have no wish to beautify the vulture, but, on the other hand, I cannot acquiesce in the poets' terrible indictment. They make it "ominous" and "gloomy," "hungry" and "thirsty" for blood, "greedy," "cruel." It is the "death-bird" of Shelley. Thoughts too vile for utterance are "vulture-thoughts" (Shakespeare), and folly too malignant for hope is "vulture-folly" (Shenstone). A "vulture-grasp" (Scott) is that which is wicked and cruel and lustful; a "vulture-eye" (Mallet, Ma-

caulay), that which gloats over the horrible, or on coming disaster, greedy for its own advantage therefrom. "The rage of the vulture" (Byron) is a synonym for ferocious and guilty fury; and Shelley gives "victorious wrong" a "vul-

ture-scream." It symbolizes in Granville despair, and in Gay carnage.

This is all undeniable poetry, but it is all injustice, because out of sympathy with Nature. And Nature is far more poetical than even the poets.

Philip Robinson.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

X.

IN MAGOON BUILDING OFFICES.

THE Magoon Building stood in lower Broadway, near the head of Wall Street, among the marts and exchanges, in that imposing quarter whose tower-like structures seem to loom up nearer heaven every day.

There were in the Magoon Building offices of canal and coal companies, offices of brick, cement, salt, and silver-mining companies; offices of attorneys, trustees of estates, and general agents; of locomotive, sleeping-car, iron, and dynamite works; offices of the Weekly Coin Expositor, the Devious Air-Line Railway, and the Eureka Tool Works of Kingboltsville. Bainbridge sometimes met Kingbolt coming to this latter, on the business of drawing additional funds. "What are you doing now, Russ?" this fortunate person, whom he had known at college, inquired on such occasions, and passed on, hardly waiting for his answer. There were offices that seemed never to be entered but by stealth, and others, like the Prudential Land and Loan Company, always freely open, perhaps that their equipment of mahogany desks and counters and engraved glass screens might not be lost upon the general public. Feet never ceased clacking on the pavements of the Magoon Building, and its crowded elevators were never done flitting mysteri-

ously behind their wire inclosures, from story to story.

The day after we saw him last, Bainbridge, on returning from his lunch, an hour later than usual, stood by his high office window, gazing out at the view. His view commanded a corner of Trinity church-yard, the old, historic graves of which are robbed now of gloom, and invested only with a gentle sentiment of melancholy. The striking of the belfry clock, and the jangling of the chimes ringing for afternoon service daily at three, came across to him where he was, almost from a level. The expanse of roofs beyond, studded with innumerable brick chimneys, like a cemetery too of some other curious sort, terminated at the water's edge in a palisade of masts and spars. Over in the Jerseys, across the river, and beyond the settlements, the steam of a locomotive, here and there, speeding out into the country was seen thrown back in solid-looking puffs, as if these were a kind of clouds produced by its rapid burrowing movement into the atmosphere. "The tempter no doubt puts us young and needy ones up into these high places to make us fall down and worship him," soliloquized the young man. "Nevertheless, the prospect just here, though interesting, certainly does not seem to offer anything we need especially sigh for, so get thee behind me, Satan, with all my heart."

A knock sounded at the door as he turned back to his desk. Gammage en-

tered. This *protégé* — if it can be admitted that a young man so opposed, according to his own statement, to all humane impulses, could have a *protégé* — was a dignified, almost senatorial-looking person, with dome-like bald head, large gray moustache, and clothing, though shabby, of a surviving gentility. Such a figure, at his desk in the Prudential L. and L. Company's office, was worth much more than the small stipend it commanded, from the point of view of pure dignity. It was a very weak and decayed dignity now. A roving eye, an unsteady gait, and an unusual lightness of greeting in one who was habitually serious, oppressed by a sense of his unfortunate position, told to the pained eye of Bainbridge the story of a relapse into a ruinous habit. His face, instead of being flushed, was of a marble pallor, as though his drams and opiates, more dangerous yet, took hold upon his very vitals. He explained that he called upon his young friend with a purely social purpose. He seated himself without being asked, and appeared in no haste to return to the duties of his office. He had lunched, he said, with a very pleasant fellow. Bainbridge recollected having seen him at the Nassau Street restaurant, where he took his own light midday meal. He had been among the auditors of the builder Jocelyn, who was once more abusing Rodman Harvey, apropos of the account in the newspaper of his expensive entertainment to the President.

"Jocelyn is right," said Gammage. "Rodman Harvey is a bad man, — a hard man, if ever there was one; spending money like water on himself, and holding it back from those who drudge for him, and any of the — the broken-up, that might need a helping hand."

"What did Harvey ever do to you, Gammage, that you speak of him in that way? What do you know about him?" Seemingly this was an oppor-

tunity to secure some of the information which he had had it in mind to acquire.

"He would not give me a situation I asked of him when I was first — down. He might have given it to me. May be I'd have been different then. He knew me when I held my head up with the best. He was not always so easy in his circumstances, so high and mighty and strait-laced, himself. Certain things came under my observ— my observation. Because some doings are passed over, that is not to say that they are forgotten. I suppose he could afford to pay me for keeping quiet, Rodman Harvey could, if I was a mind — I suppose you would not want to go into it, would you?" he proposed, as if struck, in his maudlin way, by a new reflection.

"Go into what?" inquired Bainbridge sternly.

"Oh, of course, I did not mean — I am too high-toned for that" — the shattered visitor apologized humbly, and thereupon rambled from the subject. He would have avoided it wholly but that Bainbridge drew him back with some art, and heard a certain story in which, as in that of McFadd, the names of General Burlington and Hackley, now of Hackley and Valentine, occurred as persons who knew something to the detriment of Rodman Harvey. It was too incoherent and fragmentary to be a complete whole, and was highly improbable, besides, as far as it went. Not to aid to give it in the inebriate's mind an exaggerated importance by an appearance of interest, he abandoned any attempt to make a lucid system of its obscurities now, proposing to defer further inquiry into its details, should any such seem desirable, till Gammage could be met with in a sober mood. He only asked at present whether the narrator had repeated the story to any others, — to his employer, Mr. St. Hill, for instance.

Gammage, in reply, complained of St. Hill as a person too supercilious to in-

vite confidences of any kind. He threw out suspicions, also, as to the usefulness of the business transacted at the company's office, and expressed his belief that there was a purpose afoot to supplant him, Gammage, in his clerkship. "I advise you, then, not to go back in your present condition," said Bainbridge. "You will certainly lose your place. You had better go home now, and return to your office to-morrow, with the best excuse you can offer."

"Why do you not take me to task? Why do you not plead with me, as you once did?" urged the wretched man, curiously making a kind of luxury of his woe under the cold demeanor of his patron.

"It is too late for all that now, Gammage. Your most solemn promises are of no avail. I shall have to give you up."

"Don't say that! Don't say it yet! You were the only one to give me another chance. Harvey would n't do it. None of the old ones that knew me would do it. You took hold of me when I was in the streets, ragged and starving. You told me there was n't a man in a thousand as good-looking as I, and that it was no place for me. Did n't you say that? You put me up among the farmers of Westchester to sober off, and I did odd jobs and writing for them. Then, when we thought it safe, at last, you looked about and found me a place — and I — lost it, and then you got me this. Did n't you do it? Were n't you the only one who would trust me again?"

"Well, and here you are," replied the performer of these deeds, which were certainly curious for one professing so unrelenting an antipathy to charities of every kind; "this is my reward for it."

"My wife was a friend of your mother's, — as noble a woman as ever lived," went on the miserable man disconnectedly. "Something will catch me yet. Don't say it is too late. Something will stop me yet. You will see."

In the course of a fortnight Bainbridge had not fallen in with him again. He took occasion to inquire for him, in passing the Prudential Land and Loan office, and learned that he had then been absent for three days. A further inquiry, towards the end of another fortnight, was answered by St. Hill in person. "We had to let him go. Frankly, we had to 'bounce' him," said the consequential manager, emerging from his inner, private room, and airily dusting the sleeve of his coat with a silk handkerchief while he spoke. "He was off two or three days every now and then, and always came back in a beastly, shaking condition, so that he could not write. He was no use to the company whatever. He had had plenty of warnings, and this time we decided that we could not keep him any longer."

Bainbridge, later, allowed himself to be led by sympathetic interest to Charlton Street, where the man had lodged. The people at the place said that, as far as they knew, he had gone back, after a deplorable debauch, to his Westchester farmers. He had told them that he wished to put himself out of the way of temptation, out of harm's way. Bainbridge gave little heed to the fact that the further details needed to complete the story Gammage had begun were thus placed effectually beyond his reach, but devoted himself instead to forswearing benevolence for the future more than ever.

It might have been inferred that so minor an employee as Gammage could easily have been spared, especially in the dull midsummer season, but a new incumbent was soon installed at his desk. Through the open doors, Cutter, formerly with Rodman Harvey & Co., could be seen lending the splendor of his scarlet braces, his florid neck-tie and sleeve-buttons to the service of the Prudential Land and Loan Company. He was a young man who had lately married, as it was said, and come into

control, about the same time, of some little property.

Though Mr. St. Hill dusted his sleeve with his silk handkerchief airily enough, he went back to his inner, private room to unpleasant reflections, which were not uncommon with him. His enterprise, to tell the truth, was not, at this time, in a flourishing condition. It advertised itself, especially throughout the small country newspapers of the interior, to furnish investments returning two and four per cent. a month, and to be the only company buying in its shares, at par, on demand; and there had been at one time a considerable stir of activity in response. But this had gradually subsided; one annoying drawback after another supervened, and the general manager saw himself, as unfortunately he had often seen himself before, in highly uncomfortable straits.

If we may be let into a dark secret, too, at this time, the responsibility for the affairs of the company was not so divided that comfort could be sought from other advisers. The impression prevailed that Fletcher, of the firm name of Fletcher, St. Hill & Co., was an elderly capitalist, of high character and great wealth, residing in London, and attending to the company's affairs there, while the "Co." no doubt indicated minor partners of a corresponding sort. As the fact was, however, the Prudential Land and Loan Company consisted solely of Mr. F., or Fletcher, St. Hill, and no other. The fictitious London nabob had grown out of no more substantial basis than a comma, which had unfortunately crept in — as errors will occur even with the strictest precautions — between the prenominal and family name of the advertiser in the first prospectuses, and had somehow got itself perpetuated. As to the "Co.," that is quite a common assumption in commercial business, to give a finer roundness to a firm name and style, and sometimes perhaps for the benefit of such as feel

themselves vaguely more comfortable under the impression of having a number of persons to look to in case of embarrassments, instead of one.

Mr. St. Hill took out the yellow old letters to which reference has been made, and inspected them with renewed attention. Harvey's campaign for the congressional nomination was making something of a stir, and he found them highly satisfactory. "It is true that Kingbolt has not recovered from his absurd passion for Angelica Harvey," he said, "and would make a precious row should I use them. But, on the other hand, why need he know? The chances are twenty to one that, whether I succeed or fail, the secret rests between Rodman Harvey and myself. He cannot afford to spread the scandal about, and whether I should care to or not would be a matter to be determined afterwards."

His meditations resulted in a purpose to use at last the power at his command, and he cast about for the most desirable means. He considered it more or less in the intervals of his other occupations, — while driven up town in his coupé, riding his friend Kingbolt's fine saddle-horse "Jim" in the Park, calling at the houses on the Avenue to which he had the *entrée*, dining at Delmonico's or at the Empire Club. His accomplishments, his easy air of knowledge of the world, his *risqué* stories, and his impressive habit of permitting himself always the best of everything had gained him everywhere much consideration, — a consideration perhaps warmest at first, and of a declining rather than increasing order. He reflected with such deliberation, however, and one delay after another so interposed, that he had taken no step till the departure of the Harvey family, with the exception of its head, to their place at Newport, and till Kingbolt, as in the moodiness and glooms of a genuine love affair disappointed of its aim, had set off in his yacht for a cruise

to the coast of Labrador, leaving him, St. Hill, in possession of his comfortable bachelor quarters and many other appurtenances.

He dispatched then a note to Rodman Harvey. He reopened the subject of his claim, on grounds of simple consideration and justice. The animosities of the war had now so far passed away, such time had elapsed for mature reflection, that he trusted that his application would be met in a very different spirit. Since the validity of the debt had never been disputed, he ventured to hope, from a person of such standing in the community, from one to whom his reputation for probity and honor must be dear, a voluntary reversal of his former judgment. Very delicately, as one fingers the hair trigger of a weapon which is not to go off but at urgent need, he touched upon the matter of the receipt, of late, of some old letters from the plantation on the Ashley River. It was the pleasant interest he found in these, as recalling the cordial relations that had once subsisted between Harvey and his father, General J. Rockbridge St. Hill, by which he was especially moved and encouraged at this time to a renewal of his appeal.

Rodman Harvey replied in a curt note of refusal, as before. He knew of no such claim, valid in law, and he must decline to be interested in any personal circumstances and reminiscences of the writer whatever. It was apparent, St. Hill thought, that he did not remember the contents of his old letters with sufficient distinctness. Possibly he did not believe in their existence at all. Or could it even be that he meant open defiance? Again St. Hill meditated, and, sustained by a slightly more favorable turn of affairs which relieved his pressing necessities, allowed more time to elapse. The autumn months arrived, and the election drew near. Should this be allowed to pass, his opportunity would be lost to him for good. Too wily to put

upon paper what might be construed as a threat, with purpose of extortion, he sought an interview with the merchant prince at his Broadway store.

Meanwhile Harvey had enjoyed much of the society of a modest young person, whose conversation, as it happened, had both influenced his reply and was to have an important bearing on the interview in question. Otilie Harvey, in the charming organdie muslin, had read her essay on The Reformation of Criminals, and received her diploma, at Vassar, when she was met by the problem of an entreaty, almost a command, to come and take charge of her uncle's house at New York for the summer, while the family were absent. The invitation came from him, though forwarded by her aunt, in the hands of the butler, William Skiff. Her father, a more thick-set and belligerent-looking copy of Rodman Harvey, who waited at the Commencement to take her home, gave his grudging consent. He even accompanied her to New York, and spent a night or two under his brother's roof, during which, Otilie being a hostage to civility as it were, an unbroken truce reigned between them.

It was Harvey's purpose to keep open the fine new mansion, during the absence of the family, for the entertainment of some minor persons necessary to him in his political campaign, who could not be so much flattered in any other way. His wife and daughter, had they consented to undertake such a mission at all, could hardly have abstained from a disdainful air with some of these guests, which would have been fatal to the end in view. He wished Otilie to sit at his table, pour his tea, and preside over the house with a reduced force of servants, with the coöperation of Mrs. Ambler, the housekeeper.

She fancied in the faces of the Hasbroucks, who were to spend the summer at a farm-house in the Catskills, a mute reproach, when they learned of her

plan. The first use she made of an affability on the part of her uncle Rodman, which she thought might be construed into the possession of a slight influence over him, was an attempt to conciliate him in their favor. He peremptorily denied the positions she assumed; but it was in a general description she gave of her friends, of what they had suffered from other sources, and who it was that had injured them, that a history of St. Hill came out which proved of interest and value in replying to the impudent communications of the man.

XI.

EMBITTERED RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD SLAVE DAYS.

Advancing a little the pace of our story, — for the events of the summer must again be returned to, — let us see at once what the manner of the interview in question, in late October, was. The merchant prince breakfasted that day as usual, before the rest of his family, whom he seldom saw at the morning meal, and came down to his Broadway store, where the semblance of pillage, in the tossed-about contents of the packing-cases, was already in progress. A cheerful fire of cannel coal burned in his office grate. He permitted himself the luxury of a pair of slippers, of a handsome sort, which his daughter Angelica, it seemed, had wrought for him, as a preliminary to some exceptionally heavy demand upon his purse.

He dictated letters to San Francisco, in reference to waste lands he was redeeming there; to Cincinnati, to resist the opening of a street through some of his suburban property; and to Chicago, to foreclose a mortgage. He saw Mr. Minn about sending their order for Merrimac prints at once, in view of an anticipated ease in the money market which would enhance prices. He saw

Hackley, who brought reassuring news of his, Harvey's, prospects in the coming election of the first Tuesday in November, and then spoke casually of himself in connection with the new firm to be constituted upon Rodman Harvey's withdrawal. The talk was that Hackley should raise and put in a sum larger than that which could be commanded by Mr. Minn, in order to outrank Minn in the allotment of dignities, in the new order of things. He could not afford to play second fiddle to a quiet man, who, however well up in the details of the dry-goods trade, had always taken so much less conspicuous a stand in the community than himself. He wished the firm name to be Hackley, Minn & Co., not Minn, Hackley & Co. The Co. was to be Selkirk Harvey, whose father would leave for him in the business a capital which would be largely the controlling interest. Hackley had had a number of advantageous things "put in his way" by Rodman Harvey at various times, and had flattered and fawned much upon him in return. Perhaps he secretly cherished a belief that it might not be necessary to secure the whole of the sum proposed, in order to take precedence of Minn in the partnership, after all.

Harvey received a man who came on the business of offering him substantial advantages if he would allow his name to be used in the directorship of a promising mining scheme. He declined the proposition. He could not afford to be mixed up in anything of a problematic character. He bought next of a dealer, whose customer he was for such property, a new lot of defaulted bonds, of Western cities and towns, having found that, with ample ability to wait, this was in the long run a kind of investment likely to pay dollar for dollar of the face value.

Over a luncheon, brought in on a tray, from the down-town branch of the fashionable up-town restaurant, he

glanced more particularly at a newspaper. A writer in the financial column said that a report of the serious illness of Rodman Harvey had served to depress certain stocks, and notably Devious Air-Line, in which he was the largest holder, the day before. Happily, it had proved a *canard*. A trifling touch of vertigo experienced by him at his broker's office had been magnified by interested parties into a paralytic stroke, and used on the market with effect until the fiction was exploded. The shares named had recovered later, and even advanced considerably beyond the point at which the decline set in. Their tendency was likely to continue upward for some time to come, the financial writer thought, as Rodman Harvey's proposed retirement from trade, on his entrance into public life, was no longer a secret, and the opportunity for a closer personal attention to them, together with his assuming a share in the legislation by which they were likely to be affected, must result in benefit to all of his large outside interests. Such notices were not infrequent. Perhaps in no other way were his sense of power, his feelings of self-importance, more thoroughly gratified. These were the great capitalist's pleasures, — to see his least movement, an indisposition, a journey, a taste or whim, eagerly noted, and of a momentous influence in the gravest affairs of men.

A visiting-card was brought to him by the boy who sat without, to answer the frequent summons of his sharp little bell. "Show him in," he said, meditating a moment over the name of a person with whom he had had a brief correspondence, and Fletcher St. Hill entered.

The merchant prince scanned the visitor with a keen scrutiny, which passed on the instant into a cool impassiveness. Yet it had served to recall a type of form and features he had once known well.

"I had the honor of sending you a communication, some little time ago, on the subject of — a — an indebtedness," Mr. Fletcher St. Hill began, after having taken a seat indicated to him.

"I had the honor of returning you an answer."

"It was naturally a disappointing answer," said the visitor, brushing his hat gently with his sleeve, "and I have ventured to hope that in a personal meeting there may still be possibility of change."

"You had not proposed to undertake legal proceedings. That is satisfactory to know. You are several years too late for that. You understand, of course, that you could have done so, with probable success, had you availed yourself of your privileges in time. War suspends but does not annul indebtedness, and this was not confiscated by any special enactment. You base your application upon grounds of" —

"Simple consideration, as between man and man. You do not deny the original validity of the claim. I find, on arriving in this community, that you enjoy the repute of being the support of many worthy enterprises, a church member, and a person of integrity and principle. I was inspired with a lively confidence, on learning this, that you would not permanently continue to take refuge from an honest obligation behind a mere technicality. You yourself have demanded from your debtors at the South what was overdue you there under precisely the same circumstances as this debt of yours to my father. I may call attention to the fact that I was personally but little identified with the course of affairs in our — in the" —

"Rebellion, if that is what you mean," supplied Rodman Harvey, sternly.

"As you please. I was very young, and passed much of the time of its continuance abroad. And further, I will urge as a reason for consideration at your hands a peculiar situation in which

I find myself involved at this time. I will trust in your discretion as a man of honor, and admit that I have met with unexpected and serious difficulties in the enterprise which I have undertaken here. I am, in short, Mr. Harvey, sir, at this moment, without means."

He spread both hands wide open, as by way of exhibiting their entire emptiness of resources. He did not show resentment. He did not yet bluster. This was not at all the Southern fire, as traditionally understood. He was keeping himself in check, essaying first a policy of ingenuousness and humility, on the bare chance that it might serve by itself.

Rodman Harvey swung back in his padded chair, upholstered in Russia leather and turning on a swivel, in which he had swung a little away towards his office desk, and gazed at his visitor with a level directness. "As you were so young at the time," he began,—"though permit me to remark upon the expedition with which you have since aged,—I will relate a small chapter of history. There was owing to me at the South, when it thought good to secede from the Union, about a quarter of a million dollars. I have never, either then or since, recovered so much of it as would pay my lawyers' fees, in the few efforts made to look it up. I had been a conservative, — even more, of a friendly bias towards the South. I had never assailed your 'peculiar institution,' as it was called." St. Hill received this with a certain significant expression. "I was one of those who knew that slavery had not been established in our time, but had come down as an inheritance. As to authorities, texts of Scripture and the like, there were almost as many on one side as the other, in those days. I did not hold the present generation guilty, and looked to see the difficulties settled by constitutional means. I liked the Southern people, and had confidence in them. I sent them my goods as usual, upon their demand, up to the last moment. How was

I repaid? By the rankest ingratitude, — a baseness that words cannot characterize. They betrayed me as easily as if I had been their most fanatic opponent. I became an 'alien enemy,' like the rest.

"*'The payment of alien enemies is treason to the state,'*" he read from a newspaper clipping which he had hurriedly taken from a pigeon-hole in his desk. "*'Millions and millions, if it be not prevented, may be sent to the enemy's country by Southern patriots, magnifying with a narrow and perverted honesty the duty of individual gratitude, over the holier obligation of national fidelity.'* Do you know who wrote that?"

"No," said his hearer, wincing.

"Your father, the late 'General' Rockbridge St. Hill, of Savannah. It came to me in a letter. His initials are attached to it. Here! You may see. He had been my correspondent, almost an intimate friend, and understood my condition thoroughly; but none proved baser now. He it was who, more than any other, as I have reason to know, by his speeches and articles, — having in some way secured himself, — organized a general movement for the repudiation of debts, mine with the rest."

"There are many similar initials. I have never heard that those were my father's words. I certainly recall many of our newspapers which insisted that debts were not to be repudiated. And how many persons have there not been since to come forward voluntarily and pay what they owed?" said St. Hill, making a show of argument.

"The time to have paid was *then*," said the merchant prince, striking his desk violently. "What does it avail that a few should come whining, five years later, with the money in their hands, as a plea for new credits? I only tell what has happened to me. It would have been 'a narrow and perverted honesty,' you see, to send me the funds for want of which, to meet obligations ma-

turing elsewhere, an old and reputable house was tottering to its fall. For want of them I was made to suffer the tortures of the damned, — I was well-nigh ruined, body and soul."

It seemed a curious violence, and a somewhat odd use of expressions also, to lavish upon what had happened so long in the past, even with the excellent provocation. Rodman Harvey possibly noticed this himself, for he continued, more coolly, though with a snapping glance in his eyes, "Instead of payment, in those last days, when ordinary years of anxiety were concentrated into hours and minutes, came such clippings as this; came adjurations that the South, having now both its crop and the price of it received in advance, should give only to its own glorious cause.

"Instead of payment, came the rhodomontade of your Barnwell Rhetts: 'I would go to the fanatic, the manufacturer, the plunderer, who has fattened upon us like the vulture upon garbage, and I would tell him in thunder tones, *This Union is dissolved!* I would write on the walls of their banqueting-halls, *This Union is dissolved.*'

"Instead of payment, came intelligence that attorneys would not aid in the collection of debts, that the courts would be closed for collections against citizens of the non-slaveholding States; and intelligence of the riding on a rail, and bare escape with their lives, of my agents, who, in quiet pursuance of their duties, had made the least demand for it. Instead of payment, missions to Great Britain and the emperor of the French, to open free ports and ruin entirely the "mudsill" merchants of the North. Instead of payment, news of disaster and default by every post and by every telegram.

"Will you see now how all this was crystallized into legislation? It is all here," — running over with a mumbling kind of commentary another bunch of papers, taken from the same pigeon-

hole: "Montgomery, — Proceedings of first Confederate Congress, May, '61, — payment to alien enemies forbidden, — payment to Confederate treasury authorized: Richmond, — debtors to alien enemies held to give information to government receiver, under penalty, — debtors to alien enemies held to pay receiver, — and so on, and so forth." He cast them all aside, as if suddenly recognizing that it was not worth the pains. "And you," he went on, "of the people who have done this to me, who have given me a day" — And here he stopped.

"I am to understand, then," said St. Hill, with a flickering smile, of a sardonic cast, "that my application is not favorably received?"

"You are to understand that it is the height of effrontery. Even had the claim been technically valid, I should have resisted it to the last extreme. I would have spent twenty times its face before you, or any of your blood especially, should have benefited by a considerable sum from my purse. As to your desiring to place yourself in the list of my private benefactions, I fail to see that you are an orphan asylum, a missionary establishment, or a worthy object of charity in any way whatever. If you are really in difficulties, as you represent, with your fine new non-descript corporation, of which I have seen something, I cannot truthfully say — though this I should rather say to your father than yourself, were it possible — that I regret, and do not rejoice instead, to hear it. Should your troubles be but a tithe of what I was made to suffer, they would be troubles indeed."

St. Hill changed his manner. "I fear you may not have sufficiently attended to the remark in my note, in reference to letters of yours in my possession," he said. "They were not destroyed at the time, it seems, in conformity with the caution from you, written in one or two of them. They turned up, the other day, at the plantation on

the Ashley River. You know the old place well. There is not much left of it now, but it had closet room enough to contain these. They say you gave a regiment that you helped fit out the hint to let it have particularly bad usage, should they ever happen to fall in with it; and they did fall in with it and followed your instructions."

"I had attended to the remark, and thought of offering you five hundred dollars for your pretended correspondence," said the merchant. He bent the caller's visiting-card into ellipses, and pivoted it by the corners between a thumb and the second finger, while he talked.

"You cannot yet have a distinct recollection of their contents. It would be a ridiculous sum for so much entertaining matter. I must have the full amount of my claim. You have given me an abstract of certain papers. Let me give you one in return. The letters are complete and in order. They are dated from long before the election of Lincoln, through that agitating period, and up to the very brink of the war. Letter one — to take a few of a typical sort at random — is a simple direction to lease out your slaves, known as 'House Molly' and 'Sue's Tom,' who have been with us, to a neighboring plantation. Letter two takes the position that the North and South are antagonistic in their essence, and had better separate quietly, each going about the regulation of its destiny in its own way.

"Letter three, in which you are certain that there will be a peaceful separation, is one of a number discussing a proposition of much interest. You think of removing to the South, to become the leading merchant of the new Confederate republic. Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile opened for trade with Europe as free ports can perhaps, one and all, be made to surpass New York. As first in the field, with your ample capital, and your large connections already es-

tablished, you may confidently expect to monopolize the business of supplying the vast back country, at the unprecedentedly low rates to prevail under the new system. In letter four you are less positive of non-coercion. A violent sentiment is rising which may be capable of very unreasonable things. But the conflict at the worst must be short, and can end in but one way, — the success of the South. You dally with the idea of removal still. Blockade-running has been spoken of as a lucrative resource, during the continuance of the brief struggle, if it come, with the scheme as indicated to fall back upon. But to this you are not wholly favorable. Letter five relates to a shipment of arms, 'to keep down the niggers with.' This is the last in the treasonable series.

"You begin almost immediately complaints and unsparing abuse, because some of our small traders, in a most strange and alarming crisis, have not been able to conduct themselves towards you with quite the clock-work regularity of the piping times of peace. All this would sound well in a gathering of your political friends, would it not?"

"You are a fluent talker, Mr. St. Hill," said the merchant at the end of this review. "You have interested me in a class of reminiscences to which it is long since I have given so much attention. A thousand dollars for these alleged letters of mine."

"It must be the amount of my claim, and nothing less!"

"Then, Mr. Fletcher St. Hill, you have met with a very obstinate person. Be good enough to take yourself off, with your black-mailing scheme. There is the door." He swung back to the matters demanding his attention at his desk with a very offensive air, as if the subject were finally disposed of.

"You will regret this. I shall find another customer for them," said the visitor, after a pause, buttoning his overcoat irresolutely, preparing to depart.

He was greatly chagrined at his failure, and was not sure but that he should have done well to accept the lesser offer. But the matter was to take an even worse turn still.

"No doubt," said Harvey, answering him, as it at first appeared that he was not inclined to do. "It is what I expected. They will make some little stir, in the heat of my campaign. It is an old calumny, for the rest. I suppose I was not the only one who changed front in face of the wicked attempt to destroy the government, when violence actually began. At the same time, I should consider, if I were you, whether there were any circumstances in my own situation and career upon which it would not be well to have a full light of publicity turned. You know, for instance, whether your father was not reimbursed by his government for this claim you impudently thrust upon me. You know whether both he and yourself were so well occupied to your private advantage, in the department of the business of the Confederacy with which you were entrusted, as to have come off — whether you have lost it now or not — with a handsome amount invested in the foreign funds.

"Tut!" he continued, as St. Hill gave a violent start of indignation. "Of course these things are not generally spoken of. A Southern gentleman emerging from the ruins of his country, with a fortune despoiled from its very woes, is not at all the conventional figure. You know whether, in spite of your tender youth, you sailed at one time as officer of a slave-ship, taking advantage of the new situation of affairs to reopen the trade with the coast of Guinea. You may recall also some later transactions in your own part of the country, not altogether of a reputable sort, — the collection of moneys, as agent, for a certain Hasbrouck family, and the like. You know, I say, as I do not fully pretend to, whether some such

indications as these could be worked up into highly unpleasant certainties."

St. Hill, having no longer a grand stroke in reserve to restrain his temper, clenched his hands, so that it almost seemed that a bodily assault upon Harvey was imminent, and cried, "You shall give me satisfaction for these outrageous libels."

But the merchant prince, showing so little fear of violence that he kept his back still contemptuously half turned, replied, "If you mean a duel, it is not the custom here. Your own code, too, would no doubt interpose obstacles, on account of the difference in our ages. All the satisfaction to be had in this matter, I regret to say, you have already obtained."

Surely such a way of rasping the feelings of people, even of an objectionable sort, to the quick could result only from a high sense of rectitude, a consciousness of a position altogether impregnable. With this the conference ended. St. Hill took his departure, a bitter personal hatred added to the annoyance of failure. He did not market his wares elsewhere. He had found the means of offense he had counted upon comparatively idle, but he would search for others. If there were any weak spots in the polish of Rodman Harvey's respectability, here was an unscrupulous person interested in applying to them the corrosive acid of an envenomed malice. The clerks without, among their packing-cases, thought they noticed in "the old man," when he departed also soon after, an unusual sprightliness. He had relieved his mind that day, to say the truth, in a fashion that gave him much content.

XII.

OTTLIE HARVEY'S ROUTINE.

Ottolie's position, upon becoming a member of the household of the mer-

chant prince, some time after the middle of June, was at first of an indeterminate character. Her uncle treated her with about the same grave consideration that he would have extended had she come perhaps on a visit to his wife or daughter. Her aunt proposed to draw out a regular schedule of occupations for her, but the plan, like many others of that remarkable woman, after having first been postponed till the return from the country, was never realized at all. A stated allowance was fixed, which Ottilie had some scruples about accepting before her duties should seem to her of a more tangible sort.

Her cousin Angelica was affable in a condescending way, to begin with; but then, as the novelty of her presence wore off, tried to throw upon her, in a selfish way she had, burdens which could not have been included by any fair construction in the original understanding. Secretly, this accomplished cousin would have liked to treat her as an upper servant. "Why not," she said to herself, "since my father pays her?" She inquired into the allowance made Ottilie, and, modest as it was, — even without relation to the magnificent sums she lavished upon herself, — she appeared to look upon it grudgingly. She had that trait of parsimony which is so odious and surprising in those who have never either known the lack of money, or been brought by experience to a realization of the hardships by which the struggle for its acquisition is often attended. It was a trait not likely to be known by suitors and admirers, whose business it naturally was to bestow upon so charming a creature, and not to receive from her. It was known by small tradesmen, and by inferiors generally, but did not often come to the notice of equals. Ottilie felt herself stung, too, from time to time by intangible offenses from this source, of such a texture that she could not always convince herself afterwards, as a conscientious person, that they had

really existed. This beautiful and accomplished cousin might be compared to a large, lithe cat, which scratched cruelly, even when no more than lazily stretching its claws. But all this came later, as perhaps did some others of the small experiences here more conveniently set down together.

Ottilie did not mind being condescended to a little by so superior and distinguished a person. "How talented you are!" she said to her one day, in warm admiration, drawn out by a deftness which included so many things in its scope.

"Well, I ought to be," Angelica replied, serenely accepting the compliment. "I am sure I have had advantages. My father tells me that the European part of my education alone cost twenty thousand dollars in gold."

The reflective mind of Ottilie would have been disposed, besides, to pardon much in consideration of a pampered and luxurious bringing up, astonishing new evidences of which she saw every day. Her aunt Alida took occasion to show her the christening robe and other effects of Angelica's tenderest years. This robe was of the rarest old lace, and there was a tiny ring set with a costly pearl, coming down from the same ceremony. Her cradle had been of ivory and pearl, and spread with an ermine quilt, on which her name was embroidered in the black tails of the fur. She had two nurses: one a steady-going Englishwoman, in the family employ for years; the other a robust French shepherdess, brought over from her home in the Juras for this especial purpose. Then came a nursery-governess, with whom she acquired the French tongue earlier than her native English; then an infantine day-school; and then the long course of education abroad, varied by a return, and a short stay, not greatly to her liking, at a select young ladies' seminary in an elm-shaded Connecticut village. There was a costly

gold box for carrying bon-bons in, which she had used in the earliest school-days. "Alas, when one sees all that it takes to give us the few airs and graces, the petty smattering of things, that we can acquire at the best," said Ottilie later, in talk with Bainbridge, "does it not show of what poor material we are?"

"She is certainly of a lovely, what you might call an artistic, taste in dress," wrote Ottilie, in her letters home. "At one time you will see her brilliant and Amazonian, in black, with a cuirass covered with flashing bugles, or in jackets braided across the front, hussar-fashion. Or she will have a girdle bordered with gold fringe following around the lines of her charming figure, which she knows how to pose in so many graceful attitudes. Again, she is in India mulls, and other such textures, as soft and misty as early midsummer morning on our dear Kewaydin Lake. There is a dress of white muslin with an embroidery of blue floss, and another of drab satin embroidered with blue and pink forget-me-nots, that drive even poor uncovetous me quite wild with envy. Sometimes she appears with a sort of Japanese touch; then like a court lady of the time of Josephine; and again, getting herself up with her hair rolled high and powdered, and a dot or two of court-plaster, she is like those German beauties that you see in the pictures, calling upon Goethe and Mozart."

Her system was, it appeared, to bring a portion of her costumes from Paris, though all may have passed for coming from there, and have the remaining, and possibly the most effective, portion made under her own supervision by a local dress-maker, or even — so far at least as some alterations and happy new inventions of a minor sort — by her maid Cécile, with the aid of her own hands. She had a knack of leadership, as has been said. She it was to whom was ascribed the first use — for some ephemeral purpose — of a bonnet made

entirely of natural flowers. When flowers were not particularly the mode she wore at her belt an immense bouquet; when immense bouquets came into fashion she wore none at all. She adopted certain rough serges and velveteens which no one had before thought of using for costumes. She had certain peculiarly ribbed and figured stuffs made to her own command by the manufacturers, with orders to break the loom afterwards, that the patterns should not be duplicated. These were her greater feats. If she found a striking hat or costume of hers imitated she threatened to burn it. But in reality it is more probable that she sold it to a dealer, who came privily by the back stairs, and who was supposed to have a ready market for the cast-off finery of the elegant upper classes among minor actresses.

Breakfast at the Harveys was a movable feast. The table stood, and William Skiff's services were likely to be in demand, by one or other of the family, till noon. Angelica took her light repast in bed, or in the intervals of dressing in her chamber, assisted by Cécile. Nothing could have been more charming than the view of her in some one of the gauzy robes of lace and ribbon she wore, reclining, with a cup of chocolate, in one of her silk chintz or plush fauteuils. Cécile did her hair, which was abundant, and fell far below her waist when loose, pointed and delicately stained her fine nails, laced her stays, and buttoned or laced up the marvelously elegant boots that were to bear her on her errands of pleasure and fashion for the day.

The time for the annual departure for Newport was close at hand, and she now spent some part of every day with Cécile, perfecting the toilettes which were to give her the usual *cachet* of distinction during the summer months. Ottilie was drafted, too, — not unwillingly, since it gave her the advantage of association with her cousin in so informal a way, — into this service. An-

gelica showed her amiable side, and was pleased to gossip, as they worked, in reply to her deferential questions, on that European school life, everything in connection with which appeared so fascinating to the younger girl. Angelica had a refined voice and a beautiful manner of telling a story when she chose, so that, what with this and the interest of the subject, Ottilie listened as if to the reading of some delightful book of memoirs.

"We had a good deal of practice in narration at Paris," said Angelica. "I perfected myself there. We had sewing and embroidering one morning in the week, — on Saturdays, — and one or two of the pupils were appointed at these times to entertain the rest with stories, which they must have prepared beforehand. Madame Batignolles-Clichy sat with us, and criticised. If there were any straying away from the principal points, any drawling or hard drawing of the breath, or if there were too many *et puis, et alors, and lorsques* in the story, it had to be repeated until it was done properly.

"At Geneva," she said, "we had such a lovely view of Mont Blanc, in the distance, across the lake. Our school was an old château, which the owner had rented, for economy, having gone himself, with his family, to live in the orangery. I have been back there since, and tested the old gentleman's recollection of me. There he sat, as if it were only yesterday, in his skull cap with a bobbing tassel, on his stone bench, in the sunshine. I let him look at me a long time, as I came up, after alighting from the carriage. '*Tiens!*' he exclaimed, at length, '*c'est la petite Angelica,*' remembering me, though I left there when I was fourteen. We used to play hide-and-seek in the garden, and run on top of a wall there was that extended along the lake front. A door opening through the wall gave access to the shore. I remember that the water used to make

wavering reflections on the white curtains of our beds in the summer mornings, and sometimes there were images of the lateen-sailed boats also. Once we saw one from the windows capsized, and three men drowned. I was the youngest pupil, and the only American, at first; the others were of all nations, and many of noble families. Afterwards more Americans came. I recollect that there was Edith Wynn, of Philadelphia, who made a brilliant match with the Duc de la Tribord-Babord, — though I hear since that she wishes she had n't. Lilly Weidenmeyer was a beautiful girl, noted for particularly lovely arms, which she would hardly ever consent to have covered. She rested them on a marble mantel when overheated with dancing, afterwards, felt a sudden icy chill run through her, and was dead in a month of quick consumption. Alice Burlington was there with me, too. She ducked Madame's pet lapdog in the fountain one day, and I told Madame — I do not know what possessed me to — that she did it. I believe it was the beginning of the trouble in our families. I never see her yet but I think of it.

"At Paris we were close to the eccentric Duke of Brunswick's. You never could tell, when you looked out of the window, what color his house was going to be. He had a mania for painting it light blue, dark blue, pink, green, and yellow. He used to make his maid-servants ride his horses around the courtyard, in their ordinary dresses. We were amused, too, by another school, of a common sort, which there was on the other side of us, so near that we could look over into the garden and see almost everything going on. The poor girls there had to pass a regular muster as they went in to breakfast every morning. We saw each one in turn hold out her hands, smile — so — in order to show her teeth" (here Miss Angelica smiled in mimicry, displaying her own white

teeth to excellent advantage), "lift her skirt above the tops of her shoes, and then swing around, with a kind of flourish, to let it be seen that her dress was properly hooked and so pass on.

"At Hanover, where I went afterwards, the young German officers used to walk past, by threes and fours, very sentimentally, at the afternoon concerts at the Thiergarten. But any girl who showed a disposition to flirt was made to sit with her face towards the shrubbery. Once a very bold young aid-de-camp dashed by at full speed on horseback, and threw a bouquet in at an open window. There could not have been more excitement if a bomb-shell had burst in the school."

She went on to tell of the steps she had taken in Italy in order to acquire the so much recommended *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, and nothing less. From Paris, again, the school had been accustomed to adjourn during the summer months to a villa at Etretat, and lessons had depended on the tides. A ridiculous proposal for her hand had been sent by the son of a rich Paris grocer, who had seen her walking on the beach. The girls upon that had been used to ask her the price of sugars, and if soap were looking up to-day.

The comfortable sitting-room of Mrs. Rodman Harvey, on the story above the parlors, proved to be both the central focus of authority and something of a general rendezvous for the members of the household. Angelica came there for criticism on new apparel, the yellow-haired Calista to complain querulously of the difficulties of her studies. This child displayed a curious shrinking — encouraged by neglect — from every form of mental effort. She almost seemed to cherish the idea that her instructors, of one sort and another, being sufficiently paid, could not only teach, but somehow learn her tasks for her as well. But she was found by Otilie, who took some pains to win her confi-

dence, to be of a certain slow shrewdness, after all, and of a generous and loyal disposition, and not likely, under competent management, to remain always as dull as she seemed.

Selkirk dropped in occasionally to report upon some commission he had undertaken, or, perhaps, as much as anything, by way of keeping up an acquaintance which, with the varying habits and hours of the several members of the family, sometimes appeared in danger of lapsing altogether. Rodman, Jr., helped himself liberally to his mother's fine stationery, and renewed a nagging argument that he had in progress for the privilege — at his time of life — of a latch-key. His father was opposed to it. His mother, "for the sake of peace," more than once lent him her own. He was entered at the Columbia Grammar School now, and preparing for college. "He may not be a *saint*" — said Mrs. Harvey to Otilie, and paused there. Some kind of a saving clause seemed to be implied in her accent, but it would have been difficult to explain what it was.

Conrad, the cook, in his white cap and apron, came to his mistress' sitting-room to confer with her on the day's dinner. Mrs. Ambler, the housekeeper, came to say that she had been or was going to market, and had given out or was going to give out the stores for the day, from a store-room almost as large as an ordinary shop, and a veritable treasury of delectable goods and faint attractive odors. She brought the latest gossip of the servants' hall. John Welsh, from the stables, had come in in a flushed condition the evening before, and made himself very obnoxious at the dining-table. Miss Angelica's maid Cécile had been causing trouble in the laundry department, because some fine clothing of hers had been washed with other of a commoner sort. "She is an *image*, if ever there was one," said Mrs. Harvey; but she rarely ventured upon further in-

terference in a quarter which belonged to the jurisdiction of her daughter,— of whom she was afraid, as even irrational and self-willed mothers may be of children of stronger will than themselves.

One day the formal, majestic-looking Alphonse had slapped Mary Callahan in the face. Who would have believed it? Who would have supposed that so irreproachable a person, to the view, could be such a rude and graceless barbarian underneath it? Mary Callahan was a pretty parlor-maid, who cleaned the mirrors and brasses, and was often seen in pink calico, on the ledges of the upper windows, her body half without, holding the sashes in her lap while she polished the glass till it shone again. She was now crying in her room, dressing in haste at the same time, with the avowed intention of “going down to the court for a warrant.”

It was a trait of interest in Mrs. Rodman Harvey that you could never tell upon which side of a cause she was going to appear. Her judgments were nothing if not remarkable. Mrs. Ambler was accustomed to receive all opinions alike from her with an equal deference and freedom from comment, saying only, “Yes, Mrs. Harvey,” or “No, Mrs. Harvey,” as the case might be. So now, instead of siding with injured innocence, as might have been expected, against the ungallant Alphonse, it was precisely the aggressor himself—who was a servant of qualities much in demand, it should be borne in mind, however, and hard to replace if lost—that she supported.

“That Mary Callahan is a limb,” she exclaimed. “You will have to go up and quiet her now, Mrs. Ambler, and prevent her from being ridiculous. But when you get time just put on your things and step down to Galpin’s, and see whom else he has got for me in her place. Tell Galpin it is too dreadful of him to treat me so! Tell him it is too

terrible of him to send me the people he does!”

Mrs. Harvey seemed to have divided her servants into three classes, according to relative depravity. If the shortcomings were comparatively slight, the offender was only a “curiosity;” a considerable decline from this was the “image;” while the most aggravated and heinous degree of all was the “limb,” whatever that might be. Specimens of all these varieties were of constant occurrence in the household, and there was an active rotation in office, and much recourse to Galpin in consequence. Galpin, being well paid, shrugged his shoulders now and then, and said little, as was the practice with a number of other worthy persons dealt with by Mrs. Rodman Harvey. The rows of aspirants themselves, sitting along the benches of the intelligence office, and exchanging philosophic reflections, spoke of her as a lady “a bit too free wid her tongue.” At the same time some mind of larger scope among them might remark, “She do be over it as quick; and may be she’d be the first to be sorry after.”

It was in virtue of irresolute and forbearing traits of this kind on both sides, no doubt, that some of the very worst of these so-called limbs, whose departure from the house had been attended by titanic convulsions and upheavals, were to be seen—and even after more dismissals than one—reinstated at their posts, and going about their affairs as though the domestic serenity had never been clouded.

When Mrs. Harvey had brought matters to a pass from which there appeared no escape, she threw off the direction helplessly upon Mrs. Ambler, and rested upon her laurels till the way seemed again clear. She had had housekeepers, she said, who brought her too many complaints of the servants, showing want of discipline; and others who brought too few, showing collusion. Mrs. Ambler, deferential under author-

ity, and of a good deal of self-reliance when its presence was withdrawn, — when she indulged a mild vanity in speaking of “*my servants*,” and “*my kitchen*,” — seemed for the moment to have realized the happy medium.

Into all this Otilie became duly initiated, as a part of her new experiences. Her aunt professed to expect much from her in the way of assistance. From no other quarter, from no human eye, up to this time, — instead of having the view of gods and men fixed upon her, — had she received even so much of a ray of aid and sympathy as might have penetrated into the darkest caves of ocean. She adverted, guardedly at first, then more openly, to a selfishness on the part of her daughter Angelica. “Angelica would walk over chaos, mountains high,” she said, “and never raise hand or foot to help it.”

If an excitable, she was also, in intent at least, a fond mother. She bore no grudge for the selfishness of which she complained. At the most trivial ailment of Angelica’s she manifested a concern which had no fault but over-officiousness. She hastened to fetch and carry, prepared tea and medicines, and asked a thousand superfluous questions as to relative symptoms and states of feeling, which often met with but short answers. Otilie once saw the charming patient dash away a teaspoon held by her mother’s hand so vehemently that it fell clinking to the floor. At such times the good Mrs. Harvey repeated often her formula: “She is a regular Harvey.”

The card of Arthur Kingbolt of Kingboltsville came up one afternoon, when the business of preparing the toilettes was going on as described. Angelica frowned over it. She was beautifully dressed, as usual, and there was no ostensible reason why she should not go down; but she handed the card to Otilie, saying, “Please go and say that I am otherwise occupied, — that I cannot

conveniently see him. I wish it to be rather sharp; do you understand?”

Otilie had considerable trepidation at the idea of meeting this grand personage, and especially as the bearer of an ungracious message. But some plainly visible uneasiness of his own prevented him from attending to that of other people. His countenance fell when he saw who it was that rustled down to him instead of Angelica. Otilie softened her message at least by her gentle manner of delivery. Kingbolt babbled a commonplace or two about the June races, the kind of a season it had been socially, and the increasing heat of the weather, and took his departure, hardly having deigned to give her, as she thought, a glance. “Little enough poor I, just down from Vassar, knew about the kind of a season it had been,” she said, writing home about the interview.

In truth, the numerous victims in a sentimental way — blonde and brunette, and in many lands — to the personal charms and the magnificence of Kingbolt of Kingboltsville might now have felt a certain sympathy for him. Rebuffed in advances of a vehement earnestness, which he had allowed himself to make to the betrothed of another, his affections, his pride, and his confidence in his own distinguished merits had all suffered cruelly. He was driven to despair. This refusal to see him completed the measure of his humiliation, and, as he said, of his folly. He had thrown himself into the scales against that dolt of a Sprowle — Yes, he had brought himself to this, he had condescended to it, — and thus it had ended. He went at once and put his yacht in order, bustling vigorously himself about the preparations, and set off for a cruise. At first he was capable of flying the black flag, in his rage and misanthropy, and becoming a terror of the main after the most approved pattern. But the winds blew fresh, and the seas curled bravely around his prow; he was involved in

the manœuvres of a squadron in the Sound; he put in at summer resorts along the New England coasts; rose and fell on the tremendous tides of the Bay of Fundy; made Halifax and Sydney; passed into the Bras d'Or, and around Prince Edward's Island and the Magdalen Islands, and so home again.

Much before the end of his six weeks' cruise, he figured to himself that he was entirely cured. He was back at Newport in the last part of August, by no means because She was there, but because it was the correct thing to be at Newport at that time. Sprowle Onderdonk had marshaled the Narragansett Gun Club, and sport of many kinds was under way.

The day came when the family departed at length for their villa, and Otilie was left to the duties for which she had been more particularly engaged. Harvey's campaign for the congressional nomination began in earnest. The people whom it was considered desirable to gain were dined as proposed. Hackley, who served, with a great show of activity, as a sort of confidential agent, procured the insertion of artful communications in certain newspapers. The reconciliation of some coolnesses of long standing was effected. Sums of money were apportioned out in an occult way for expenses, and placed, as a saying of the time was, "where they would do the most good." When the worst midsummer heats came on, Harvey transferred his headquarters for a fortnight, taking his niece with him, to one of the great hotels at Coney Island, then newly rising into prominence as a summer resort.

Otilie did not send for Bainbridge, but preferred that their meeting should come about, as it no doubt shortly would, in some more natural way. Miss Rawson called upon her, partly in the hope, in which she was disappointed, of making the acquaintance of the principals of this important family.

So considerable a time elapsed, however, before the expected meeting with Bainbridge took place, that Otilie perhaps found the surprise he expressed at her being in town rather natural.

"I thought possibly that Miss Rawson might have told you," she said.

"I have seen her, but I dare say she forgot it," he answered dryly.

She had been inclined to a touch of anxiety in reflecting on the manner of their parting, but as he made no other advances than those of an easy, unsentimental good-comradeship, this happily vanished, and they were soon upon their old friendly footing. Bainbridge, never at any time too much pressed with business, had more leisure than before, now in the dull summer season. He was employing a part of his time, he said, and adding a trifle to his income, by writing occasional articles for a newspaper. She insisted on his showing her some of them, and he allowed himself to be persuaded to do so.

It stood her in good stead, now, to have been the elder sister, and the first lieutenant of her mother in the management of a large family. She got on well with the servants who remained, and with Mrs. Ambler, the housekeeper. She presided at her uncle's dinner-table with a demure composure. More than one of the masculine guests regarded with approval the slender figure appearing above the board, against its high-backed carven chair. The presence of Stoneglass, the editor of the *Meteor*, among others, was secured in some apparently informal way. This was a person thought to have peculiar influence with a party of independents in the district, who really held the balance of power. His position on the nomination, like theirs, had not yet been determined, and was a source of much anxiety. He was pleased to compliment the merchant on his "little house-keeper." Few young women nowadays, he said, knew anything of the good

old domestic arts, so becoming to them too, if they did but know it. He went back to the days of his youth, in the country, when these had been as regular a part of education as any other. Harvey, finding him in this vein of genial simplicity, encouraged it. He brought out the further fact about Otilie — recollecting to have heard it from her father on his visit — that she had taken a prize, offered in her family, for the best loaf of bread.

Stonerglass turned to her for an opinion, from the talk on serious matters with her uncle. What was the opinion of a learned young lady fresh from Vassar, he asked in pleasant banter, on specie resumption? Instead of a blushing disclaimer, such as might have been looked for, she made him, to his surprise, a little reply which was by no means void of sense. Thereafter, whether Otilie had anything to do with it or not, he became, both in the Meteor and out of it, a firm adherent of Harvey's cause.

"Where in the world," her uncle inquired, when the guest had gone, "did you come to have an opinion about the currency question?"

"I happened to have just read it in a newspaper," she explained, coloring. "Should I have told him that?" But she did not appear to find it necessary to say that it was in a paper brought her by Bainbridge, as containing a specimen of those occasional articles of his which she had expressed a desire to see.

Harvey had her read to him, too, and now and then to sing some ballad music for which he had a lingering taste, seldom gratified by his daughter Angelica. She read his financial column, with the incidental references to himself contained in it; or long reports which he saved for her till evening, not having had time to finish them in the morning. These were often accounts, continuing over several days, of cases of defalcation, forgery, breach of trust, and other financial crimes, for which cases — es-

pecially where occurring among persons who had once enjoyed the consideration of the community in an especially high degree — he showed something like a definite taste. Otilie even ventured to commend his political ambitions. There were so many persons of position and means, she said ingenuously, who remained selfishly wrapped up in their own affairs, and would take no part in the government, nor aid in any way to improve the general condition. She had heard that nothing was needed so much in politics as good men.

It was at this time that she approached, with trepidation, the subject of the Hasbroucks, and was repulsed, as has been explained.

"Your interest is creditable, but misdirected," Harvey said. "Let me hear no more of sympathy for that section of the country or its people. Had it depended upon them, I should have been to-day a beggar in the streets. That I am not, that I escaped bankruptcy, is due — I hardly know to what it is due." He acquainted her with some of the particulars which we have heard already as laid before St. Hill. "I *would* not fail," he continued, "for then I should have been impotent to repay in any way the harm they had done me. I could not have borne arms, but I remained solvent, to strengthen the power of the government, and gather in those who could. I put into the field a regiment at my own expense. As they had forgotten, together with my dues, all my favors and my good will, I sent bayonets by way of pricking their recollection. Let me hear no more on this subject."

Why was he so bitter, why so sweeping in his resentment? Otilie asked herself. It was all so long ago, and her friends were women, who could not personally have injured him. Others had escaped bankruptcies, and even fallen into them, she was sure, without cherishing such long and vehement animos-

ity. She was humiliated and depressed at her rebuff. She enjoyed no such measure of his esteem as she had foolishly allowed herself to suppose. It was something, too, to recall once more an adamant hardness, an unrelenting obstinacy of character, which she had begun to persuade herself did not exist. She thought of going away at once, but this could hardly have been done now with credit, and it would not be understood. For the present she stayed. One small event succeeding another dimmed the impression. He certainly had had

provocation, and different natures take things so differently. He brought her one day a sum of money, with directions to distribute it in such charities as she saw fit. He wished her to be assured that it was not niggardliness or insensibility to distress that caused him to withhold relief from the Hasbroucks, but a settled aversion which had become a principle. At the same time, perhaps, he did not forget that whatever benefactions she might distribute from his house would be easily traced to their proper source, and redound to his advantage politically.

William Henry Bishop.

[Copyright.]

DECORATION DAY.

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE NEW EASTERN QUESTION

AFTER a short period of what the Germans would call organic development, the Eastern Question has again reached a point at which war seems, if not inevitable, at least possible, perhaps probable. The signs may deceive, but the signs are certainly not pacific. In view, therefore, of such a contingency, and utilizing what may be only a brief interval of peace, it seems important to review the history of the past four years, to seek out the causes and tendencies favorable to another collision, and to forecast some of the probable conditions of the struggle. It is important and useful not alone because the situation is full of grave possibilities for the whole family of nations, nor yet merely because its development may disclose incidents of startling dramatic interest, but also because there is involved in it, as in all international disputes, the question of right and wrong, the issue between justice and injustice; because it affects the interests of oppressed and suffering yet heroic peoples, who, although far removed and little known, are not less deserving of our sympathy than the brigands of the Land League or the spoliated Jews of Russia; and finally because it will prepare the student to pronounce upon the rival aspirations of two or three great empires which connect the East, in politics as in geography, with the West.

The actual form of the question is new, or is at least a serious modification of any form in which it has hitherto appeared. Both the parts and the actors are changed. Some which were prominent in the past have dropped out; others which were once passive have become active; one at least must probably be added; and the entire cast shows striking novelties. It seems impossible, for instance, to think of an Eastern

Question without Turkey. The fate of the Ottoman Empire, or, what is the same thing, the assumed interest of the Great Powers in its fate, has always been the leading issue in the diplomatic intrigues of Constantinople, and in the wars which have raged on the shores of the Danube and the Black Sea. But at this time Turkey has been practically eliminated, either by her own choice or by the natural conditions of the problem, from the diplomatic skirmishing which is now in progress; and she may remain a quiet spectator even in case of actual war. England, too, which in the Crimea was a belligerent, and in 1877-78 was a watchful and jealous censor, is now governed by statesmen who are bound by all their traditions and by every law of consistency to refrain from premature and officious interference. But if these actors disappear from the stage, their places will be supplied by two others far more powerful and imposing. Austria seems likely to be the chief belligerent on the other side, when Russia again takes the field, while Germany is committed by pledges, as well as by what politicians call her "interests," to support the house of Hapsburg. As for France and Italy, their course would probably be guided by events, but each is a factor on which Russia has more right to count than Austria. The opportunity for *revanche* which a war menacing the German Empire would offer might not be rashly seized by France, nor yet would it be magnanimously rejected; and Italy, skilled in the art of profiting by the embarrassments of others, has still unsatisfied aspirations on the Adriatic. It may indeed be regarded as certain that, without having secured at least one of these two powers as an eventual ally, Russia would not only shrink from war,

but would even guard herself more carefully against the contingency of war.

The Russian Empire is passing through severe internal convulsions, which would seem to paralyze the arm of foreign adventure. Nihilism and Jew-baiting, assassination and persecution, conspiracies against the House of Romanoff and outrages upon the children of Israel, are problems of home policy, which require for their solution the best efforts of Russian statesmen. Either they divide the effective resources of the empire, and thus weaken its belligerent capacity; or they alienate the good opinion of the world, and thus deprive the empire of an important source of moral strength. But both of these elements may easily be overestimated. The Jewish incident, cruel as it was, and permanent as are the passions which led to it, has probably passed its worst stage, and will not at once be revived as a disturbing force. Nihilism, instead of being an obstacle to war, is in a measure the product of peace and inaction, and as an evil would be mitigated by war. It is a sincere and resolute conviction, able to withstand the influence of a patriotic and popular struggle, only with a few gloomy fanatics; while the bulk of the faction is made up of giddy students, full of crude knowledge, inflamed by chauvinism, and ready to cease plotting against the Czar if the Czar will lead them against a foreign foe. Russia is not different from other states in regard to the effects which may be expected from a national war. It would create a diversion. It would silence the voice of faction. It would suspend schemes of regicide and schemes of reform, and unite the whole people in arms about their sovereign. For it is a truth, which may seem paradoxical in view of the destructive recklessness of the Nihilists, but which will be confirmed by all who have any acquaintance with the Russians, that they are as a people intensely, almost morbidly, patri-

otic. There is little real loyalty, except among the peasants, in whom it resembles a species of feticism. There is little of that higher kind of patriotism, which can discriminate as well as approve, can criticise while obeying, and can resist when obedience to authority becomes treason to the country. But the Russian patriotism, though neither supported by loyalty nor guided by discretion, is singularly prompt, passionate, and vigorous, and in the hands of an absolute prince is only the more effective because it does not reason. It was Kossuth, I believe, who said that bayonets think. The remark is true of some of the armies of Europe: in a large degree of that of Germany, in a smaller degree of that of which the countrymen of Kossuth now form an important part. There are other armies where a fierce religious zeal takes the place of intelligent valor. But the Russian host, which exceeds the Turkish in numbers, exceeds the German or Austrian in the strength which comes from fanaticism. It acts, but it does not think. No paltry dissensions at home, no desire to torture Jews or murder kings, can arrest such a force when the cry of danger rings through the country, and village priests, the cross in their hands, are pointing the way to the frontier.

This feeling of patriotism, instead of being peculiar to Russia, is, however, one which she shares with other nations in other parts of the world. But in her case it is reinforced by an auxiliary passion, which, though broader in scope, is scarcely less intense in energy, and which, leaping over national boundaries, connects Russia with a whole family of peoples, dispersed throughout Eastern Europe; aliens all in political allegiance, some also in religion, yet kindred in race, language, and traditions. This is the imposing idea of Panslavism.

The thing is easy to define, but hard to describe. It embodies what is known, alike to enthusiasts and to philosophers,

as the principle of nationalities, and yet is something considerably more than that. When Moritz Arndt undertook, in his immortal hymn, to find the true limits of the Fatherland, he drew them wherever he could find the German tongue, German habits, German spirit, and German traditions. The generous conception could thus be made to include peoples and districts which for centuries had been politically severed from the empire. But the test was still German, for not even the poet ventured to claim the entire Teutonic group of tongues and peoples, — England, America, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, — and the statesmanship of the age was far less audacious than its poetry. Panslavism is therefore a more ambitious idea than Arndt's Fatherland. Instead of being only the dream of a poet, it is the aim of serious practical statesmen, or at least an impulse which they are willing to further and utilize. Instead of halting at the frontiers of the Russian language, it reaches out into Prussia and Austria, and Turkey, and embraces all men, whatever their political relations, whose idiom identifies them with the great Slavonic race. The Servians, the Bulgarians, the Bosnians, the Montenegrins, the Dalmatians, the Croats, the Poles of Warsaw, of Posen, of Galicia, the Czechs of Bohemia, — these all form part of the future Slav commonwealth. All are brothers, and owe one another the kindly offices of the fraternal relation.

In this novel domestic scheme the Czar himself has the part of Great, or rather, as the Slavs say, Little Father. Yet Panslavism stops apparently short of the idea of a close political union under a single sceptre, or even of a confederation, as Germans, or Swiss, or Americans understand the term, and aims only at a species of alliance, with Russia as patron and protector, — a plan not unlike that which Mr. Blaine probably had in mind when he called his Con-

gress of American States. But in this qualified form the idea has a powerful hold on the imagination of the Russian peoples. Russians may be Nihilists or loyalists, radicals, liberals, or conservatives, editors or lawyers, plebeians or aristocrats, may have any opinion in politics or any status in society; if they can only read and think and dream, they are nearly certain to be Panslavists, and to defend the cause with ingenuous fervor to every patient listener. At the clubs noisy patriots will declaim on the subject by the hour. In the *salons* fair ladies insinuate it upon you, with all the art of the sex, as they hand you your glass of tea. The stranger whom one meets in the train, or at the *table d'hôte*, or at the picture-gallery, is likely not only to be a champion of Panslavism, but to discuss its virtues with an enthusiasm and a *naïveté* which take no account of one's foreign birth and possible lack of interest in the cause. General Skobelev was therefore perfectly justified in protesting, as he did on his return from Paris, that he had only announced sentiments which in Russia every one holds and avows.

No one can, indeed, be more surprised than the gallant general himself at the political importance into which he has suddenly sprung. Like every educated man or woman in Russia, he is something of a politician. His opinions are well known, and he has often expressed them with a frankness which, even in this country, public opinion and the etiquette of their profession forbid to high officers of the army. But there was no special reason why General Skobelev, in spite of his grave indiscretion, should be singled out for the malignant attacks of German Slavophobists, unless, indeed, a pretext was desired for humiliating Russia, or provoking a rupture.

The career of Skobelev is a striking refutation of the common theory that the Russian public service is ruled by favoritism, and that no man can succeed

on his merits alone against unfavorable or hostile influences. His father was also a soldier, and to his father he owed his original appointment in the Guards. But after that initial stage young Skobelev fought his own way upwards, and fought it too against obstacles of singular strength and persistence, — the jealousy of rivals in his own class, the pendency of martinets whose theories he ridiculed, the intrigues of enemies at court, the indifference and suspicions of the Czar. He was accused of speculation in Turkestan, and, although fully acquitted, was made to suffer, in petty indignities, most of the consequences of conviction. At the outset of the Bulgarian campaign, he could find employment only as volunteer aid on the staff of a parade general, whom the hard realities of the struggle soon left in the rear, while Skobelev rose to high command. With his opportunities grew also the scale of his achievements. No other officer came out of the war with a more brilliant reputation than his, — a reputation won by hard fighting, skillful generalship, and passionate devotion to the real issues of the conflict.

It was an easy matter for Skobelev to see that the war meant far more to the Russian people than was announced by diplomatists, that its ends were not accomplished by the recovery of Bessarabia and the cession of Batoum, and that the Treaty of Berlin was a cruel blow to the victors. Since the peace he has therefore chafed under the disappointment of an ardent patriot and the indignation of a betrayed soldier. Against Count Schouvaloff he was outspoken and bitter from the very day that the Congress of Berlin adjourned; for he felt not only that the ambassador had sacrificed unnecessarily the just interests of Russia, but that his whole policy was one of fatal, not to say criminal, subservience to Bismarck. Schouvaloff was indeed a man of more political experience and more political sagacity

than his critic. In the crisis which the Treaty of San Stefano had prepared for Russia, his caution and compliance were more useful than Ignatieff's astuteness or Skobelev's impetuosity, and gave the country, if not a permanent peace, at least a brief respite from war. But the compromise proved, nevertheless, ruinous to its author; for on the first attempt to carry out its provisions, in the organization of the province of Rumelia, the failure of Schouvaloff's scheme of a mixed occupation forced him to resign his embassy, and retire to private life. As the execution of the treaty proceeded, and new frictions from time to time arose, Skobelev continued to find vindications of his own prescience. The duplicity of Turkey and the indifference of the other powers toward Greece, the betrayal of Montenegro, the arrogance of Austria toward her Danubian neighbors, the Bosnian occupation, and the more ambitious projects of which it was clearly the forerunner, — such incidents, coupled with the stern execution of the very letter of the treaty, where it pressed most severely upon Russia, worked up a formidable resentment, of which Skobelev's talents and courage made him the leading representative.

As a politician he has foreseen, and as a soldier has not feared, the early renewal of the struggle. It cannot be indiscreet for the writer to recall those hot September days in 1879, when, in company with that brilliant young general, he was riding over the manoeuvre fields of two German *corps d'armée*, and enjoying now his military comments, rapid, penetrating, and just, now his political views, glowing with the peculiar fire of Russian Pan Slavism. Skobelev was the most famous of the many officers who followed that mock campaign on the Baltic coast. The Emperor William lent the scene the dignity of his venerable but infirm presence. England had sent Sir Henry Hardinge, a frail little man in personal appearance, but the

hero of a noble episode, which the pen of Thackeray has described, in the Sepoy war. And there were scores of other brave warriors, French, Austrian, Italian, Russian, German, veterans in service, scarred perhaps from battle, liberally decorated for valor, and now gathered for an exhibition of the most perfect military machine in the world. But from that varied and showy group the curiosity and admiration of the public invariably singled out the man who had triumphed over all the obstacles of Russian military routine; who at thirty-five was a lieutenant-general, commanding an army corps; and who was fresh from fields of battle, where he had distinguished himself above all his comrades. And in his deportment during the manœuvres could be found one secret of his remarkable career. To some of the foreign officers the occasion seemed little more than a holiday entertainment, which they languidly enjoyed rather than utilized. But Skobelev, who, until the Bulgarian campaign, had passed most of his life fighting the nomadic tribes of Central Asia, and had seen little of the standing armies of Western Europe, took a higher conception both of the nature of his mission and of his duty to himself; followed all the movements with the most scrupulous fidelity; studied little details of organization and equipment, which escaped his more thoughtless colleagues; and scratched his ready note-book full of data, which in the evening were expanded into reports for the Russian war office. Such industry, instead of being wasted, will, or at least may, prove doubly useful to the future of the general. It taught him the strong and the weak points of the German army, which will be knowledge of value in case of war; and it gave him the key to many improvements in his own corps, which will be useful even in peace. When, at parting, he asked me to visit him at his headquarters at Minsk, he added, with

a soldier's pride, that he would show me as fine an army corps as could be found in Russia; and of this I was sure there could be not a particle of doubt.

But Skobelev holds, as does Moltke, and as every professional soldier on the Continent practically shows, that so long as the Powers keep up their appalling armaments a state of nominal peace is really only one of preparation for eventual war. The armies are there to be used. It is folly to suppose that there will not be in the future, as there have been in the past, eager generals, ambitious statesmen, and princes as willing to use the one as the other. And even if princes could be always humane, and statesmen always moderate, and generals always pacific, they would be overruled at times by the quick voice of national honor, by the rivalry of imperative interests, and by the aggressive force of popular movements. It is these subtle and active agents which are leading Europe into war.

When General Skobelev teaches Pan-slavism to Servian students at Paris, he is thinking mainly of Germany. When the Czar reprimands Skobelev, he too has the dragon of Berlin, the man of blood and iron, before his eyes. But although Bismarck is the chief obstacle to Pan-slavist projects, although it is his diplomacy which speaks in grave tones of warning on the Neva, although it is even his policy which the generals of Francis Joseph are so cruelly carrying out in the mountains of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the real rival of Russia is still Austria, not Germany; and with Austria must be fought the great battle for dominion, prestige, and power in Eastern Europe. And if the German war should be first in point of time, it would nevertheless be second in the solidity of its causes and the material value of its results. It might postpone, but could not take the place of, the other and the greater struggle.

The Austro-Hungarian monarchy

seems as ill adapted for successful war on a large scale as any system which the art of caricature could invent. It was correctly described by Prince Gortschakoff, who said it was not a state, but a government. Yet even as a government it wants unity both of form and of action: for if there is only a single monarch, there are two capitals, Vienna and Pesth; two leading and rival races, the Germans and the Magyars, and under these a variety of subject peoples, all of them disaffected, and most of them groaning beneath a fate to which the recollection of past grandeur lends a peculiar bitterness. There were busy cities and thriving industries in Dalmatia while the site of Pesth was a howling wilderness. The lords of Bohemia were electors of the German Empire before the first Hapsburg acquired the purple. A king of Poland saved Vienna itself from the Turks. And although the Hungarians, who, like the others, once felt the stern pressure of Austrian tyranny, finally obtained their release, the hardships of the remaining victims have been, if anything, aggravated since the partition of 1867. That arrangement, as is well known, assigned Dalmatia to Austria, and Slavonia and Croatia to Hungary, — a concession by the pride of Vienna to the persistence of Pesth. The experiment has now been tried several years; and it is enough to say that any enthusiastic friend of Hungarian independence — and that, thirty years ago, meant every adult American — who should now travel through Croatia or Slavonia would suffer a bitter disenchantment. Austrian tyranny is cruel, but it is not always systematically cruel, and sometimes has intervals of weakness. But the Magyars show at once the brutal severity of newly emancipated slaves and the haughty insolence of feudal barons. In the Slavs, whom events have brought under their sway, they see an inferior race reduced to political servitude; and the result is what

might have been, but was not, expected. The Croats, once the most ferocious warriors in Europe, the prized and favored servants of many a Hapsburg prince, have fallen to a position as low as that of the Poles in Russia. Relentless war is waged upon everything which makes them a people, — upon their speech, their habits, their songs, their literature. In Slavonia the same cruel policy is pursued. In either province to be a Slav is to wear the badge of social and political degradation. To be a patriot as well as a Slav, and to utter with tongue or pen the indignant complaints of patriotism, is the simple and infallible way to reach a dungeon. And the Dalmatians under Austria fare but little better. Is it strange that this unfortunate people feel no love for the power or the system that crushes them, and that their eyes are turned with affection and longing toward the one great kindred nation which can afford relief? Of this tendency I have an illustration from my own experience. It happened to me in 1878, just after the Congress of Berlin, to pass a few days at the frontier town of Brod, in Slavonia; and the hotels being full I found lodging in the house of a young school-master, a Slav. He was timid about politics, for the Magyar police have many eyes. Even after my host had become convinced that his secrets were safe in my keeping, he would utter them only in a light whisper, first carefully closing doors and windows, and stuffing keyholes; but after all this, the most striking communication was entrusted to my eyes and not my ears. At a propitious moment my friend beckoned me into his bedroom, led the way to a dark corner, pulled back a curtain, took down a species of shrine hanging on the wall, and, opening it, revealed a portrait, which he fervently kissed, and then passed to me. I expected to see his wife, or his mother, or at least his sister. The portrait was that of Alexander II., Czar of Russia.

Much of the effect of this incident — the picturesqueness, the pathos — was in the school-master's manner, and is lost in the telling. But its general significance will be clear. In this dull little village on the Save, which was full of Austrian soldiers and Hungarian spies, an humble pedagogue, isolated from the great world, unread in the literature of diplomacy, had brushed away all the sophistry of cabinets, and led me to the very heart of the Eastern Question.

But the Austrian court was not satisfied with three South Slavonic provinces to rule, or misrule, and the Treaty of Berlin put two others into its power. The history of that discreditable negotiation cannot here be rehearsed. Even that part of it which relates to the disposition of Bosnia and the Herzegovina would exceed the proper limits of this article; and the task, however agreeable and useful, must therefore be omitted. But the reader may be reminded, in a few words, that Bosnia and the Herzegovina were two provinces peopled mainly by Slavs, and belonging to the Turkish Empire. Their language is the Serbian, which is also that of Croatia, Slavonia, Montenegro, and Dalmatia. If the Jews, of whom there are a few in the towns, be ignored, the rest of the population may be divided, according to religious belief, into three classes: the orthodox or Greek Christians, commonly called "Serbs," the Roman Catholics, and the Mohammedans. The latter comprised, under the old *régime*, the ruling order. They were the great proprietors, the officials, the favorites of Constantinople; and aided by Turkish troops they systematically robbed the Christian peasants, and sometimes, as a pleasant diversion, massacred them for their religion. The hardy mountaineers of the Herzegovina resented this cruelty, and broke out often in revolt. Under great provocation the Bosnians sometimes followed this example, but being less warlike, and less favored with nat-

ural strongholds, were more easily subdued. The heroic prince of Montenegro lent his kinsmen secret, and at times open, support; and in 1876 the Servians made a bold effort for liberty. But deliverance still seemed remote, until the great Slav power of the north, roused by the harrowing stories which came up from the plains of Bulgaria, smarting under the defeat administered to its brethren the Servians, and unable longer calmly to witness the desperate struggle of the Herzegovinians, threw the weight of its great armies into the scale against the Turks. The issue is well known. In due time the Turk was crushed; the Slavs and Christianity had fought out their liberation. At the very gates of Constantinople, in sight of the historic dome of St. Sophia, the Russians dictated a peace, which not only secured them ample compensation both material and political, for their own sacrifices; but which also took account of the lesser peoples, whose hardships had hastened as their valor had helped to win the war, and made it certain that they should not again fall under the mild dominion of the kaimakan and the pacha.

There arose, however, between the signing and the ratification of the Treaty of San Stefano obstacles which it was impossible to surmount. An English fleet anchored in the Sea of Marmora. The Austro-Hungarian delegations voted a special credit for putting the army on a war footing to meet contingencies which might arise. And even Prince Bismarck revealed, under a thin disguise of friendship, sentiments not a little dangerous to Russia. In this condition of affairs, no alternative was left to the Czar. With an anguish of heart which can be easily imagined, he submitted to the cruel humiliation, accepted the plan of an European Congress at Berlin, and saw the Treaty of San Stefano torn into a thousand pieces.

The work of reconstruction then be-

gan. But it soon appeared that the order of priority and the order of importance would not be conceded to the populations whose grievances had been the cause of the war, or to the power which, not perhaps without some selfishness, yet nobly and effectively, had come to their relief. England was not ashamed to rob her own client in the secret treaty for the cession of Cyprus. And Austria, whose attitude during the war had shown the twin vices of duplicity and cowardice, which could bully Serbia and Roumania while cowering before Russia, and which, touching the borders of Bosnia and Herzegovina, had never lifted a hand or a voice to stay the course of Turkish outrage, — Austria accepted the “mandate” to occupy and administer, that is to appropriate and annex, the two fairest regions which the war had wrested from the Sultan. A more flagrant outrage was never offered to the conscience of Europe. Even the partitions of Poland were honorable in comparison, for they were open acts of spoliation, which made no pretense of justification by subtleties of public law, and hid their true character behind no “European mandates.” Any one of three other courses could have found some show of defense: the two provinces might have been made independent, like Serbia and Montenegro; they might have been placed under the protection of Russia, their liberator; or they might even have been restored to the Turk with adequate security for reform. But Austro-Hungary, at least, had no claim whatever to them, moral, political, historical, or military; nothing except a title wrested from Russia on one side, and Turkey on the other, by two of the most cynical statesmen, Prince Bismarck and Lord Beaconsfield, whom the nineteenth century has known.

It is true that the misgovernment of the provinces by the Turk was a source of danger to the peace of Europe. But to introduce the Austrians anywhere

in the name and cause of good administration was a touch of satire which would have seemed more enjoyable if less serious interests had been involved. Order will now, it was said, be established. But order was not established, even on the entry of the Austrians, whom it was supposed that the Christians would welcome as at least an improvement on the Turks; and already, after three years of so-called pacification, a new insurrection has broken out, as fierce and formidable as those which repeatedly chased the pachas out of the mountains.

While thus executing the European Mandate in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Austrian government has not neglected its own policy on the Lower Danube and the Lower Adriatic. This policy clashes, or is made to clash, with the rights of several small states; and, as Mr. Freeman remarks, the Austrian government, though it succeeds badly against its equals, is singularly fortunate when fighting those not of its own size. It steals a harbor from Montenegro. It compels Serbia to build her railways on lines which will enrich Austro-Hungarian commerce. It reconstructs the mixed Danubian commission in a way for which no treaty provides, and browbeats Roumania when she mildly attempts to assert her own rights in the matter. An evil counselor at Berlin has convinced Austria that she has a mission in the East, and in obeying that voice she is perhaps rather a dupe than an intelligent actor; but the method of fulfilling that mission, in contempt of justice, of humanity, even of the simplest standards of fair play, is peculiarly and exclusively her own.

It is this policy which is reviving and reshaping the Eastern Question. It is not recent in its inception, or new in its methods; but it owes its opportunity to the Treaty of Berlin, and when that opportunity shall have been superseded by less favorable combinations, the in-

evitable reaction will come. Already the Slavs of Illyria are crying out against Austrian oppression, as formerly they cried out against the oppressors sent up from Constantinople. Montenegro, with an honorable respect for the obligation of treaties, but only contempt for the threats of Austria, still maintains an attitude of reserve, which, however, events may any day convert into one of action. Even little Serbia is with difficulty kept out of the fray. In short, the whole peninsula is in a state of physical or moral insurrection against Count Andrassy's pompous scheme of pacification, and Russian volunteers are as plenty in the ranks of the patriots as in the days when the tyrant was the Turk.

Thus the parallel between the present situation and that which preceded the war of 1877-78 can be traced for a considerable distance. But at one point the lines begin to diverge. Among the causes of the late war was indeed the question of race, or the mutual antipathy of Slav and Turk; but this rather reinforced than preceded the older and graver issue between the Christian and the Mohammedan. The Bulgarian atrocities were directed, not against a people, but against a sect. The Christian victims were indeed nearly all Slavs, but the Slavs are not all Christians, either in Bulgaria or in Bosnia; in fact, some of the most brutal and heartless of the agents in that tragic persecution were men in whose veins ran the blood, and on whose features were stamped the type, of the Slavonic race. They had renounced the Bible, accepted the Koran, and acquired the proverbial zeal and ferocity of apostates. It was accordingly not to exalt the Slav above the Turk, but to protect the Christian against the Infidel, not to emancipate a race, but to vindicate a religion, that the Russian hosts crossed the Danube and the Balkans.

Now the growing tension between Russia and Austria is happily but little aggravated by religious passions. It

was in the nature of things that the apostolic emperor should secretly favor the Roman Catholics whom he found in Bosnia; and the army of occupation was promptly followed by zealous young priests and monks, and all the agents of the Propaganda. The Pope gave the enterprise his blessing. Money was sent to aid the holy cause. But it is out of the question for Austria to butcher the Serbs in their churches after the manner of the Turk, or even to vex their religion by such invidious restrictions as are put upon Protestants in other parts of the empire. The forms of toleration are therefore observed. The Greek communicants stand nominally on a basis of equality with the other sects; and after the gross cruelties of the past, the minor discriminations which still remain are doubtless little felt. But as the religious element disappears from the issue, it leaves to the ethnic element only the more room for fermentation, development, and explosion. The Russian feels that the invaders, though sparing his religion, are enslaving his kinsmen; and, worst of all, are enslaving them not as individuals guilty of crime, and responsible to their laws, but as representatives of a cause, that of Illyrian independence, and a principle, that of nationalities, both alike hateful to the House of Hapsburg. Indeed, the Austrian policy, cruel in its general aim, must seem in its execution to offer to the Russians details of almost satanic malignity. It not only invades and conquers two Slavonic provinces, to which it has not a shadow of moral right, but it also conquers them with the aid of Slav generals, who have sold themselves for gold, and of Slav soldiers, who are taken without even the formality of a sale. Its last measure is to apply the conscription in the occupied districts, and to drill the Bosnians for possible military service against their own liberator.

One need not be a very ardent Slav-

ophil to see that this goes far beyond the letter of the Berlin Treaty. But while all the contracting Powers are bound to insist on the limits of the treaty, and Russia and Turkey especially have a right, under a well-known rule of interpretation, to require the strict construction of onerous clauses, too much aid ought not to be expected from such considerations. It is true that Article 25 provides only for the occupation and administration of the two provinces, not for their permanent annexation. But this was a mere diversion of diplomatic humor. Prince Bismarck had already shown in the case of Schleswig how much value he placed upon such restrictions. His example was fresh before the Congress. It is therefore folly to suppose that the Powers ever expected, or even really intended, that Austria should have the trouble of pacifying the provinces, of administering them for a term of years at her own cost, and should then quietly hand them back to the Turk.

But, on the other hand, the Powers must also have understood that the Mandate, embodied as it was in a treaty of peace, which was forced upon the victorious as upon the defeated belligerent, could give only temporary legality to the proposed solution of the Bosnian problem. The court of Vienna accepted the mission, therefore, with full knowledge that sooner or later it would have to be justified by the sword. The Turks were likely, perhaps, to acquiesce, though sullenly, for their hold upon the provinces had long been merely nominal. But very little familiarity with human nature would have shown that the people themselves were sure to resent the flippant scheme to transfer them like so many cattle. Their attachments were to another Power than Austria. And that Power must have been credited with little less than miraculous self-control by any statesman or statesmen who could suppose that with all her tor-

turing recollections — wounded pride, disappointed hopes, baffled aspirations — she would forever regard the compact as sacred, and not at some auspicious hour denounce and repudiate it. Whatever the results may be, Austria at least will deserve no sympathy. She is a receiver of stolen goods; or rather she accepted a fraudulent title, knowing it to be fraudulent, and knowing that she might at any time be required to defend it by force.

But this admission does not carry with it a general acquittal of Russia for anything and everything which she may undertake. Her course must rather be judged on its own merits. I have described the acute disappointment which the Treaty of Berlin, and the Bosnian article caused to all intelligent Russian patriots. They saw two provinces, which their efforts had freed from one form of slavery, turned over in the name of Europe to another form, scarcely less cruel, and certainly not less odious. They see Austria, which for years has been the apologist of the Turkish Empire, now pushing herself burglariously into the very heart of that empire, while Russia chafes in enforced inaction at home. They see this scheme of Austrian aggrandizement patronized by the German chancellor in contempt of Russia's keenest sensibilities. And they feel that the authors of the movement are forcing a breach in the great family of Slavonic peoples, hoping first to destroy the possibility of a closer political union between the members, and finally to eradicate even that fraternal sentiment which, without the aid of political union, has long withstood both distance and disaster. It was this feeling of alarm and indignation to which General Skobelev gave utterance at Paris. But while the feeling is natural, it does not follow that it would be just, or even prudent, statesmanship at this juncture to obey its commands. The rulers of a great state like Russia are bound by

the very nature of their power, and the peculiarly personal character of their responsibility in international relations, to watch carefully the rise and direction of popular impulses, and to resist them when they are hasty, false, and dangerous. Even if the present Panslavist movement is correct in principle, the Czar may still oppose it as inopportune. But if he be forced into war with Austria, he may plead in defense that the movement, whether correct or incorrect, was irresistible, and that, like his father in 1877, he yielded only to the imperative voice of public opinion.

For Austria's part in the complication there is, however, no such excuse. Public sentiment not only did not demand the Bosnian enterprise, but in some parts of the realm, notably in Hungary, and for reasons which need no explanation, was vigorously opposed to it. Only a few weeks ago, Tisza, the Hungarian premier, was compelled to defend the occupation against fresh criticisms in his own parliament. Even the Croats were suspicious, and justly suspicious, of the real motives of the scheme; and correctly foresaw that its

result would be not an increase of the effective strength of the Slavs in the empire, but the reduction of one more installment of their kindred under the yoke of the Teuton and the Magyar. The popular approval was therefore never given to the enterprise, and, it is but fair to say, was never even solicited. The occupation was a mere dynastic scheme of the Hapsburgs; the Mandate was the invention of Andrassy. And for whatever may happen, the responsibility must be fixed first upon the emperor himself, next upon his ministers, and finally upon Prince Bismarck and Lord Beaconsfield. No part of the people of the empire, neither the Germans, nor the Magyars, nor the Croats, nor the Czechs, nor the Poles, were in favor of the enterprise; only the Roman Catholics in the provinces looked on it with satisfaction; and three, at least, of the Great Powers, Turkey, Russia, and Italy, felt themselves betrayed, although helpless to prevent the treason. A deliberate scheme, born in ambition and baptized in blood, its consequences, even to a great European war, must be charged to its authors alone.

Herbert Tuttle.

THE NIGHT-MOTH'S COMMENT.

[ALIGHTED UPON A FADED AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF CHESTERFIELD.]

HERE is a gracious letter that one writ

Who thought this rugged world of land and seas,
Among whose suns and rains we shadows flit,—
In sorrow and in mystery, if you please,—
A place to be polite and take one's ease.

My lord, above your old, dead courtesies,
Out of the light of stars, in lovelier light,
All summer-green and glad, this moth to me
Seems Nature's comment, clear and brief and bright,
On man's poor dusty vanity, to-night.

Sallie M. B. Piatt.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

YOUTH never forgets the earliest vision of the gracious presence which glorified its opening day. The impression of it deepens with years, and is at no time so vivid as in late life, when new sensations come rarely, if at all, and old ones, felt when the mind was plastic and receptive, steal out from the background of experience. One whose youth is far behind him recalls distinctly a figure which appeared many times at a house in Summer Street, where lived a man of letters, scholar and poet, about whom the fine spirits of the day clustered. To my boyish fancy, the name Longfellow had a strange, unfamiliar, foreign sound, as that of some inhabitant of a distant sphere; but a sight of its owner dispelled any such whimsical vagaries. It was a clear-cut figure, of middle size, handsome, erect, the countenance cheerful, the step buoyant, the manner cordial, the voice mellow and musical; a melodious voice, educated, coming from the depths of the man, with character and cultivation in it,—the voice of a gentleman and a scholar. His conversation had a jocund flavor, as if he enjoyed his thoughts about books and the men who wrote them. It was pleasant; not deep, but hearty and appreciative; flowing in a full, easy stream along the channels of literature, making music as it flowed. The great masters of song he loved without respect to their nationality, their age, or their creed; taking them on their merits, and rendering hearty honor to their genius, it mattering little to him whether they wrote in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish. When the youth met, a few years later, at Harvard College, the professor of modern languages and literatures, he found the same delightful person. The ordinary lecture-rooms being occupied, Longfellow met his classes in

a kind of parlor, carpeted and furnished with comfortable chairs. The comparative elegance was so completely in keeping with the teacher and his topics that the peculiarity was not noticed at the time, and for the hour seemed to be no peculiarity at all. The professor sat and read his lecture in a simple manner, showing an entire familiarity with whatever concerned the literature of the subject; never discussing points of philosophical difficulty, never diving into abysses of abstraction or rising to heights of speculation, but fully equipped for the task of translation and exposition, especially the former, in which he excelled. His style of writing was flowing, picturesque, abounding in literary illustration, exuberant in imagery; more than pleased the prosaic members of the class, but none too florid for the imaginative and enthusiastic.

This was about 1840. Mr. Longfellow, though a young man, was accomplished and even learned in his department. He had published *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*. He had written the essays on Frithiof's Saga, Anglo-Saxon Literature, Dante. He had traveled in Northern Europe, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, observing and studying as he went. He had read many books that lie far out of the diligent reader's path, such as William of Malmesbury, Bede, Turner, Fléchier; the early Italian poets,—Ciullo d'Alcamo, Brunetto Latini, Beato Benedetti, Guido Guinicelli, Guittone d'Arezzo; the Nibelungen-Lieds, the Helden-Buchs, the songs of Minnesingers and Meistersingers; the strange allegories, legends, and fables embodied in German Volk-lore; the Ship of Fools, Reynard the Fox; the quaint stories which furnished themes for later dramatists, romancers, poets. He had made translations from the

German, the Spanish, the Italian, the Swedish. He had the passion for elegant wisdom which made him patient, laborious, careful, exact, and the conscientiousness that compelled him to glean every scrap of information which his occupation required. His courtesy was proof against the rudeness of the boys, and his readiness to answer questions was inexhaustible. He was not jocose, humorous, or witty, but he was always gentle, kind, sympathetic, generous; meeting the young men as a gentleman should meet gentlemen, as a teacher should meet those who are eager to learn, quite in the spirit of his own saying in the printed *Table Talk*: "There is so much aspiration in them, so much audacious hope and trembling fear, that all errors and short-comings are for a while lost sight of in the amiable self-assertion of youth." He could not lose his dignity or his suavity, and he was more than good to any who took interest in noble or beautiful things, giving them welcome to his library, and opening to them the storehouse of his mind.

My meetings with him in the classroom were few, but they stand out in memory with a vividness in singular contrast with their rarity, showing how much their quality was superior to their quantity. The drudgery of teaching the rudiments was committed to tutors, an inferior grade of instructors, — an arrangement which left him free to follow the leading of his genius over the high levels of literature. Many years afterwards, while spending an evening at his house in Cambridge, I met William Dempster, the composer and singer of ballads, then making a final tour in the United States, and coming, as celebrities of every kind did, to visit the hospitable poet. He sat at the piano and sang *Enid's* song from *Tennyson's Idylls*.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the
proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and
cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

It was interesting to watch the poet's face as the music proceeded; to note the complete absence of self-consciousness, the simple, cordial appreciation of the noble words, and the courteous reception of the rather indifferent adaptation of them by the musician. The poet was a member of the family, for whose entertainment, and not for his own honor the performance was given. Yet by this time his fame was established as one of the most popular poets of the century, and he might have set himself up as an oracle, if not as an idol.

By this time the poems of Longfellow were in all households that made the smallest pretense to literary cultivation. Young people read them. Lovers took them into the woods. Old people had the volume in their hands as they sat musing by the firelight. The bereaved repeated them over and over, and thought more tenderly of their dead. The lonely, disappointed, tired, desponding, knew them by heart. The longing, aspiring, struggling, repeated them with fervor. In hours of leisure, weariness, weakness, thoughtful men and women were soothed and uplifted by the melodious verse. It was poetry of the heart in its peaceful, not in its martial, moods, and it met those moods not lackadaisically, but hopefully, cheerily, bravely. It was customary then to say that his poetry was sentimental. So it was, but the sentiment was healthy, sweet, and true, such as the best, even the most high-souled and intellectual, know at times, or ought to know; such as the large majority of men and women rest in at their highest moments, the choice moments of their life. It was the sentiment which fills with most the place of reasoning, with some is a substitute for faith; a sentiment, tender, humane, devout, trusting, submissive, but manly, touching all objects with romantic charm, associating the lowest with some human interest, connecting the highest with the mysteriousness of

Providence and the unchanging benignity of God.

A strain of pathetic hope, veneration, awe, ran through it. A temper of happy resignation breathed in it. In its way it was religious. In his own language it seemed to say, "Round about what is lies a whole mysterious world of what might be, — a psychological romance of possibilities and things that do not happen. By going out a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend at a corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some great occasion of good or avoid some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the one word, Providence." The state of mind expressed in these words, the common state of bewilderment and perplexity under which such multitudes suffer, is met by this simply human poet as it never was met before, in language so choice, so simple, so sincere, so various, so musical, that all can understand, and in certain moods enjoy it. The great masters are out of reach and difficult to comprehend, and besides that their lines suggest "life's endless toil and endeavor;" they rather apologize for than sympathize with the softer emotions of the soul, allowing for them, but excusing them as a weakness of human nature. Here is a poet who accepts them, appeals to them, builds upon them, takes them for granted as a holy attribute, puts them forward as ministers of heaven, to serve as guides to the immortal seats. To ordinary humanity this is an inestimable boon. To live in sentiment may not be the most exalted state of man, but, seeing that it is the lot of the great majority to do so, we ought to be profoundly grateful to the man who takes them as they are, and carries them higher on the power of their own wings. Thus regarded, what

is made Longfellow's reproach should be accounted his glory.

The charge of being European more than American has been urged by another class of minds. It is alleged, and not without truth, that he was indebted to the Old World for his mental furniture; that his culture, his taste, his habitual cast of thought, were foreign, and lacked the flavor of his native soil. To some extent the criticism is just, but it should not be pushed beyond reasonable limits. Longfellow was essentially a romantic poet. This appears in some of his earliest poems, written before his first visit to Europe, while yet a youth at college. The closing verse of *Sunrise on the Hills* suggests it: —

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

The lines on the *Spirit of Poetry* express the same or a kindred sentiment:

"And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature; of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild-bird's wing, and flush the
clouds
When the sun sets."

Outre-Mer is really a "pilgrimage beyond the sea," saturated with the very spirit of the Old World; a good deal more than a record of travel in strange lands, it is a hearty reproduction of the foreign soil, scenery, mode of life, habit of feeling, such as none but a romantic soul could have been capable of. It breathes the atmosphere of France, Spain, Italy. It shows a lover's delight in legend and song. There is no homesickness in the book, no retrospect except of a fabulous past, which in America has no existence. The second book, *Hyperion*, is frankly called a romance. The author had been a professor nearly ten years, at Bowdoin and at Harvard,

yet his duties, instead of blunting the edge of his feeling, seem to have made it keener. The volume is overcharged with foreign sentiment. The traveler revels in European lore. His quaint conceits, his curious learning, his fondness for color, his passion for music and tale, enrich every page. He is at home in Germany, at Frankfort, Heidelberg, Nuremberg. The Epistle Dedicatory to the first edition of *Outre-Mer* (1833) craves the reader's "forbearance for having thought that even the busiest mind might not be a stranger to those moments of repose, when the clock of time ticks drowsily behind the door, and trifles become the amusement of the wise and great." And in the book itself the author confesses, for his own part, "that there are seasons when he is willing to be the dupe of his imagination; and if this harmless folly but lends its wings to a dull-paced hour, he is even ready to believe a fairy tale." Leaving out the words "trifles" and "folly," we may accept this as the poet's conception of his office, namely, to give repose and cheer to the busy mind by touching the chords of melody in the heart.

At the same time, in his sympathies he was a true American, as any reader of his poetry may see. By conviction and conscience, as well as by birth and circumstance of life, he belonged to the foremost rank of believers in republican institutions. Even as poet he did so. In a review of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, written in 1837, he notes as one of their prominent traits that they are national in their character; that the author has chosen his themes among the traditions of New England. "This is the right material for story. Truly, many quaint and quiet customs, many comic scenes and strange adventures, many wild and wondrous things, fit for humorous tale and soft, pathetic story, lie all about us here in New England. There is no tradition of the Rhine nor of the Black Forest which

surpasses in beauty that of the Phantom Ship of New Haven. The Flying Dutchman of the Cape and the Klaboterman of the Baltic are nowise superior. The story of Peter Rugg, the man who could not find Boston, is as good as that told by Gervase of Tilbury of a man who gave himself to the devils by an unfortunate imprecation, and was used by them as a wheelbarrow; and the Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains shines with no less splendor than that which illuminated the subterranean palace in Rome, as related by William of Malmesbury." Many of his own best known pieces, long and short, were based upon American themes: *Evangeline*, said to be the author's favorite, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, the *Poems on Slavery*, *The Building of the Ship*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Arsenal at Springfield*, *The Village Blacksmith*, and numerous poems not so well known, the suggestion of which came from local objects, and the imagery of which recalls familiar things. The reflective habit of his muse soon carried him away from his starting-point, whether it lay in the New World or in the Old, and made his verses human, but the flight was taken from his native land more often than is commonly supposed. True, he seldom chose a theme which did not present a romantic aspect. He transfigured *Evangeline*, he idealized the Indian, he exalted Miles Standish, he saw the dreamy, pathetic side of the negro. In carefully re-reading the passage above quoted, we cannot overlook the fact that he compares the New World favorably with the Old, on the ground that it furnishes as good material for legend, has in spots as much color, is susceptible of as romantic treatment. The elements of romance, he would say, are the same all over the earth. "It seems as natural to make tales" (and poems too, we may add) "out of old, tumble-down traditions as canes and

snuff-boxes out of old steeples, or trees planted by great men. The dreary old Puritanical times begin to look romantic in the distance." Naturally, a poet of this order seeks his material where there is the best chance of finding it; and, beyond question, it is more abundant in Germany, Holland, Flanders, than in New England or any of the United States. Still, he did use the native product whenever he could find it, and sometimes, perhaps, thought he found it where it did not exist. For the rest, should we not be grateful to the man who diffused the softening haze of sentiment, though it were foreign, since no other was to be had, over the hard, angular facts of our common American life; to the man who imparted something of the spirit of Spain and Italy to the sandy coast of the Atlantic and the monotonous prairies of the West; to the man who did for Massachusetts, Louisiana, Texas, in part at least, what Irving did for the Hudson River and the Catskills? Longfellow is still an American poet, though with a European fancy; and Americans should love him all the more because the fancy irradiated places which were prosaic before he came.

The Poems on Slavery were written in 1842, when the agitation was in the moral phase, before the republican party was formed, nearly twenty years before the final appeal to arms. The poet was at that period personally intimate with men who afterwards were leaders in the political battle. That the pieces express intense feeling, and performed their part in forming the public sentiment of the North, cannot be doubted. That they were never followed up, that they were almost forgotten, allowed to sink into oblivion, is easily explained by the poet's abhorrence of violence in word or deed. He was a man of peace beyond his friend Charles Sumner, who pronounced an oration on it. Yet when Sumner died no garland on his grave was more tender or lovely than Longfellow's:—

"His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain;
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain."

In a country where political animosities ran high, and party vituperation flew about at random, the gentle poet withdrew into the solitude of his study. During the war he made no public demonstration, nor was quoted either in defense or in reprobation of any public policy; yet his loyalty was never called in question, nor was the course of his sympathy ever misunderstood. Whoever penetrated even a little way beneath the surface found an enthusiasm for liberty as hearty, a faith in justice as firm, a confidence in the final issue as lofty, as any combatant could desire. In a country where there was no national church, no generally accepted form of religious worship or observance, and where, consequently, theological opinions were vehemently debated, he kept his religious thoughts to himself; but he was an honest friend to liberty of inquiry, and associated himself with those who put it sincerely into practice. He was no controversialist, no sectary. Religion, with him, was an affair of the heart rather than of the intellect, and, for his part, he was content to believe reasonably. At one time the Roman Catholics claimed him as being of their communion, finding justification in certain generous words that came from his pen in praise of some cathedral, rite, or holy custom. But it was merely a touch of sentiment, a spark of that broad, poetic feeling which recognized beauty under all forms of ritual. He was a poet, and he was religious: that is the whole secret. A religious reformer he certainly was not, could not be. He could not be a partisan or a polemic. But shall it be reckoned against him that he abstained from dogmatic assertion, and yet held by his convictions; that he was silent yet devout, non-committal yet worshipful? Most of the dissent about us is indifference; most

of the dumbness is denial. If he did not speculate, at least he did not quarrel, denounce, or sit down in sullen discontent. He was neither optimist nor pessimist, but a submissive disciple. "The gale that blows from God we must endure, toiling but not repining," he says in *Kavanagh*. Similar sentiments abound in his writings: "Peace, peace! Why dost thou question God's providence?" "Tell me, my soul, why art thou restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desire? The present is thine, and the past; and the future shall be! Oh that thou didst look forward to the great hereafter with half the longing wherewith thou longest for an earthly future, which a few days, at most, will bring thee! — to the meeting of the dead as to the meeting of the absent! Thou glorious spirit land! Oh that I could behold thee as thou art, the region of light and life and love, and the dwelling-place of those beloved ones whose being has flowed onward, like a silver-clear stream into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of Eternity!" "Yes, death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not long delay. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave to welcome us, with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth, yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual! He spake well who said that graves are the foot-prints of angels!" Speaking of Holbein's designs for the Dance of Death, he mentions as striking that one where, from a group of children sitting around a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it, quiet and unresisting, with no fear or grief on its countenance, but only wonder in its eyes, away from its dismayed companions. "It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings and torch inverted." "When I take

the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of a world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone; even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, — I have little heart for anything but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came." These passages are from *Hyperion*, published in 1839, and they express the gentle faith in which he lived. The same Romance contains the exquisite version from Salis, — *The Song of the Silent Land*, — with which all readers are familiar. When, many years later, his noble and beautiful wife went up in a chariot of flame, the same child-like faith kept him patient and submissive. He did not question, complain, or doubt. He was not tempted to discard his liberality of belief under the pressure of bitter personal experience.

It is a common remark that Longfellow was singularly fortunate; that Providence treated him with indulgence, and spared him the struggles and disappointments which attend the lot of most literary men. Hence, add some, faith to him was unnecessary, and all expression of it was sentimental, unreal, literary. But, to say nothing of such afflictions as are so tenderly hinted at in *Voices of the Night*, the multitude have yet to learn what they have to endure who, along with success, popularity, honor, and worldly competence, are endowed with sensitiveness of conscience and tenderness of heart. If it be true that opulence bears more heavily on talent than penury does, it is equally true that responsibility entails more mis-

ery than toil does, — misery in the form of regret, uneasiness, dissatisfaction, a sense of weakness, failure, ill-desert, not to speak of multitudinous demands that can be neither met nor dismissed, questions that can be neither answered nor put aside. In spite of ease, Longfellow labored. Success stimulated him to toil; praise made him modest; popularity threw him back on self-knowledge; privilege kept him mindful of duty; honors educated him in charity; and the perpetual presence of a world filled with pain drove him to the bosom of a divine love. Conditions which might have encouraged a self-conscious man to think this the best possible order of things, and a morbid man to regard it as the worst possible, simply rendered him submissive and thoughtful. Perhaps he did not choose to think, being constitutionally ordained to feel; but feeling is as important as thought. Whoever, in a world like this, can maintain a still heart is quite as much to be marveled at as he who can preserve a calm intellect. To outward seeming Mr. Longfellow was a prosperous man. To what extent this impression of him was due to his own equability no one will ever know. That he was endowed with a highly sensitive nature, that in consequence of possessing it he enjoyed and suffered keenly, we do know from his writings, not only in verse, but also in prose; as well original, as selected for translation from the writings of others. After all, temperament counts for a good deal in this matter of optimism or pessimism, and the poetic temperament is exposed to the severest strain. The poet must either be born with a child-like heart, which is proof against the shocks of fate, or he must earn his composure by hard discipline of will. In the first case we admire, in the last we venerate, him. In which category our poet stands is yet to be revealed when his life shall be laid open.

But this is digression from our main

purpose, which is to bear testimony to Longfellow's capacity and rank as a man of letters. Much of his time and much of his talent was devoted to the task of reproducing in English the work of foreign authors. Apart from the translation of Dante, he made not fewer than forty-nine or fifty versions, from nearly every European language, and from writers otherwise little known. Especially in the smaller pieces is his talent conspicuous, for in them sentiment is condensed into a few stanzas, and the single thought soon spends itself. In this difficult work his skill is unsurpassed, if not unequaled. His sympathy with the author he chose to render, his copious vocabulary, his sense of the value of words, his ear for rhythm, his resources of rhyme, fitted him in a peculiar degree to pour fancy from one vessel into another. He made the stranger's production so entirely his own that it might easily pass for his. He caught the very spirit of the poem that fascinated him, learned it by heart, as it were, and sang it as a bird sings, because he could not help it. Whither? Beware! The Castle by the Sea, The Happiest Land, King Christian, will occur to every one. The range was not wide, but within the prescribed limits the workmanship was perfect; and none but those who have tried it have any conception of the labor involved in this kind of achievement. None save the genuine poet can venture on the undertaking; yet the genuine poet, who is equal to spontaneous creation from the activity of his own genius, must restrain himself, lest he fill with his wine the cup which a brother artist holds out to him. The more he is in sympathy with his fellow-bard, the more careful he must be to present him, and him only, laying all his private treasures at the feet of his inspirer. For a laborious, literal, mechanical versifier, the task, though by no means easy, is much easier, because, being absorbed in admira-

tion of his model, and stimulated by thoughts wholly beyond his own reach, he collects all his powers, without reserve, to reproduce what he could not create. But for a natural singer like Longfellow the undertaking must be arduous. Indeed, it is surprising that Longfellow did so much of this kind of work; and he would probably have done less had his sympathy been less than it was, or his ambition greater.

The version of Dante's immortal poem has been criticised on the score of its excessive literalness. One of its ablest reviewers thus describes two methods of translating a poem: "The translator of a poem may proceed upon either of two distinct principles. In the first case, he may render the text of his original into English, line for line and word for word, preserving as far as possible its exact verbal sequences, and translating each individual word into an English word as nearly as possible equivalent in its etymological force. In the second case, disregarding mere syntactic and etymological equivalence, his aim will be to reproduce the inner meaning and power of the original, so far as the constitutional difference of the two languages will permit him. It is the first of these methods that Mr. Longfellow has followed in his translation of Dante." The critic admits that in carrying out this principle the translator achieved a degree of success "alike delightful and surprising;" that "the method of literal translation is not likely to receive any more splendid illustration;" that "throughout the English portions of the world his name will always be associated with that of the great Florentine." He nevertheless finds fault with the method as involving the too frequent use of syntactic inversion, permissible in Italian, but forbidden in English, and as favoring a preference of Romaic over Saxon words. We have no disposition to dispute the criticism. It is doubtless well sustained. The version

of Mr. Longfellow, with all its astonishing merits, is open to the objections alleged. But a further question remains, which the critic does not venture to answer, which no one can finally answer, which Mr. Longfellow himself might have been a little puzzled to answer, namely, *why the first method was selected*. Was it chosen because, on the whole, it was preferred, or because it was more congenial with the talent of the translator? Some have thought that the genius of Longfellow shrank before the task of reproducing from the inside so profound a work, and instinctively took refuge in a humbler style, to which he could do justice. Others, presuming his ability to perform the more arduous feat, have suggested that his reverence for the mighty master and his desire to present him as he was induced him to adopt a method which rendered impossible any infusion of his own ideas. In the first supposition, there is implied a limitation of the translator's power; by the other, a tribute is paid to his modesty of character. For our part, we prefer the second, as being most in accordance with the poet's nature. He was a hearty worshiper of other men's genius. There was in him no jealousy of his neighbor. He was without envy as he was without guile.

In the present instance he spared no pains to make his work perfect. As it went on friends were called in whose judgment as scholars, men of taste, poets, could be relied on, and to them the cantos were read in English; they comparing the version with the original, which they held in their hands, and making suggestions as the reading proceeded. Thus the utmost accuracy was obtained. In this way every line, every word, was tested by those most competent to pass judgment.

We will not start a discussion whether Longfellow's earliest or latest pieces were most worthy of his genius. A Psalm of Life, The Reaper and the

Flowers, *The Light of Stars*, *Maidenhood*, *Excelsior*, though remarkable in their time, exuberant, level to the common feeling, are less interesting as literary achievements, and even as expressions of human experience, than many of his later pieces. *The Morituri Salutamus* voices a much higher strain. With due submission to the author's own preference (did ever author fairly estimate the relative value of his performances?), *Hiawatha* is, not merely as a work of art, but as a moral achievement, greatly in advance of *Evangeline*. In fact, *Hiawatha*, published in 1855, is, in our opinion, the poet's masterpiece, the fullest expression of his mind. Theme and treatment perfectly correspond: the former calling forth all the poet's peculiar talent; the latter taxing, yet exquisitely illustrating, his literary skill. The descriptions of natural scenery; the joyous, sunny sympathy with the primitive life of the children of the forest; the romantic delight in wild situations; the humor, the pathos, the avoidance of critical learning, dissertation, fault-finding, erudition; the exuberance of fancy which characterized the poet, and is scattered up and down the pages of his books, are here brought together in the most delicious combinations. We are tempted to quote passages to confirm this judgment, but lack of space forbids, for the quotations would have to be many and full to convey our admiration of that artless, graceful poem, that swan song of a departing race. The Indian's friend must read it with eyes smiling through tears; the Indian's enemy will not begrudge him so dignified and beautiful a dirge. This song came from the singer's heart. Some of his latest pieces betray the marks of effort, as if the writer were making verses as a profession; but this is spontaneous, simple, fresh, child-like, a revelation of the man who chanted it.

Longfellow will never stand high as a critic. The character of his genius for-

bids. He was too broad in his sympathies, too catholic in his taste, too generous in his appreciations, to make fine discriminations. He was lost in praise. One of the first to greet Hawthorne, his admiration was arrested by "the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters. He uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought." It was something in 1839 to speak of Goethe rationally, as he does in *Hyperion*, which is in some sort a book of personal confessions, but a nearer approach to criticism he does not undertake. Dante he describes from the outside. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, are subjects of admiring sonnets, which suggest nothing like criticism of their respective work as poets. Chaucer is spoken of as "the poet of the dawn;" Shakespeare, as the

"Poet paramount,

Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone."

Milton is the "ninth wave," "England's Mæonides," the "sightless bard." Keats is

"The shepherd-boy, whose tale was left half told."

The volume containing specimens of the poetry of Europe gives an admirable idea of the wealth and variety of foreign production, along with enough of biography to make the reader acquainted with the writers' lives and times, but makes no attempt at discrimination, as indeed it scarcely could do. The office of the critic requires coolness. He is a looker-on, standing outside, with scales in his hand. The entire mind of Longfellow was poetic. His aphorisms were tropes. "The tragic element in poetry is like Saturn in alchemy, — the malevolent, the destroyer of nature; but without it no true Aurum Potabile, or Elixir of Life, can be made." "In the mouths of many men soft words are like roses that soldiers put into the muzzles of their muskets on holidays."

It would be interesting to contrast Irving with Longfellow, in Spain, at Seville, Granada, or the Alhambra,—the cast of their enthusiasm, the tone of their impressions. The comparison would bring out the exuberance of Longfellow's nature, his passion for light and color, his brimming appreciation of everything he saw or heard. It is remarkable that neither in Rome, Florence, nor Madrid does he appear to be impressed by the masterpieces of art, in painting, sculpture, or architecture. He is possessed by the joy of existence, the daily aspect of human life, the beauty of the hills, the splendor or loveliness of morning and evening, the costume of peasants, the poetry of local traditions, the bits of song, the fragrance of flowers, the foliage of trees. He catches the invisible aroma of existence, and is so enchanted with that as to be almost unaware of more ambitious or demonstrative wonders. In his calmer moments he reveals a delicate sensibility to every form of productiveness in art, but when made the subject of strong impressions an inordinate sensibility seems to have overmastered his power of reflection, and drawn him away. It is worthy of note that in giving an account of Goethe, in the *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, he quotes Hauff, Börne, Gleim, Menzel, Heine, Niebuhr, Jean Paul, Carlyle; thus presenting different views of the man instead of giving his own opinion, as if distrusting his private judgment in a case where personal feeling was strong. Respecting Schiller, for whom he had a less qualified admiration, he cites Menzel. Heine, whom he vehemently disliked, he passes sentence on.

No estimate of Longfellow, either as critic or as poet, can be just that makes small account of his character. He was not man *and* poet, but a poetical man. His verse was a reflection of himself,—of his simplicity, sincerity, gentleness, sweet dignity, and gracious goodness of

heart. To some it seemed shallow because it was translucent. He was without disguise or affectation. He abhorred vagueness and writing for effect. In truth, he was deep of thought, but his thought was so saturated with feeling that its intellectual edge was lost. Yet whoever will take to pieces his most prosaic lines will be aware of the profound reflection which lay beneath them. He was a man of reserve, quiet, meditative, interior, rather reticent than demonstrative; wholly destitute of vanity,—a remarkable trait in any man so attractive, a singular quality in one so flattered and adored. He was the soul of honor and of kindness, with a patience unweariable and a charity that could not be exhausted. "Who will be kind to them, if I am not?" was his reply to a remonstrance against his ductility under the pressure of bores. What he said of Heine never could be said of him: "With all his various powers, he wanted one great power,—the power of truth. He wanted, too, that ennobling principle of all human endeavor, the aspiration after an ideal standard that is higher than himself."

One who was Longfellow's friend for many years, who knew him as intimately as any, and who was as little as any liable to be imposed on by a great reputation, has said, "But beautiful and ample as the expression of himself was, it fell short of the truth. The man was more and better than the poet." He was such a man that London working-men thought it an honor to kiss his hand. An immortality like this the most illustrious might envy; an immortality, if it may not be more properly called a universality, which is immortal too, for the sentiments which are common to humanity are the least likely to die. The few in this generation are questioning and becoming skeptical, but the many are still growing towards a faith tender and trusting as his was, and the doubting, denying few are happy

when they feel at home in the bosom of their kind.

A poetical atmosphere, an aroma, hung about him as about no other of our poets. Among strangers and foreigners this was of course due in great measure to the sentiment of his verse. Among his countrymen it arose from various causes. His abstinence from public life gave him an air of seclusion: men did not think of him in their hours of political or commercial rivalry; when they read their paper, discussed party candidates, or smoked at the club. He was associated with the old Craigie house; with memories of the early years of the republic; with the picturesque epoch of our national existence; with the dawn of democratic institutions; with the flushing hope which reddened the sky when the young nation committed itself so cordially to the faith in man, before the arising of those agitating questions in philosophy and social ethics which divide parties in these days. His residence at Cambridge, the oldest seat of American learning, linked his name with those of other men well known in the world of literature; thus he stood aloof, in calm retirement, as Bryant, for example, did not, and came in no bruising collisions with his fellow-men. His very sorrows idealized him, making him seem touchingly human, and in a peculiar way calling up thoughts of the divine compassion with mortal helplessness and blamelessness. His name was seldom spoken except in connection with charity and good-will. The

academic honors which were heaped upon him he bore so meekly that some forgot he ever had them, so little impression did any mark of distinction make on him, or on others through him. He valued them as recognitions, not as authentications or certificates. He was simply Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. If that be true which an English sonneteer, writing in memory of him, has said, calling Longfellow

"The bard whose sweet songs, more than aught beside,

Have bound two worlds together,"

it is true purely by force of that humanity which unites together the family of mankind. When they heard of his failing health, how many recalled the lines which he put into the mouth of Walter the Minnesinger, of the Golden Legend! —

"Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,
Like a black shadow, would fall across
The hearts of all, if he should die!
His gracious presence upon earth
Was as a fire upon a hearth;
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
Strengthened our hearts, or, heard at night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light."

And when he died the sorrow of the greatest and of the least was equally sincere, but the grief of the little ones will be deep and lasting for the poet who gave voice to their fears and their hopes. Let our consolation be that he sang as he did, with so full-breasted an expression, and that in what he left unexpressed he deepened the mystery that surrounds us all.

O. B. Frothingham.

THE RAPID PROGRESS OF COMMUNISM.

"Omnia aliundo: omnia alio."

HISTORIANS and ethnologists give us the assurance that in some former days property was held in common; and

the distribution of the products of the soil and of the forest was made under social rules or customs, of which there are no counterparts to-day in what are

called civilized countries. Herds of cattle constituted the principal wealth.

At a later period, the distribution of the same products was made under certain communistic conditions as to property; but the proportion gained by each person in the community was fixed according to his status. Contracts were made, it is true, but nothing in the nature of the modern system of contract, affecting labor as well as commodities, was generally known.

The protective or paternal system gave the only assurance of a sufficiency of food, shelter, and clothing to those who were members of a community in which property may indeed have been held in common; it does not, however, appear that there was any greater equality in the enjoyment of the means of subsistence or in the conditions of shelter than there is now, even though the land was wholly or in part common property.

Now the essential point conducive to general prosperity is that a communistic system shall apply to the distribution of the products of each season or year; and by communistic system is intended a system in which the enjoyment of the means of subsistence tends constantly to equality and sufficiency. This is the aim of modern progress, and the tendency of modern communism.

If community of property fails to bring about communism in subsistence, it is of little avail, and hardly merits consideration; the world is always within less than one year of starvation, and hunger cannot wait.

It does not appear that under the ancient system there was anything approaching equality of conditions between different communes, comparing one with another; but different districts in which property was held in common were nevertheless subjected to famine and pestilence, which desolated one section while another enjoyed abundance.

The great communists of recent times

have taken little cognizance of places, but have aimed at a universal distribution and enjoyment of the products of different places, whether on one continent or the other.

Many causes have led to the great change of method under which common distribution is now being made, by which greater abundance and prosperity are assured to the masses of the people; and many applications of science have led to the possibility of the modern communistic system. Among these beneficent inventions there has been no other more effective instrument for abating oppression and for promoting justice among men than that of gunpowder. Prior to this, spoliation and slavery were the rule, an equitable division of wealth measured by service the exception: aristocracies and tyrants, under various names and orders, compelled service without rendering an equivalent. Without gunpowder even the Reformation would have been impossible, and the true democracy of Christianity could never have asserted its power. The use of gunpowder made the weak equal to the strong. It destroyed the power of the seigneur, and the superiority of armor and of the sword; it therefore completely altered the conditions of society, and made a true democracy possible. On the other hand, its application to mining made coal and iron abundant, and they prepared the way for modern industry.

But even for a very long time after great changes had happened in the institutions of society, which were brought about by the two discoveries of printing and of gunpowder, the general conditions of life remained very arduous, and great masses of the people compassed the barest subsistence or suffered want, both in Europe and in America.

Presently the great communists of the last one hundred years began their useful work. The list is a long one, and the record would require volumes in place of pages. If one who had leisure

could write the chapters of which these few memoranda may be considered the preface, a true history of progress in the common enjoyment of a better subsistence might be presented. These chapters would consist of the record of how a few of the great fortunes which have been amassed by the modern methods of banking, of commerce, and of manufactures have been accumulated; the great fortunes themselves being a measure — to be sure, an insufficient one — of the services rendered by those who acquired them. To state how these men have brought about a community of subsistence, which is the material point on which prosperity depends, would be only to recite the application of science to the useful arts.

It would not be worth while to repeat the biography of Watt, and of those who preceded him, by whom steam was first substituted as a motive power. We may, however, measure the great fortune which Arkwright acquired. To him has been attributed one of the two original inventions which have been made in the art of cotton-spinning, the other being the saw-gin of Eli Whitney. In every other respect this art is prehistoric, and every machine now in use, however complex it may be, is but an evolution from a prehistoric type. To Arkwright is to be attributed the original application of an invention alleged to have been made by another, but used by him for evenly extending the strand of cotton in the several processes which precede or accompany its twisting into yarn or thread.

After Arkwright came Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom; and by their joint inventions, perfected as they have been, both in Europe and in America, by men who have also accumulated great fortunes, the common enjoyment of sufficient clothing has been brought into effect, so that in this country, at least, no one except the willfully idle or the absolutely vicious need be without a supply which will suffice for comfort.

The work done by these men can be gauged in some measure by comparing the productive capacity of women who still make cotton fabrics by hand, in the mountains of the Carolinas and Georgia, of Kentucky and Virginia, with that of other women who attend spindles and looms, in New England.

In the Atlanta Exposition there were several of these spinsters and weavers who had been accustomed to the work from their early childhood; and the measure of their labor, represented in coarse cotton cloth, proved to be just the hundredth part of what their Northern sisters, working at the same time but under more favorable conditions in New England, are capable of accomplishing.

It takes one hundred and sixty thousand men, women, and children to make the cotton cloth the use of which is now enjoyed by the people of the United States, who are the best clothed people in the world. If those who do this work were obliged to employ machinery no more effective than the spinning-wheel and the hand-loom, it would require sixteen million persons, continuously employed ten hours a day, to do the necessary work.

The data are not so easily obtained respecting homespun fabrics of wool; but to the great inventors who have applied science to this art may be attributed the advance made toward communism in the abundance of woollen fabrics, in the same manner that we have described regarding cotton.

Passing to another phase of modern communism, without going back to the original inventors who accumulated such vast fortunes in the early processes of manufacturing iron, we may name the great communist of England of the present day, Sir Henry Bessemer; and we may couple with his name that of the great communist of the United States, Cornelius Vanderbilt. The one made the permanent way possible on which food and fuel could be carried in vast

quantities without friction or loss; and the other laid or consolidated the permanent ways in this country, by which alone has the vast abundance of our great Western prairies been distributed over this and other lands.

Neither Bessemer nor Vanderbilt could, however, have accomplished the great purposes for which they have lived, had they not been preceded by two great communists, named George Stephenson and Sir Edward Cunard. The former overcame the obstructions of time and distance upon the land, and the latter upon the sea.

With these four have been joined other men, of whom McCormick may be named as an exemplar, — the men who substituted mechanism for muscle, and, while relieving farm life of half its hardship, made many grains of wheat grow where single blades of grass had wasted before; and through whose work vast numbers of people have been fed who else had suffered hunger.

Five greater levelers; five more potent breakers of the images which men have set up in their minds in the past days as the representatives of divine rights; five more beneficent persons, whatever their own conception of their function in life may have been, can hardly be named in all history. They have broken down, or will break down, class distinctions, which mark only a difference of condition rather than any real difference among men; they will cause the idle representatives of the privileged classes to serve a useful purpose in the world, or else take themselves out of the way; they are abating the vested wrongs of ages; they are removing the conditions under which it will hereafter be impossible to collect rent for land which does not mark service rendered; and in the end they may make even the distribution of honor as well as of wealth depend upon service, rather than upon name or heritage.

These men have been, or are, the

greatest democrats of their time, and it is possible that they will make kings and princes, lords and barons, as great anachronisms, and prove them to be as much out of place in Europe, as they would be in this country, where it is impossible, without a derisive smile, to conceive of their existence.

If the first Napoleon lived in this country at this time, the only scope which he could find for his ambition and ability would be in the management of a great railroad line, or in applying gunpowder to use in mining coal and iron, instead of wasting it in war.

And now are coming in a new class of communists, whose names are not yet so well known, but soon will be, — Siemens, Jablockhoff, Brush, and Edison, — who will, following the lead of Faraday and other theorists, again destroy vast amounts of property, previously accumulated with great labor, by rendering it out of date and out of place; and who will substitute their own great fortunes for those by the waste of which progress is marked, — waste, we mean, in the sense of becoming useless. These new inventors are those who are applying electricity, and bringing it into subjection to the use of men.

There seems to be a great force or energy, as little comprehended as gravitation; not like gravitation, however, working always vertically, or toward the centre of things, but wandering around loose, until it is tied to a wire, by which it can be carried in any direction, and made to do almost any kind of work. By injecting a few jets of steam over some burning anthracite, and admitting a little air, a great number of gases can be combined to produce heat in a gas engine, at an alleged cost of ten to fifteen cents per thousand cubic feet; and the gas engine, even on a small scale, will give about one horsepower per hour for each pound of coal used. The power of that engine may then be applied to a machine working

like a great rotary force-pump, but which, instead of pumping water, pumps something named electricity,—this wandering force which we have so lately tied to a wire. By then interposing a few obstacles in the way of that force, we convert it into light or into power, by means of which we can run our spinning machinery, our looms, our sewing-machines; we can turn the spit or chop the meat; or we can run the plow and do a large portion of our farm work. All this is being done, and the same “gas fuel,” as it is called, also heats the dwelling, cooks the dinner, and in the tailor’s shop makes the goose not only fit to do its work, but serve as a stove at the same time. Moreover, by electricity we can move cars on elevated railway tracks; we can send messages; and although we have not yet found out how to send pictures of ourselves to our friends, a few hundred miles away, over the wire, as we can convey the tones of our voice, yet the time when this will be accomplished is perhaps not far off.

This force will be one of the greatest agents in communism ever yet applied. The power of steam is limited to certain places: hence is come the concentration of great numbers of working people in high factories on narrow streets; and the necessity of living near their work has limited the people to dwelling in alleys and slums, under bad conditions. But now that we may dump the coal and make the gas on the margin of the sea or of any navigable river, and may carry the heat, the power, and the light, or give the directions for the work, many miles away, while we may pass rapidly to and fro, in the conduct of our business, upon an elevated railway track, the area of the cities will be greatly enlarged. The upper stories of our high and dangerous manufacturing buildings in the cities will be vacated; broad one or two story factory buildings will be erected in the suburbs (if in Boston, out in that part of the city

where the fox, the mink and the muskrat are now the only dwellers). People will be housed on half-acre lots, in their own dwellings,—each a home by itself; and by the practice of this rediscovered method of saving green crops in pits, of which Tacitus makes the first record in history (by him called *ensilage*, by us called *ensilage*), two cows may be kept on half an acre, and each household may have its own little dairy, with the centrifugal creamer and churn operated with a part of the electricity sent from the sea-board, and let on by a turn of one tap, while the dinner may be cooked by the turn of another. “Heat, Light, and Power on Tap, and served to Order,” is the notice how given.

In this manner, again, the future communism in easy and well-earned subsistence will be assured by the work of the men of to-day, who are accumulating other great fortunes in establishing electric and gas fuel companies throughout the land.

What may be the end it is difficult to foresee; but perhaps the prophecy of a millennium made by those who preach what is called “the potato gospel” may become as certain as that foreshadowed in the spiritual gospel,—the time when a fair subsistence will be so well assured by the practice of integrity and the exertion of a moderate degree of industry that it will no longer pay to be rich.

It will be observed that the temporary accumulation of capital in the hands of rich men is a matter of small moment in retarding its consumption by the great masses of the common people. There is no such thing as fixed capital. Everything is perishable, and the greatest progress is worked by destructive inventions, which render old forms of buildings and machinery of little or no value. In the mean time, those who have possessed them have consumed only their own subsistence and that of their families; the rest has been used in the service of the common people.

In fact, all capital circulates with more or less speed, and its method of work may be compared in some measure to the electric light, which is accomplished by a retardation of the current. The power of electricity is exerted only by means of an obstruction to its course. In like manner, the circulation of capital is slightly retarded while it is in the possession of a capitalist, and he is thereby enabled to exert a power greater than other men in the general service.

But there are other methods by means of which wealth is distributed. It is an old saying that "it usually takes but three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves." This was true in olden time in this country. Wealth seldom stayed in one family more than three generations. In these later days it may stay a little longer, because we have in some measure provided better for the education of the sons of rich men than we did formerly, and have in greater degree removed their disabilities, and rendered them capable of making such use of the property devised to them as may enable them to keep it. The power of rich men to impose riches upon their descendants beyond their grandchildren has been taken away by law; and it may happen, as the dangers of inflicting the disabilities of wealth upon grandchildren become better understood, that the law will forbid wills which place it out of the power of the parents of the child to divert bequests which are so often only a misfortune.

The protection of spendthrifts by deeds of trust may presently be declared, as the lawyers say, *contra bonos mores*. When this is accomplished the circulation of capital can no longer be retarded in the hands of one who can neither give any light nor do any work, but who

is only a burden to himself and a bore to his friends, if he has any.

But there is another measure of communism which we have not yet considered. There is one form of fixed capital which has been steadily increasing for all time, but which has accumulated more rapidly during the last century than ever before. It is the only kind of capital which has any stability, and the only kind that is of any permanent use in the world. It becomes in a very short time the common property of all, and is therefore one of the most substantial examples of communism which can be cited.

This capital consists in the inventions and discoveries in applied science,—the immaterial capital of the world. The representatives of this work, without whom those who are known as great capitalists would be powerless, are the theorists in science; the men who, having combined the results of observation, first indulge in bold hypotheses, then venture upon experiments, and lastly construct true theories, in accordance with which practical men work out the applications of science to art and industry.

These men are the great instruments for promoting the common good of humanity; and they, together with those who level the ways and remove the material obstructions to commerce by carrying the rails over mountain sides, through tunnels, and across the great plains, or who send ships across the sea, "weaving the web of concord among nations," are the chosen prophets, the elect among men, who are surely bringing about the solidarity of nations, rendering subsistence easy and certain, and bringing to the people of all lands the common enjoyment of the gifts of the Creator.

Edward Atkinson.

CHARLES DARWIN.

TO-DAY, while all that was mortal of Charles Darwin is borne to its last resting-place in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Sir Isaac Newton, it seems a fitting occasion to utter a few words of tribute to the memory of the beautiful and glorious life that has just passed away from us. Though Mr. Darwin had more than completed his threescore and ten years, and though his life had been rich in achievement and crowned with success such as is but seldom vouchsafed to man, yet the news of his death has none the less impressed us with a sense of sudden and premature bereavement. For on the one hand the time would never have come when those of us who had learned the inestimable worth of such a teacher and friend could have felt ready to part with him; and on the other hand Mr. Darwin was one whom the gods, for love of him, had endowed with perpetual youth, so that his death could never seem otherwise than premature. As Mr. Galton has well said, the period of physical youth — say from the fifteenth to the twenty-second year — is, with most men, the only available period for acquiring the intellectual habits and amassing the stores of knowledge that are to form their equipment for the work of a life-time; but in the case of men of the highest order this period is simply a period of seven years, neither more nor less valuable than any other seven years. There is, now and then, a mind — perhaps one in four or five millions — which in early youth thinks the thoughts of mature manhood, and which in old age retains the flexibility, the receptiveness, the keen appetite for new impressions, that are characteristic of the fresh season of youth. Such a mind as this was Mr. Darwin's. To the last he was eager for new facts and suggestions, to the last he held his judgments

in readiness for revision; and to this un-failing freshness of spirit was joined a sagacity which, naturally great, had been refined and strengthened by half a century most fruitful in experiences, till it had come to be almost superhuman. When we remember how Alexander von Humboldt began at the age of seventy-five to write his *Kosmos*, and how he lived to turn off in his ninetieth year the fifth bulky volume of that prodigiously learned book, — when we remember this, and consider the great scientific value of the monographs which Mr. Darwin has lately been publishing almost every year, we must feel that it is in a measure right to speak of his death as premature.

After all, however, no one can fail to recognize in the career of Mr. Darwin the interest that belongs to a complete and well-rounded tale. When the extent of his work is properly estimated, it is not too much to say that among all the great leaders of human thought that have ever lived there are not half a dozen who have achieved so much as he. In an age that has been richer than any preceding age in great scientific names, his name is indisputably the foremost. He has already found his place in the history of science by the side of Aristotle, Descartes, and Newton. And among thinkers of the first order of originality, he has been peculiarly fortunate in having lived to see all the fresh and powerful minds of a new generation adopting his fundamental conceptions, and pursuing their inquiries along the path which he was the first to break.

When Mr. Darwin was born, in 1809, the name which he inherited was already a famous name. Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the friend of Priestley and Watt, and author of the *Botanic Garden*, was de-

servedly ranked among the most ingenious and original thinkers of the eighteenth century in England. His brother, Robert Waring Darwin, was the author of a work on botany which for many years enjoyed high repute. Of the sons of Erasmus, one, Sir Francis Darwin, was noted as a keen observer of animals; another, Charles, who died at the age of twenty-one from a dissection wound, had already written a medical essay of such importance as to give his name a place in biographical dictionaries; a third, Robert Waring, who achieved great distinction as a physician, married a daughter of the celebrated Josiah Wedgwood, and became the father of the immortal discoverer who has just been taken away from us. While citing these remarkable instances of inherited ability, it may be of interest to mention also that among the cousins of Mr. Darwin who have become more or less distinguished in our own time are Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, the philologist, the late Sir Henry Holland, and Mr. Francis Galton, whose excellent treatise on Hereditary Genius is known to every one. Nor can it be irrelevant to add that one of Mr. Darwin's sons has already, through his study of the tides, achieved some remarkable results, which seem likely to give him a high place among the astronomers of the present day.

There is one thing which a man of original scientific or philosophical genius in a rightly ordered world should never be called upon to do. He should never be called upon to "earn a living;" for that is a wretched waste of energy, in which the highest intellectual power is sure to suffer serious detriment, and runs the risk of being frittered away into hopeless ruin. Like his great predecessor and ally, Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Darwin was so favored by fortune as to be free from this odious necessity. He was able to devote his whole life with a single mind to the pursuit of

scientific truth, and to ministering in the most exalted way to the welfare of his fellow-creatures. After taking his Master's degree at Cambridge in 1831, at the age of twenty-two, an opportunity was offered Mr. Darwin for studying natural history on a grand scale. The *Beagle*, a ten-gun brig under the command of Captain Fitzroy, was then about to start on a long voyage, "to complete the survey of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, . . . to survey the shores of Chili, Peru, and of some islands in the Pacific, and to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world." As Captain Fitzroy had expressed a wish to have a naturalist accompany the expedition, Mr. Darwin volunteered his services, which the Lords of the Admiralty readily accepted, — a fact which in itself is sufficient evidence of the reputation for scientific attainments which Mr. Darwin had already gained at that youthful age. This memorable voyage, which lasted five years, was very fruitful in results. The general history of the voyage, with an account of such observations in natural history as seemed likely to interest the ordinary reader, is to be found in the *Journal of Researches* published by Mr. Darwin some three years after his return to England. This book immediately acquired a great popularity, which it has retained to this day, having gone through at least thirteen editions; and it is certainly one of the most fascinating books of travel that was ever written. "The author," said the *Quarterly Review*, in December, 1839, "is a first-rate landscape painter with the pen, and the dreariest solitudes are made to teem with interest." An abridgment of this charming journal, lately published with illustrations, under the title *What Mr. Darwin saw in his Voyage round the World*, has become a favorite book for boys and girls.

The scientific results of Mr. Darwin's voyage in the *Beagle* were so volumi-

nous that it required several years and the assistance of many able hands to record them all. Owen, Hooker, Waterhouse, Berkeley, Bell, and other eminent naturalists took part in the publication of these results, which formed a very important contribution to the zoölogy and botany, and to the palæontology, of the countries visited in the course of the voyage. To this great series of volumes, which appeared between 1840 and 1846, Mr. Darwin contributed three from his own hand, — the work on Volcanic Islands, the Geological Observations on South America, and the famous essay on Coral Reefs. In this latter work Mr. Darwin proved that through gradual submergence fringing-reefs are developed into barrier-reefs, and these again into atolls or lagoon-islands; and thus he not only for the first time rendered comprehensible the work of coral-building, but threw a new and wonderful light upon the movements of elevation and of subsidence in all parts of the globe. By thus bringing the work of the corals into its direct relationship with volcanic phenomena, Mr. Darwin succeeded in presenting “a grand and harmonious picture of the movements which the crust of the earth has undergone within a late period;” and the result was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant contributions to geology that has been made since the first publication of the great work of Sir Charles Lyell. In 1851–53 Mr. Darwin published a Monograph of the Cirripedia, in two volumes octavo, and accompanied this about the same time, with monographs of the various fossil genera of cirripeds (or barnacle family) in Great Britain. In recognition of his solid and brilliant achievements, Mr. Darwin in 1853 received the royal medal from the Royal Society, and in 1859 the Wollaston medal from the Geological Society. By this time his name had come to be known in all parts of the civilized world, and he was already

ranked among the foremost living naturalists, so that when, in the year 1859, the *Origin of Species* was published, it at once attracted universal attention by reason of the eminence of its author. I well remember how, in the first few weeks after the book was published, every one at all instructed in the biological sciences was eager to ascertain the views of so distinguished a naturalist with regard to a question which for several years had agitated the scientific world.

Like the great works which had preceded it, the *Origin of Species* must be regarded as one of the results of the ever memorable voyage of the *Beagle*. In the course of this voyage Mr. Darwin visited the Galapagos Islands, and was struck by the peculiar relations which the floras and faunas of this archipelago sustained to one another, and to the flora and fauna of the nearest mainland of Ecuador, distant some five hundred miles. These islands are purely volcanic in formation, and have never at any time been joined to the South American continent. They possess no batrachians and no mammals, save a mouse, which was no doubt introduced by some ship. The only insects are coleoptera, which possess peculiar facilities for transportation across salt water upon floating logs or branches; and along with these are two or three species of land shells. There are also two snakes, one land tortoise, and four kinds of lizard; and in striking contrast with all this general extreme paucity of animal forms, there are at least fifty-five species of birds. Now these insects, mollusks, reptiles, and birds are like the insects, mollusks, reptiles, and birds of the western coast of South America, and not like the corresponding animals in other parts of the world. But this is not all; for the Galapagos animals, while very like the animals of Ecuador, Peru, and Chili, are not quite like them. While the families are identical, the

differences are always at least specific, sometimes generic, in value. Precisely the same sort of relationship is sustained by the Galapagos flora toward the flora of the mainland. And, to crown all, the differences between forms that are generic when the archipelago as a whole is compared with the continent sink into specific differences when the several islands of the archipelago are compared with one another. Such a group of facts as these leads irresistibly to the conclusion that the specific forms of plants and animals have been originated, not by "special creations," but by "descent with modifications." If species have been separately created, there is of course no reason why the population of such an archipelago should be strictly limited to such organisms as can fly or get floated across the water; nor is there any reason why these organisms should resemble those of the nearest mainland rather than those of any other tropical mainland, such as Africa or India. One might indeed object that organisms have been created in such wise as most completely to harmonize with the physical conditions by which they are surrounded, and that it is to be presumed that the physical conditions of the Galapagos Islands are more like those of Ecuador and Peru than they are like those of any other countries; so that in this way the general similarity between the floras and faunas may be accounted for. But such an explanation is very weak, for it rests upon an assumption which has been proved to be untrue. It is not always true that the organisms in any given part of the world are such as harmonize best with the physical conditions by which they are surrounded. It is approximately true only where the competition among organisms is practically unlimited; in protected areas it is not at all true. In Australia and New Zealand, for example, the plants and animals which have been introduced by Europeans are exterminating and sup-

planting the native plants and animals quite as rapidly as the Englishman is supplanting the native human population of these countries. And to state this fact is only to say, in other words, that the plants and animals of Europe are better adapted to the physical conditions which prevail in Australia and New Zealand than the plants and animals which are indigenous there. A comprehensive survey of the distribution of life all over the globe confirms this conclusion, and shows that by no assumption of a special act of creation can the peculiar features of the Galapagos flora and fauna be explained. The only way in which to account for these features is to suppose that the archipelago has been peopled by migrations from the nearest mainland. This explains why the creatures there are most like the creatures of Ecuador and Peru, and it also explains why the only indigenous animals to be found there are such as could have flown or been blown thither, or such as could have been ferried thither on floating vegetation.

But if all this be true — and to-day no competent naturalist doubts it — a conclusion of vast importance immediately follows. If the Galapagos plants and animals are descended from ancestors that migrated thither from the continent, they have been modified during ages of residence in the islands, until they have come to differ specifically, and in many cases generically, from their collateral relations on the mainland. And this amounts to saying that species are not fixed, but mutable, — that every distinct form of plant and animal was not originally created with its present attributes, but that some forms have arisen from the modification of ancestral forms.

In this way, from the study of the inhabitants of a single well-defined area, Mr. Darwin was led into a series of most grand and startling considerations relating to the past history of life upon

our globe. The conclusions thus succinctly stated were amply confirmed by a survey of the distribution of organisms all over the earth, and thus was inaugurated the study of zoölogical and botanical geography, — a study which in half a century has reached such magnificent proportions in the great works of Hooker and Wallace, and which owes its wonderful progress mainly to the sagacious impulse communicated at the outset by Mr. Darwin. It has now become well established that in very few cases, if any, have animals and plants originated exactly in the places where we now find them, but that they are almost always the offspring of immigrants; and the study of the ancient migrations of the progenitors of living plants and animals has begun to throw a flood of light upon the history of the changes that have taken place in the physical geography of the earth.

The conception of the origin of species through “descent with modifications” having been thus forcibly suggested to Mr. Darwin by the facts of geographical distribution, it was still further strengthened by a study of the geological succession of extinct organisms and their relations to living organisms in the same areas. Such broad facts as the successive appearance of various sloth-like and armadillo-like animals in South America, or of various marsupials and monotremes in Australia, forcibly suggest the descent of the later forms from the earlier ones that lived in the same countries. Of like import is the general fact that in the course of geological succession any given organism is sure to be intermediate in character between those that have preceded and those that have followed it. But still more powerfully suggestive even than this is the fact that, in proportion as we go back in geologic time, we find the characteristics of plants and animals to be less and less distinctly specialized: so that, for example, in the Eocene pe-

riod, instead of horses and tapirs such as now exist we find an animal something like a tapir and something like a horse; and instead of leopards and wolves and bears we find carnivorous animals, not specialized as of feline or canine or ursine family, but with some points of resemblance to all three, and with some points like opossums and wombats into the bargain. In conformity with this general principle, the arrangement of organisms according to their succession in geologic time would be like the branches and branchlets of a tree, which is the typical form of arrangement where the link that connects the facts arranged is the link of parentage.

But just here the facts of geological succession are reinforced, with truly overwhelming conclusiveness, by the great facts of classification in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. This branching tree-like arrangement, which alone correctly represents the relationships of organisms in their geological succession, is at the same time the only possible arrangement by which the likenesses and affinities among existing organisms can be represented with anything like an approach to correctness. The facts of palæontology exactly dovetail in with those of taxonomy, and serve to elucidate and emphasize them. Many eminent naturalists before Cuvier attempted to classify all animals in a linear series, but Cuvier proved once for all that no such arrangement is possible. The only feasible arrangement is that of groups within groups, diverging like the branches and twigs of what we aptly term a “family-tree;” and this fact not only strongly suggests the theory of “descent with modifications,” but is indeed utterly incompatible with any other theory.

Further powerful evidence in favor of the same view is furnished by countless familiar facts of morphology and embryology. On the theory of “de-

scent with modifications," it is intelligible that all the classes and orders of the vertebrate sub-kingdom, for example, should be constructed on exactly the same fundamental plan, — that the arms of men, the fore-legs of quadrupeds, the paddles of cetacea, the wings of birds, and the pectoral fins of fishes should be structurally identical with one another. It is intelligible that a horse's hoof should be, as it is, made up of toes that have grown together. It is intelligible that every mammalian embryo should begin, as it does, to develop as if it were going to become a fish, circulating its blood through gills and a two-chambered heart, and then, changing its course, should behave as if it were going to become a reptile or bird, and only after long delay should assume the distinctive characteristics of mammality. It is intelligible that many snakes should possess beneath their skin the rudiments of limbs; that sundry insects, which never fly, should have wings firmly fastened down to their sides; and that the embryos of many birds, while developing in the egg, should grow temporary teeth within their little beaks. But it is only on the theory of "descent with modifications" that such facts, which are in no wise exceptional, but common throughout the entire animal kingdom, have any meaning whatever.

Many of these facts had been noticed by eminent naturalists before Mr. Darwin, and their incompatibility with any theory of special creations had also been observed; but it was Mr. Darwin who first marshaled them into one mighty argument, of which the cumulative result was that the phenomena of the organic world are unintelligible from beginning to end save on the theory of "descent with modifications." Had Mr. Darwin done nothing but this, it would have given him a peculiar right to associate his name with the development theory, it would have established that theory on a basis of "convincing proba-

bility," and it would have entitled him to a high place in the history of scientific thought in the nineteenth century. But Mr. Darwin did not stop here. Convinced by such considerations as those just presented that the specific characters of plants and animals are not constant, but variable, he sought for some grand all-pervading *cause of variation* in organisms, and his search was crowned with success. This was the achievement which in his hands raised the development theory from the rank of a brilliant philosophical speculation into the rank of an irrefragable scientific discovery. This was the achievement which gave to mankind a new implement of research and a new insight into the workings of Nature, and it was this which justifies us in placing Mr. Darwin's name beside those of Newton and Descartes.

The method by which Mr. Darwin succeeded in discovering the cause of variation in organisms was the thoroughly scientific method of advancing tentatively from the known to the unknown. Are there any instances in which the forms of plants and animals have actually been seen to vary, and, if there are, what seems to have been the principal cause of variation in these instances? The answer is not far to seek. The instances are very numerous indeed in which variations — and very marked ones, too — have been wrought in the characteristics of plants and animals through the agency of man. The phenomena of variation presented by animals and plants under domestication are so numerous and so complex that it would require many volumes to describe them. Dogs, horses, pigs, cattle, sheep, rabbits, pigeons, poultry, silkmoths, cereal and culinary plants, fruits and flowers innumerable, have been reared and bred by man for many long ages, — some of them from time immemorial. These domesticated organisms man has caused to vary, in one direc-

tion or another, to suit his natural or artificial needs, or even the mere whim of his fancy. The variations, moreover, which have thus been produced have been neither slight nor unimportant, and have been by no means confined to superficial characteristics. Compare the thorough-bred race-horse with the gigantic London dray-horse on the one hand, and the Shetland pony on the other; or, among pigeons, contrast the pouter with the fan-tail, the barb, the short-faced tumbler, or the jacobin, all of which are historically known to have descended from one and the same ancestral form. The differences extend throughout the whole bony framework as well as throughout the muscular and nervous systems, and exceed in amount the differences by which naturalists often adjudge species to be distinct. Through what agency has man produced such results as these? He has produced them simply by taking advantage of a slight tendency to variation which exists perpetually in all plants and animals, and which exhibits itself in the simple fact that nowhere do we ever find any two individuals exactly alike. Taking advantage of these individual variations, the breeder simply *selects* the individuals which best suit his purpose, and breeds them apart by themselves. The qualities for which they are selected are propagated and enhanced through inheritance and renewed selection in each succeeding generation, until by the slow accumulation of small differences a new race is formed. And thus we have peaches and almonds from a common source, grapes to eat and grapes to make wine of, pointer-dogs and mastiffs, and so on throughout the list of cultivated plants and domesticated animals.

These facts about variation under domestication are for the most part well known, and the alleged cause of variation, in selection by man, is not an occult cause, but is a phenomenon perfectly familiar to every one. Starting

from this point, Mr. Darwin made a very elaborate study of all that farmers, horticulturists, and breeders could impart concerning "artificial selection;" and more especially with regard to pigeons his own observations were so extensive and minute that, when the *Origin of Species* was published, I recollect reading one silly review, in which we were gravely informed that here was a new theory of development, — not by a naturalist, but by a mere pigeon-fancier, and probably worthy of very little consideration!

Such being the wonders which man has wrought within a comparatively short time though "artificial selection" in the breeding of animals and plants, the question next arises whether any selective process like this has been going on through countless ages without the intervention of man. Can it be that there is a "natural selection" of individual variations, whereby new species are produced in just the same way that breeders produce new races of pigeons? There is such a "natural selection" forever going on as one of the inseparable concomitants of organic life; and it was just in the detection of this great truth that the very kernel of Mr. Darwin's stupendous discovery consisted. It was here that the poetic or creative act of genius came into play, just as it did in Newton's discovery, when the fall of the moon was likened to the fall of the apple, and the tangential force of the moon to the tangential force of a stone whirled at the end of a string. The case is simple enough, when creative genius has once explained it. So great is the destruction of organic life that out of hundreds of seeds, or spawn, or ova but one or two ever live to come to maturity and reproduce themselves in offspring. Such is the result of the universal and unrelenting competition between organisms for the means of subsistence. Any creature that lives to reproduce its kind is selected from out of a thousand that

perish prematurely, and its selection is evidence of its better adaptation to the conditions amid which it is placed. And so stern and so ubiquitous is the competition that there is no individual variation, however slight or apparently trivial, that is not liable to be seized upon and enhanced if it tend in any way to promote the survival of the species. Thus it is natural selection that at every moment preserves the stability of a species, and keeps it in harmony with its environment, by cutting off all individual variations that oscillate too far on either side of a prescribed mean. The stability of a species depends, therefore, upon the stability of the environment; and the only condition under which a species could remain unchanged would be that it should remain forever exposed to the action of changeless groups of circumstances. But this has never been the case with any species, and never will be. The habitable surface of the earth has been perpetually changing for a hundred million years, and the relations between the countless groups of organisms that have covered its surface have been perpetually changing in endless degrees of complexity; and in such a world, under the working of natural selection, there can be no such thing as "fixity of species."

Having arrived at these grand conclusions, it became comparatively easy for Mr. Darwin to go on and trace the workings of natural selection in many special instances. In these inquiries, upon which he brought to bear a knowledge of the details of organic life more vast and multifarious than has ever been possessed by any other man, he occupied nearly a quarter of a century before it seemed to him that the time had come for making his discovery known to the world. In 1844, he wrote out a brief sketch of the conclusions which, as he modestly says, "then seemed to me probable;" and this sketch he showed to his friend Hooker, perhaps

also to Lyell. But fifteen years more, rich in observation and reflection, passed away, and still the world had heard nothing about the origin of species by means of natural selection. How much longer this silence might have lasted, had not an unforeseen circumstance come in to break it, one cannot say. But no doubt it would have lasted some time longer, for Mr. Darwin did not wish to publish his conclusions until he had given due attention to every fact and every argument which might in any way bear upon them; and it is quite evident that when he wrote the *Origin of Species* he did not realize either the wonderful maturity which his argument had attained, or the overwhelming cogency with which he was then actually presenting it to the world. It was very characteristic of Mr. Darwin—into the fibre of whose mind there entered not the smallest shred of egotism or of the pride of knowledge—to make so many allowances for the inevitable incompleteness of his work, when judged by that standard of ideal perfection which he alone among men was able to apply to it, as to have rendered himself incapable for the time being of appreciating its real magnitude. In writing the *Origin of Species*, he regarded the book as merely a preliminary outline of his theory, which would serve to prevent his being forestalled by any one else in the announcement of it, and he made frequent allusions to the larger and more elaborate treatise in which he intended presently to follow up the exposition and to reinforce the argument. When I first met Mr. Darwin in London, in 1873, he told me that he was surprised at the great fame which his book instantly won, and at the quickness with which it carried conviction to the minds of all the men on whose opinions he set the most value. The success of his theory was, indeed, wonderfully rapid and complete. To understand him was to agree with him, and before ten years

more had passed by, so many able men had become expounders and illustrators of the theory of natural selection that — as he told me — it seemed no longer so necessary as it had once seemed for him to write the larger and more elaborate treatise. The learned work on the *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, which appeared in 1868 in two octavo volumes, formed the first installment of this long-projected treatise. The second part was to have treated of the variation of animals and plants through natural selection; and a third part would have dealt at length with the phenomena of morphology, of classification, and of distribution in space and time. But these second and third parts were never published.

I alluded, just now, to the “unforeseen circumstance” which led Mr. Darwin in 1859 to break his long silence, and to write and publish the *Origin of Species*. This circumstance served, no less than the extraordinary success of his book, to show how ripe the minds of men had become for entertaining such views as those which Mr. Darwin propounded. In 1858 Mr. Wallace, who was then engaged in studying the natural history of the Malay Archipelago, sent to Mr. Darwin (as to the man most likely to understand him) a paper, in which he sketched the outlines of a theory identical with that upon which Mr. Darwin had so long been at work. The same sequence of observed facts and inferences that had led Mr. Darwin to the discovery of natural selection and its consequences had led Mr. Wallace to the very threshold of the same discovery; but in Mr. Wallace’s mind the theory had by no means been wrought out to the same degree of completeness to which it had been wrought in the mind of Mr. Darwin. In the preface to his charming book on *Natural Selection*, Mr. Wallace, with rare modesty and candor, acknowledges that, whatever value

his speculations may have had, they have been utterly surpassed in richness and cogency of proof by those of Mr. Darwin. This is no doubt true, and Mr. Wallace has done such good work in further illustration of the theory that he can well afford to rest content with the second place in the first announcement of it.

The coincidence, however, between Mr. Wallace’s conclusions and those of Mr. Darwin was very remarkable. But, after all, coincidences of this sort have not been uncommon in the history of scientific inquiry. Nor is it at all surprising that they should occur now and then, when we remember that a great and pregnant discovery must always be concerned with some question which many of the foremost minds in the world are busy in thinking about. It was so with the discovery of the differential calculus, and again with the discovery of the planet Neptune. It was so with the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and with the establishment of the undulatory theory of light. It was so, to a considerable extent, with the introduction of the new chemistry, with the discovery of the mechanical equivalent of heat, and the whole doctrine of the correlation of forces. It was so with the invention of the electric telegraph and with the discovery of spectrum analysis. And it is not at all strange that it should have been so with the doctrine of the origin of species through natural selection. The belief that all species have originated through derivation from other species, and not through special creation, had been held by part of the scientific world ever since the time of Mr. Darwin’s grandfather, who was one of its earliest and most eminent advocates. Even those naturalists who did not hold this belief can hardly be said to have held any antagonistic belief, inasmuch as the so-called “doctrine of special creations” is not a positive doctrine at

all, but a mere confession of ignorance, and was so regarded by scientific naturalists, such as Owen, for example, before 1859. The truth is that before the publication of the *Origin of Species* there was no opinion whatever current respecting the subject that deserved to be called a scientific hypothesis. That the more complex forms of life must have come into existence through some process of development from simpler forms was no doubt the only sensible and rational view to take of the subject; but in a vague and general opinion of this sort there is nothing that is properly scientific. A scientific hypothesis must connect the phenomena with which it deals by alleging a "true cause;" and before 1859 no one had suggested a "true cause" for the origination of new species, although the problem was one over which every philosophical naturalist had puzzled since the beginning of the century. This explains why Mr. Darwin's success was so rapid and complete, and it also explains why he came so near being anticipated. His long delay, however, in bringing forward his theory had one good result. The work was so thoroughly done that, although Darwinism has now for twenty-three years been one of the chief subjects of popular discussion in all the civilized countries of the world, no one as yet seems to have discovered any argument against the theory of natural selection which Mr. Darwin had not himself already foreseen and considered in the first edition of the *Origin of Species*.

After an interval of twelve years Mr. Darwin followed up the first announcement of his general theory with his treatise on the *Descent of Man*, a book which deals with a subject in one respect even more difficult than the origin of species. In his earlier book Mr. Darwin, with masterly skill, brought together huge masses of facts, and showed their bearings upon a few general propo-

sitions relating to the whole organic world. In the *Descent of Man* the problem was different. Propositions of great generality, such as had been established in the *Origin of Species*, served here as fundamental principles; but they had to be supplemented by a consideration of the enormously complex and heterogeneous circumstances which attended the origination of a particular genus. It is enough to say that in the treatment of this arduous problem Mr. Darwin showed no less acuteness and grasp than had been displayed in his earlier work.

In connection with this problem of the origin of the human race, Mr. Darwin announced the results of his extensive researches into the subject of sexual selection in the animal kingdom. Some time before this, in his treatise on the *Fertilization of Orchids*, published in 1862, he had called attention to the interdependence between the insect world and the world of flowers. Further research in this direction has made it clear that the beautiful colors and sweet odors of flowers are due to selection on the part of insects. The bright colors and delicious perfumes attract insects, who come to sip the nectar, and carry away on their backs the pollen with which to fertilize the next plant they visit. Thus the fairest and sweetest flowers are continually selected to perpetuate their race, and thus have insects and flowering plants been developed in close correlation with one another.

It was Mr. Darwin's good fortune to live long enough to see his theory not only adopted by all competent naturalists, but demonstrated by crucial evidence in the case of one genus. The researches of Professor Marsh into the palæontology of the horse have established beyond question the descent of the genus *equus* from a five-toed mammal not larger than a pig, and somewhat resembling a tapir. All the "missing links" in this case have been found;

and thus the primitive barbaric hypothesis of "special creations" may be said to have disappeared forever from the field of natural history. It has taken its place by the side of the Ptolemaic astronomy and the dreams of the alchemists.

Mr. Darwin's latest books belong to a period in which, having lived to witness the complete success of his great work, he has employed his time in recording the results of his researches on many subsidiary points, of no little interest and importance. The treatises on the Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals, on the Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants, on Insectivorous Plants, on Cross and Self Fertilization, on the Different Forms of Flowers, and on the Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms should be read as models of sound scientific method by every one who cares to learn what scientific method is. They may be counted, too, among the most entertaining books of science that have ever been written; and the points that have been established in them, taken in connection with Mr. Darwin's previous works, make up an aggregate of scientific achievement such as has rarely been equaled.

It is fitting that in the great Abbey, where rest the ashes of England's noblest heroes, the place of the discoverer of natural selection should be near that of Sir Isaac Newton. Since the publication of the immortal *Principia*, no scientific book has so widened the mental horizon of mankind as the *Origin of Species*. Mr. Darwin, like Newton, was a very young man when his great discovery suggested itself to him. Like Newton, he waited many years before publishing it to the world. Like Newton, he lived to see it become part and parcel of the mental equipment of all

men of science. The theological objection urged against the Newtonian theory by Leibnitz, that it substituted the action of natural causes for the immediate action of the Deity, was also urged against the Darwinian theory by Agassiz; and the same objection will doubtless continue to be urged against scientific explanations of natural phenomena so long as there are men who fail to comprehend the profoundly theistic and religious truth that the action of natural causes is in itself the immediate action of the Deity. It is interesting, however, to see that, as theologians are no longer frightened by the doctrine of gravitation, so they are already outgrowing their dread of the doctrine of natural selection. On the Sunday following Mr. Darwin's death, Canon Liddon, at St. Paul's Cathedral, and Canons Barry and Prothero, at Westminster Abbey, agreed in referring to the Darwinian theory as "not necessarily hostile to the fundamental truths of religion." The effect of Mr. Darwin's work has been, however, to remodel the theological conceptions of the origin and destiny of man which were current in former times. In this respect it has wrought a revolution as great as that which Copernicus inaugurated and Newton completed, and of very much the same kind. Again has man been rudely unseated from his imaginary throne in the centre of the universe, but only that he may learn to see in the universe and in human life a richer and deeper meaning than he had before suspected. Truly, he who unfolds to us the way in which God works through the world of phenomena may well be called the best of religious teachers. In the study of the organic world, no less than in the study of the starry heavens, is it true that "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

John Fiske.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

THE French have about many matters a way of feeling that is not ours, and M. Ernest Daudet's little volume¹ illustrates some of these differences. He is the brother of the brilliant author of the *Lettres de mon Moulin*, the *Rois en Exil*, and *Numa Roumestan*, and it has seemed to him natural to celebrate his kinship with so charming a writer in a volume published while the latter is yet in his prime, and in which biography and eulogy, admiration and tenderness, are gracefully blended. In England or in America, an artist's brother would, we think, hold himself less designated than another to discourse to the public about the great man of the family. The artist would be sure to dislike it, and the brother would have an awkward, and possibly morbid, fear of making two honest men ridiculous. But the French have never worshiped at the shrine of reticence, and it is fortunate that there should be a race of people who acquit themselves gracefully of delicate undertakings, and who have on all occasions the courage of their emotion. The French do such things because they *can*; we abstain because we have not that art. M. Ernest Daudet admires his brother as much as he loves him, and as he presumably knows him better than any one else, he may have regarded himself as the ideal biographer. His delightful volume is, to speak grossly, just a trifle too much of a *puff*; but if he was able to settle the matter with Alphonse Daudet (for whom he claims complete irresponsibility), we see no obstacle to his settling it with the public and with his own conscience. Our principal regret is the regret expressed by the subject of the work in a letter from which, in the

preface, the author quotes a passage. M. Alphonse Daudet, who was in Switzerland at the time the chapters of which the present volume is composed were put forth in a periodical, protested against "being treated as people treat only the dead. I am living, and very living," he wrote, "and you make me enter rather too soon into history. I know people who will say that I have got my brother to advertise me." Alphonse Daudet is living, and very living; that is his great attraction. But after all, his too zealous biographer has not killed him. We hold, all the same, that there is little to please us in the growing taste of the age for revelations about the private life of the persons in whose works it is good enough to be interested. In our opinion, the life and the works are two very different matters, and an intimate knowledge of the one is not at all necessary for a genial enjoyment of the other. A writer who gives us his works is not obliged to throw his life after them, as is very apt to be assumed by persons who fail to perceive that one of the most interesting pursuits in the world is to read between the lines of the best literature. Alphonse Daudet is but forty-two years of age, and we hope to read a more definitive life of him thirty years hence. By that time we shall know whether we really need it.

Once granted M. Ernest Daudet his premises, he tells his story with taste as well as with tenderness. The story is perhaps not intrinsically remarkable, but there is something so ingratiating in the personality of the hero that we follow his small adventures with a kind of affectionate interest. His youth was the youth of nineteen out of twenty French artists and men of letters, and he served the usual apprenticeship to poverty and

¹ *Mon Frère et Moi: Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*. Par ERNEST DAUDET. Paris: Plon. 1882.

disappointment. Born in a small provincial city, of parents more or less acquainted with chill penury, he picks up a certain amount of heterogeneous knowledge at the communal college or the *lycée*; becomes conscious of talents or of ambition; struggles more or less, in a narrow interior, with a family circle which fails to appreciate these gifts; and finally, with empty pockets and immense curiosities, comes up to Paris to seek a fortune. Nineteen out of twenty of these slender beginners never get any further; they never succeed in breaking open their little envelope of obscurity. Daudet was the twentieth, who takes all the prizes. He deserved them, if suffering is a title; for his childhood, in spite of a few happy accidents, — the brightness and sweetness both of his birthplace and of his temperament, — had been difficult, almost cruel. He was born in that wonderful Provence which he has so frequently and so vividly, though perhaps not so accurately, described; he came into the world in the picturesque old city of Nîmes, the city of Roman remains, of fragrant gardens, of beautiful views, of sun and dust, of Southern dullness and Southern animation. Much of his childhood, however, thanks to his father's reverses and embarrassments (his family had been engaged in the weaving of silk), was spent at Lyons, among gray, damp, sordid, sickening impressions, — a period described with touching effect in M. Daudet's first long story, the exquisite memoirs of *Le Petit Chose*. M. Ernest Daudet relates the annals of his family, which appears to have numbered several vigorous and even distinguished members, and makes no secret of the fact that in his own childhood its once considerable honors had been much curtailed. This period, for the two brothers, contained many dismal passages, and Alphonse, while still a mere boy (at least, in appearance), was obliged to earn a wretched livelihood as ill-paid usher in a small pro-

vincial college. We do not mean, however, to retrace the chapters of his life; we take him as we find him to-day, in the full enjoyment of his powers and his rewards, and we attempt, in a few rapid strokes, to sketch his literary physiology.

If we were asked to describe it in two words, we should say that he is beyond comparison the most *charming* storyteller of the day. He has power as well as charm, but his happy grace is what strikes us most. No one is so light and keen, so picturesque; no one pleases so by his manner, his movement, his native gayety, his constant desire to please. We confess to an extreme fondness for M. Alphonse Daudet; he is very near to our heart. The bright light, the warm color, the spontaneity and loquacity, of his native Provence have entered into his style, and made him a talker as well as a novelist. He tells his stories as a talker; they have always something of the flexibility and familiarity of conversation. The conversation, we mean, of an artist and a Frenchman; the conversation of a circle in which the faculty of vivid and discriminating speech exists as it has existed nowhere else. This charming temper, touched here and there with the sentiment of deeper things, is the sign of his earlier productions. As time has gone on, he has enlarged his manner, — enlarged with his field of observation. The Parisian has been added to the Provençal, fortunately without crowding him out. It is not M. Daudet's longest things that we like best, though we profess a great fondness for *Les Rois en Exil*. The *Lettres de mon Moulin*, the *Contes du Lundi*, *Le Petit Chose*, the exquisitely amusing history of *Tartarin de Tarascon*, the charming series of letters entitled *Robert Helmont*, — these contain, to our sense, the cream of the author's delicate and indescribable talent. Daudet sketches in perfection; he does the little piece — *il fait le mor-*

ceau, as the French call it — with a facility all his own. No one has such an eye for a subject; such a perception of “bits,” as the painters in water-colors say. It is indeed as if he worked in water-colors, from a rich and liquid palette; his style is not so much a literary form as a plastic form. He is a wonderful observer of all external things, — of appearances, objects, surface, circumstances; but what makes his peculiarity is that the ray of fancy, the tremor of feeling, always lights up the picture. This perception of material objects is not uncommon to-day, and it has never been rare among the French, in whom quickness of vision, combined with a talent for specifying and analyzing what they see, is a national characteristic. The new fashion of realism has indeed taught us all that in any description of life the description of places and things is half the battle. But to describe them we must see them, and some people see, on the same occasion, infinitely more than others. Alphonse Daudet is one of those who see most. Among the French, moreover, the gift is cultivated, and the first canon of the “young school” of to-day is that to write a novel you must take notes on the spot. Balzac took notes, Gustave Flaubert took notes, Emile Zola takes notes. We are sure that Alphonse Daudet takes them, too, though in his constitution there is a happy faculty for which all the notes in the world are an insufficient substitute, namely, the faculty of feeling as well as seeing. He feels what he sees, and the feeling expresses itself in quick, light irony, in jocosity, in poetry. M. Daudet never sees plain prose. He discovers everywhere the shimmer and murmur of the poetic. He has described in a great many places the Provençal turn of mind, the temperament of the man of the South; his last novel in particular — Numa Roumestan — being an elaborate picture of this genial type, for which M. Dau-

det does not profess an unlimited respect. He feels it so strongly, perhaps, because he feels it in himself; it is not to be denied that his own artistic nature contains several of the qualities on which he has expended his most charming satire. The weak points of the man of the South, in M. Daudet's view, are the desire to please at any cost, and, as a natural result of this, a brilliant indifference to the truth. There is a good deal of all this, in its less damaging aspects, in the author of Numa Roumestan. We have spoken of his desire to please, which is surely not an unpardonable fault in an artist, though M. Zola holds it to be so. M. Daudet likes to entertain, to beguile, to gratify, to mystify, to purchase immediate applause. For ourselves, we give the applause without the slightest reluctance. May it be a fault in a writer of fiction to be very fond of fiction? In this case it seems to us that M. Daudet is distinctly culpable. M. Zola, to quote him again, holds that the love of fiction is the most evil passion of the human heart; and yet he has most inconsistently found many civil things to say of his *confrère* Daudet, whom he would represent as one of the standard-bearers of naturalism. M. Daudet is fond of fiction as Dickens was fond of it, — he is fond of the picturesque. His taste is for oddities and exceptions, for touching *dénoûments*, for situations slightly factitious, for characters surprisingly genial. There is nothing uncompromising, nothing of a depressing integrity, in his love of the real. Left to himself, he takes only those parts of it that happen to commend themselves to his fancy, which, as we have already said, is, in his intellectual economy, the mistress of the house. But he has not always been left to himself. He has lived in Paris, he has become a disciple of Balzac, he has frequented Flaubert, he has known Zola, he has been made to feel that there are such things as responsibilities. There are, indeed, —

those terrible responsibilities which M. Zola carries with such a ponderous tread. He himself recalls Alphonse Daudet to a sense of them in a passage which we may quote from his lately published volume, entitled *Une Campagne*. He is more troubled, we suspect, than he ventures to say by Daudet's taint of the factitious, and he speaks with a good deal of point of the very different aspect which the Provence of Numa Roumestan wears from the Provence of his own young memories, — he being also a son of that soil. "Alphonse Daudet seems to me to see the country of Provence in one of the gilded falsehoods of his hero. I don't speak of the inhabitants, whom he treats with even too much cruelty; I speak of the look of the land, of that perpetual dream of sunshine, which he manages to fill with all the romance of the troubadours. He softens down the very *mistral*, which he calls 'the wholesome, vivifying blast, spreading its jovial influence to the furthest edge of the horizon.' My own Provence, that of which the heated harshness still blows into my face, is a much rougher affair, and the *mistral* cracks my lips, burns my skin, fills the valley with a devastation so terrible that the blue sky grows pale. I remember the extinguished look of the sun in the pure, bleached air, through that roaring breath which sometimes ruins the country-side in a day. The Provence of Alphonse Daudet is therefore, for my sensations, too good-natured; I should like it stronger and more scorched, with that perfume of which the violence turns to bitterness under the hard and cloudless blue."

It was inevitable, we suppose, that our author should sooner or later become a Parisian; should attempt to master the great city, in the manner of successful Frenchmen. This capitalization of his talent, as we may call it, has been extremely fruitful, has produced a multitude of admirable chapters; but, on the other hand, it has made Alphonse

Daudet much less perfect. The sketches and stories we mentioned at the beginning of this article all have the stamp of perfection. There is nothing to add to them, nothing to take from them, nothing to correct in them. In his later and larger works there have been great inequalities, though the successful portions, we admit, have become more and more brilliant. It is an odd thing that though it is as a peculiarly imaginative writer that we reckon him, he is not at his best when he gives his imagination the reins. At such moments he is very apt to become false and unnatural; his charming fancy is an excellent companion, but an uncertain guide. His great successes (in his longer works) have been portraits of known individuals. Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné, the first in date of these later things, and perhaps the most popular, is by no means the one we prefer; with all its keenness of touch, it has perhaps even more than its share of the disparities of which we speak. The accessories, the details, the setting of the scene, the art of presentation, the three or four subordinate characters, furnish the strong points of the book. The portrait of the depraved and dangerous heroine (there is a virtuous female figure to balance her) is wanting to our sense in solidity, and the main interest of the novel suffers from thinness. Sidonie Chèbe strikes us as a study at once elaborate and shallow; and indeed the elaboration of the frivolous and perfidious wife, in French fiction, has grown to be inevitably and indefinably stale. The best figure in the book is the old humbugging tragedian Delobelle, — a type of which we have had glimpses elsewhere. In Delobelle and in his daughter Désirée, English readers find an echo, at once gratifying and tormenting, of our own inimitable Dickens. Dickens is dying, they say; Dickens is dead (though we don't believe it), and nothing is more generally admitted than that Dickens's absent

qualities were as striking as those he had. But on his own ground he was immeasurable, and when we are reminded of him by another writer, the comparison suggested is not likely to be to the advantage of the latter. We speak, of course, from the point of view of a generation impregnated with Dickens's humor, and our remark has no application to French readers, who have no idea, when they smile or sigh over the fortunes of the famille Joyeuse (in *Le Nabab*), or drop a tear upon the childish miseries of Jack, that they are tasting of an ingenious dilution of the violent humor of *Nickleby* and *Copperfield*. We do not mean in the least that Alphonse Daudet is a conscious copyist of Dickens; he has denied the charge, we believe, in definite terms. But the English writer is certainly one of his sympathies, and we suspect that if he had never opened (even in a translation) one of those volumes which constitute the great cockney epic, one of the effective notes of his scale would be absent. In Jack the influence of Dickens is very visible, and it has not, we think, made the story more natural. That falsetto note, in pathos, which was the fatal danger of the author of *Dombey and Son*, is sounded with a good deal of frequency in Jack, and the portrayal of innocent suffering, through the intensification of the innocence, is also overdone. Neither do we care very much for the famille Joyeuse, in *Le Nabab*, finding in them, as we do, too sensible a reflection of that rather voluntary glow of satisfaction with which Dickens invites us to contemplate such people as the Brothers Cheeryble. *Le Nabab*, is on the whole, however, a brilliant production, and contains some of the author's strongest pages. It is a gallery of portraits, like all of his later stories, — portraits of contemporary Parisian figures, in which the intelligent reader is always able to detect a more or less distinguished model. The hero himself is a

study of the "man of the South," but in his more robust and fruitful aspects, and is an exceedingly vivid picture of a great industrial and commercial *parvenu*. The picture takes a tragical turn, for the great fortune of M. Daudet's ex-dock-porter crumbles away through a series of events as remarkable as those which have helped to build it up. It is the analysis of a coarse, powerful, vulgar, jovial, florid, energetic temperament, which has known the two extremes of human experience; and it is no secret that the author has reproduced the history — or at least the physiognomy — of the remarkable M. Bravais, whose rapid rise and fall were one of the innumerable queer incidents of the later years of the Empire.

This period is embodied even more effectively in the figure of the Duc de Mora, — a thin modification of the once impressive title of the Duc de Morny, who is presented in M. Daudet's pages in company with several members of his circle. This is the historical novel applied to the passing hour. The author has expended his best pains on the portrait of the Duc de Mora, and if the picture fails of vividness it is not for want of the multiplication of fine touches. It has great color and relief, — the mark of that brush-like quality of pen which is a specialty of M. Daudet. Is Felicia Ruys intended for Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt? The answer to the question hardly matters, for the personage belongs to the rank of the author's half-successes. We mention her, because, like the other characters, she is an example of the manner which Alphonse Daudet may be said to have invented. This manner, the reproduction of actualities under a transparent veil, the appropriation of a type embodied in a living specimen, with the peculiarities much accentuated, is an inspiration which, when it is most fruitful, Alphonse Daudet induces rather to condone than to welcome. Cultivated by a writer of his tact

and talent, it would probably produce a plentiful crop of vulgarities. M. Daudet is never vulgar, but he is sometimes rather false. Many of his readers doubtless hold that his best guarantee against falsity is this very practice of drawing not only from life, but from the special case. They remark, justly enough, that in *Le Nabab*, in the *Rois en Exil*, the best things are the things for which he has had chapter and verse in the world around him. When he has attempted to generalize, as in the more technically romantic episodes, he has gone astray, and become fantastic. We incline to agree to this, though it may seem to contradict what we have said about his great charm being his element of fancy. We should explain that we have not used fancy here in the sense of invention; we have used it to denote the faculty which projects the unexpected, irresponsible, illuminating day upon material supplied out of hand. If there were nothing else to distinguish Alphonse Daudet from Emile Zola, his delicate, constant sense of beauty would suffice. Zola of course consoles himself, though he does not always console others, with his superior sense of reality. Daudet is a passionate observer, — an observer not perhaps of the deepest things of life, but of the whole realm of the immediate, the expressive, the actual. This faculty, enriched by the most abundant exercise and united with the feeling of the poet who sees all the finer relations of things and never relinquishes the attempt to charm, is what we look for in the happiest novelist of our day. Ah, the things he sees, — the various, fleeting, lurking, delicate, nameless human things! We have spoken of his remarkable vision of accessories and details; but it is difficult to give an idea of the artistic “go” with which it is

exercised. This beautiful vivacity finds its most complete expression in *Les Rois en Exil*, a book that could have been produced only in one of these later years of grace. Such a book is intensely modern, and the author is in every way an essentially modern genius. With the light, warm, frank Provençal element of him, he is, in his completeness, a product of the great French city. He has the nervous tension, the intellectual eagerness, the quick and exaggerated sensibility, the complicated, sophisticated judgment, which the friction, the contagion, the emulation, the whole spectacle, at once exciting and depressing, of our civilization at its highest, produces in susceptible natures. There are tears in his laughter, and there is a strain of laughter in his tears; and in both there is a note of music. What could be more modern than his style, from which every shred of classicism has been stripped, and which moves in a glitter of images, of discoveries, of verbal gymnastics, animated always by the same passion for the concrete? With his merits and shortcomings combined, Alphonse Daudet is the charming writer we began by declaring him, because he is so intensely living. He is a thoroughly special genius, and in our own sympathies he touches a very susceptible spot. He is not so serious, not to say so solemn, as Emile Zola, and we suspect that in his heart he finds the doctrine of naturalism a good deal of a bore. He is free from being as deep and wise and just as the great Turgenieff. But with his happy vision, his abundant expression, his talent for episodes and figures that detach themselves, his sense of intimate pleasures and pains, his good-humor, his gaiety, his grace, and that modern quality of intensity that he throws into everything, he is really a great little novelist.

Henry James, Jr.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I SAW in *The Atlantic*, a few months ago, an article with this title: *Is God Good?* After reading it, I concluded that the writer evidently believed in what are called "final proofs" of God's goodness; but, at the same time, she presented so large an amount of evidence entirely contradictory to any such belief, and this evidence appeared to me so full of error, that I felt obliged to attempt to correct it, to free myself from the responsibility of one who, even by silence, might seem to admit it as truth.

After giving a terrible list of the evils, injuries, miseries, failures, and deprivations of this life, she ends by speaking of "the pitiless and inexorable sentence of death." Inexorable it is, but how can we say "pitiless," when we know nothing of what is beyond? Shall the grub complain of the pitiless and inexorable sentence that obliges him to become a winged creature, instead of allowing him to remain forever a grub?

She does not consider that this was meant to be a happy world, but, in touching lightly upon the beauty of nature and some of the delights of life, she suggests that a Creator who did not intend to be kind to his creatures might yet have resorted to them as a background of pleasure to deeper pain; holding the color of the lily or the kiss of a child, as what artists call "values," against the tornado and the tooth of famine and the grave.

This, in the nature of things, is impossible. The world might have been made luxurious and beautiful in a certain way, but not beautiful in the way it is, because in the beauty of nature is a *meaning* inconsistent with any such end. The mind that conceived the lily and put the impulse into the child's heart must have in itself the absolute purity and perfect love they represent.

Into that mind no mean or underhand purpose could enter.

The point upon which her argument turns is the question whether or not God intends to give us eternal life. If that were certain, everything might yet be right, because opportunity would then be afforded for all compensation to be made and all completion attained.

She thinks that the best proof we are likely to obtain of his good-will is that, after all that men have suffered, they still believe in his fair intentions toward them. This she calls "an argument of acquired trust." Acquired from what? From experience; and this experience is of bad treatment. Men believe that God will treat them well, because he has treated them badly. The divine denial, she asserts, does not obliterate, but creates, the phenomenon of human belief. This does not seem reasonable; but, she says, it is a miracle. A miracle is a deviation from law. To me it seems as if there were in our case no deviation from a universal law, that gives to every creature the knowledge it most needs: tells the bird where to fly in time of need; tells the stem which way the light is, and the root which way is the darkness; tells every human soul that there is a God, to whom it eternally belongs, and that nothing can ever happen that can alter that fact. To say that the belief of man in God, under the circumstances, is a miracle is really the same as to say that a man finds by experience that he has another source of knowledge beside his reason and his senses, and that this source of knowledge is so sure and trustworthy that he must believe it, even when it seems to contradict the evidence of his senses and his reason. This is instinct, the eye of the spirit, that sees God; sees that life cannot end with the death of the body,

but must continue till his highest aspiration is reached and his deepest desire fulfilled.

Ole Bull used to say that he liked to be out on the ocean, alone in his little boat, because then he could feel God. Sometimes this consciousness of the reality of God is so prompt and strong as to startle us, as in the young surgeon in San Francisco, who, having performed an operation that proved unsuccessful, went immediately into the next room and shot himself; leaving a note, briefly stating that, as he had killed this woman, he wished to appear with her at the bar of judgment.

A Christian would not consider it inconsistent with his belief in immortality to give a sigh of relief at hearing that his enemy was dead, and could trouble him no more. A pagan Chinaman, at hearing this news, would be roused by it to the highest pitch of excitement and fear. His enemy dead is more powerful than ever. Now, as never before, he must try to appease him, — offer gifts to his relatives, make sacrifices at his grave. This matter-of-fact and most economical man has now no other use for anything that he possesses that can compare in importance with the necessity of conciliating a dead man. What can it mean but that he is ready to accept, with the unquestioning intensity of a child's faith, the belief that has come down to him from remotest ages, that beyond this life is another? And, however rude his conception of that life may be, he evidently believes that in it a man has increased advantages, so that what he fails in here may there be possible.

I think it was Dr. Channing who said that he had seen a great many prisoners and condemned men, and never among them found one who was afraid to die, unless he had been frightened by others; every one seeming of himself to believe that, whether he is good or bad, he belongs to God.

She says that "the benevolence of the Creator was never so thoughtfully questioned by such numbers of human beings as to-day." It is wonderful that this can be, considering the drift of science, every day giving us new illustrations of the uniformity and harmony of that nature of which we are a part; showing us the varying forms in which the same particles of matter may exist, the appearance only changing, the essence remaining the same; showing us that matter, as far as it can be traced, is imperishable, — that no motion once begun is ever ended, no sound ever dies. How can reason help inferring that the soul is safe, where every atom of matter is so carefully treasured up, and in one form or another is saved?

One of the truths of science is that everything hastens where it belongs. As the smoke-wreaths curl upward, and the water leaps downward, as crystallizing atom flies to atom, so my soul will find its home.

She speaks of three key-notes in the great discords of life, — the cruelty of nature, the mystery of sex, and the misery of the poor.

In regard to the poor, I should be almost ready to agree with her, that for them this is a state of manifold, mysterious, and unmeasured suffering, if it were not that it is improving. Anything that is in a transition state, and moving in the right direction, cannot be cause for despair. Even within the last quarter of a century, what immense changes have taken place! — the emancipation of the slaves and of the serfs, the formation of land leagues and labor leagues, the greatly increased interest in the temperance movement, the emigration schemes, the multiplication of free libraries, provision for the care and protection of destitute children; so many intelligent and resolute men devoting their best thoughts and best energies to the cause of the poor, one movement kindling enthusiasm in another all over

the world. When hand clasps hand, one and one make more than two.

It seems as if people were growing a great deal more sensible in regard to the poor, and understand better how to help them, so that there is not so much waste effort as formerly. I read in the papers recently that some of the missionaries in New York, who had been carrying about tracts, had decided to take a cart, and fill it with bread and coffee and bars of soap, and distribute those instead.

Any one who requires material for encouragement in regard to the poor needs only to look back a few years, and see what was their condition in sickness, when there were no free hospitals and dispensaries, no fruit or flower charities, no free excursions to sea-side or country, no free kindergartens or temporary homes, where children are cared for when their parents are unable to attend to them. It seems as if, in our country at least, dire poverty ought to disappear, and give place to the poverty that only obliges a man to lead a simple and strong life, which, though it may deprive him of opportunities of development, is yet not wholly to be deplored.

On the second great discord, the mystery of sex, I hesitate to speak, not understanding fully what is meant. On this subject, as she remarks, words must be few, but impressions deep. That a man's and a woman's love for each other should be stronger than a man's love for a man, or a woman's love for a woman, seems to me no greater cause for complaint than that electricity is a more powerful force than heat, and more dangerous in its abuse. With regard to the inherent vagrancy of the emotional instinct in man, and the historic constancy of woman, I do not know what is the authority, but it is not according to my observation.

The mystery of womanhood, "so heavily weighted in the race of life by maternity," is one expression used.

Once, in the twilight, I found myself standing beside a tall white fleur-de-lis, just opening into blossom. I stood breathless. My eyes or my heart seemed for the first time conscious of a great mystery. It might have been always before me, and yet for the first time I knew it. I pressed my lips softly to the flower. Afterwards, when the same great experience became also mine, I remembered it. It seems as if it ought not to be any more painful for a woman to bear a child than it is for a plant to bear a flower. In the great wonder and delight of it, all sense of pain is lost.

The last discord is the cruelty of nature. As evidences of this, she mentions the avalanche, the sirocco, shipwreck, famine, and disease. These are spoken of as manifestations of natural law. Are they not often manifestations of man's *violation* of natural law? We cut down the forests on the hill-sides; the soil becomes loosened and disintegrated. Missing the equalizing influence of the trees in respect to temperature and moisture, the earth grows dry and barren; the streams are changed to torrents; land-slides follow, and the desert, the home of the sirocco and famine, marshes and swamps, the home of malaria and disease, all from cutting down trees. We did not understand, when we began to clear the land, what we were also doing by disturbing the harmonies of nature, everything being carefully arranged to act in connection with everything else, so that no one could ignorantly interfere without doing harm in every way. Evidence continually accumulates of more and more ancient races of men, so that no one can say when these destructive processes began. At last, forced by necessity and helped by science, we have begun to investigate, and find that what we attributed to wild, ruthless forces of nature is really the result of our ignorance. Places we thought were cursed by God have been made

what they are by our hands. We plant forests, drain marshes, turn the courses of streams, and find that, with increasing knowledge, powers before which we trembled become manageable. Even the earthquake, it is claimed in earthquake countries, is no longer feared, where numerous deep openings, as oil wells and artesian wells, allow the escape of inflammable gases. The great net-work of railroads modifies the destructive force of lightning.

Disease, I supposed, was now universally admitted to be the result of disobedience of natural laws, not an inevitable condition of nature. Yet even by disease we learn what we should not otherwise have known, the mysterious property given to plants, and even to the earth itself, to help us, — poisons being also medicines. Beside this power given to rock and herb, nature has planted deep in every part of our physical being a tendency to become right again, whenever its normal condition has been disturbed. In this effort all parts of the body help each other, one organ actually trying to do the work of another that has become disabled. What a curious revelation, — a blind organ, made only of matter, trying to do what it has never done before, out of regard for the general economy. Or is it that an all-seeing and most kindly power has infused into everything that it has made something of its own spirit?

In deciding the question whether nature means to be kind or cruel, she remarks that she has omitted mentioning "certain genial aspects." It seems to me like saying, "In deciding whether or not this person is guilty, I will omit mentioning anything I happen to know in his favor." It makes a great difference to us, in all our doubts and discouragements, to see that the earth is still smiling with flowers, the air full of music and fragrance, and the night bright with stars, as a child in fear is comforted by merely seeing the quiet look

in its mother's face, as if all were still well.

High among the Alpine crags is a little flower, similar to the life-everlasting of our fields, but growing differently. The flowerets are clustered together, as in our everlasting; then these little clusters themselves nestle up to each other, and leaflets, that seem to be made of fine thick felt, are drawn closely over them, while they are still immature, and spread in beautiful star-shape around them as they open. Where nothing else can grow, this little flower feels its way up through the snow, and braves the glacier wind, guarded by the power that rends the rock and guides the avalanche. In the driest of dry earth in California, in the crevices of the rock, we found a semblance of a flower. My little girl called it a straw flower. I called it a ghost flower. Its tiny form was made of thin, dry scales. It was a mere little spectre, but what a strong desire it showed to make a flower, — to make one under circumstances so adverse!

I had once a hieroglyphic Bible, in which I read partly by words and partly by pictures. I could read by the pictures just as well as by the words. I think it is so in this world. We can never say God has not told us anything, because he has not told it in words. Some things we can see plainly by only looking about us. Some things have hidden meanings that deeper study reveals, like the truths of science. Some seem still like riddles or mysteries, that may be one day interpreted.

— In the Contributors' Club of last January it is asked, "Why is the name *Montaigne* pronounced *montagne*?" It struck me at the time that *is* in the question ought to be changed to *was*, but I had only my memory for authority. While looking over Francisque Sarcey's last Theatrical Chronicle in the *Paris Temps*, where the celebrated critic sometimes occupies himself with pronunciation, I was confirmed in this

opinion. *Montaigne* used to be pronounced like *montagne*, and in the sixteenth century the sound of the liquid *n* (*n mouillé*), which is now represented by *gn*, was often figured by *ign*. This orthography has been gradually eliminated, leaving behind only a few isolated examples. The name *Montaigne* was, until recently, one of these, but, as Sarcey says, "at present everybody calls the author of the *Essays* *Montaigne* instead of *Montagne*, which was the old pronunciation." This change may be explained by the general tendency to pronounce words as they are spelled.

— I wish that there could be a league among summer boarders this season for the preservation of antiquities in small country places. It is most painful to those persons who are fond of relics of the past — of old houses and old furniture, of old stone walls and older trees — to see the furbishing and bedizenizing that is going on in the most ancient and interesting of our country villages. The summer boarders are as a class to blame for this deplorable rejuvenation. Before they made their appearance and went away again, leaving their money behind them, the country people were contented with their houses, which had one great chimney in the middle, that was like the warm heart of the home-like building. They were satisfied with its square walls, to which the wind and sun and rain had been many years in giving a beautiful shade of gray that no painter's brush could copy; they found no fault with the small-paned window-frames, which matched the house itself so much better than the blank-looking four-paned ones with which they have been replaced. The old gray clapboarding has been painted white with cheap paint that looks thin and hard, and the chimney has been pulled down to give place to two smaller ones, and bay windows have been put on in ungainly places. The house has a look of yesterday, and on farther acquaintance

it seems like an old woman who has tried to renew her youth by wearing her granddaughter's clothes. When the children of the family who live at a distance come back to the old homestead, one cannot help wondering if they like it so well. There is nothing pleasanter than one of the larger New England farm-houses, with its doors and windows thrown open late in the summer afternoon. The wind comes blowing toward it across the fields; the lilacs stand beside it, putting their arms of crooked branches round each other; against the gray of the house, beside the door, some bright red hollyhocks stand up straight and tall. The roof has a protecting slope to it; as one looks at the house, it is like a fluffy, feathery old hen which has settled down in the short grass in the sunshine to cover her chickens. It is the very best house that can possibly be set as a trap for the summer guests; if it is well kept and well served its fortune is as good as made.

The "smarting up" in which the residents of sea-shore and inland villages take such pride is going to drive away the money-spending people whom they wish to attract. To remodel the quaint last-century churches, and straighten the winding country roads and lanes, and root up the bushes and briars from the wayside; to wage war against poplars as a race, and cut down remorselessly the tall oaks and elms; to clear all the tracts of woodland that are within easy walking distance of the houses, — these are all sad mistakes. It is not necessary to have things like other people's; the charm of the ancient towns along our coast will be found too late to have been their difference from and not their likeness to, the newer settlements. It is not alone the picturesqueness of the landscape, the nearness of the sea, or the freshness of the air in our old New England coast villages; there are needed the signs of the presence of men and women who were alive and died and

were forgotten many years ago. We suffer from poverty in the matter of ruins, and only one in fifty of our towns has any historical interest; but a place where people have lived for a long time keeps many signs of their habitation, and nature grows into some likeness to humanity and a close association with the human lives that bloomed and faded and were covered with earth. Where there are grass-grown, crowded burying-grounds, with headstones from which the weather has had time to rub out the inscriptions, one likes to find as many relics as possible that the old inhabitants have left behind.

Old houses and pleasant winding ways should be treasured, for it is these very things which have brought prosperity to the neighborhood. It is like killing the goose that laid the golden egg to sweep these things away, and when they are gone the fashion for seeking their companionship will disappear also. Every wreck that is going to pieces by the shore, and the tumble-down warehouses, and thickets of barberry and birch by the roadside, ought from a business point of view, if from no other, to be un-

touched. The old furniture and china is carried away piece by piece to decorate city houses; it would be much better if most of it could stay where it belongs. The older square houses are better models for the new country dwelling of to-day than the cheap and tawdry, thin-walled, and badly-ornamented little buildings that seem to sprout like mushrooms in the new streets of every town. The plain houses are every way the best. But if the new houses must be built after these patterns, I beg that the old ones may be let alone in the behalf of city people who wish old-fashioned sights and quaint, half-forgotten customs to make a great part of the pleasure and change of their summer holiday. A poor imitation of newer fashions has little dignity and no attractiveness. The summer boarder's money does this mischief; cannot his wise precept and admonition direct the spending of it (which is really supposed to be for his continued allurements) into wiser ways? When he looks aghast at the ravages which are complacently shown him as improvements, cannot he gently teach the true meaning of that misunderstood word?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. The Memorial Edition of Abbott's Young Christian will have its special value for readers through the biographical sketch of the author by one of his sons, which is prefixed. Mr. Abbott was unwilling to have a formal biography published, and his sons with right feeling respected his wishes, at the same time meeting a very general demand by giving the public some information regarding a writer who numbers multitudes among his readers. The sketch will be found exceedingly interesting, and the good sense and true humility of the subject admirably presented. (Harpers.)—The Constitutional History of England, by Charles Duke Yonge (Harpers), is intended by its author to serve as a supplement to Hallam; it covers the century between 1760 and 1860, and is conceived in a modest spirit, the author referring to himself as the compiler. There appears to be no reference to Mr.

May's work.—Frederick Martin's The Statesman's Year-Book for 1882 (Macmillans) is the nineteenth annual issue of this important manual. It is revised after official returns, and is more useful to the English-speaking student than the Almanach de Gotha, which it resembles in its personal details, while the statistical information upon all points appears to have been collected with great care.—Lady Jackson's The Old Régime, court, salons, and theatres (Holt) has been re-issued. It is an Englishwoman's presentation of the gossip which collects about the decadence of France in the eighteenth century.—The seventh volume of Campaigns of the Civil War (Scribners) treats of The Army of the Cumberland, and is by General H. M. Cist, who was a staff-officer of both Thomas and Rosecrans. It has to deal with a series of exciting battles, including that of Chickamauga and the three days' fighting about

Chattanooga. — Mr. Philip H. Bagenal, B. A., has written a little volume on *The American Irish and their Influence on Irish Politics*, which has been reprinted by Roberts Brothers, and is a curious example of the struggle which an Irishman has between pride in his country and a desire to put his countrymen in the wrong. The author appears to be opposed to the land league, but exceedingly proud of his countrymen, on whatever side of the conflict they happen to be. He does not seem to have very exact historical knowledge, or very strong analytical powers. — *Quatre-Bras*, Ligny, and Waterloo (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a painstaking narrative of the campaign in Belgium in 1815, by Dorsey Gardner. The situation is an interesting one: Mr. Gardner, an American student, passes in review a conflict about which a vast literature has accumulated concerning two great European nations, and publishes his work simultaneously in England and America. By the use of abundant foot-notes the author has enriched his narrative without retarding it, and by a copious index he places every part of his work at the easy service of the reader. — *Molinos the Quietist*, by John Bigelow (Scribners), is a *brochure* which will attract by its *négligée* dress, and hold the reader by the agreeable qualities of the narrative. Readers of John Inglesant will be interested by the coincidence of the two books, and Longfellow's sonnet to Whittier will give a pleasant association with the name of Molinos. — *Charlotte Cushman* is the latest volume in the *American Actor Series*. (Osgood.) Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, the author, is already well known by her hand-books of art; in this volume she has divided her work with Miss Stebbins, whose biography was largely personal, while Mrs. Clement has to do with Miss Cushman's professional history. — *Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life*, by the Rev. S. Kettlewell (Putnams), is a careful and exhaustive monograph in two volumes, treating of the religious revival out of which arose the *De Imitatione Christi*. Mr. Kettlewell writes not as an antiquary, but as an historian of broad sympathies, and his work will find many who would be repelled by a merely learned treatise. — The American edition of Froude's *Thomas Carlyle* (Scribners) is in two volumes, like the English issue. The American publishers, however, have dropped the commonplace wood-cuts, which add little to the value of the London book. We content ourselves here with saying that the work has been added to the Franklin Square Library (Harper & Bros.) in very readable type. The same publishers have also brought out a 12mo cloth edition, with portraits and illustrations.

Philosophy and Theology. *Outlines of Primitive Belief among the Indo-European Races*, by Charles Francis Keary, of the British Museum (Scribners), is a study in Aryan religion in the historical method. Mr. Keary reaches by this method results which agree substantially with those obtained by the student in comparative mythology, and he resolves most lines into those which bound the creed of nature worship. The book will be found one of much interest. — *Eter-*

nal Purpose, a Study of the Scripture Doctrine of Immortality, by William R. Hart (Lippincott), has passed to a second edition, and the author has taken the opportunity to add an essay on life, temporal and eternal, which in some degree contains the thought of the book. — *The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ* (Field & Tuer, London), is a small quarto, printed on bluish paper, and calculated in its general appearance to excite curiosity. The authorship is veiled, — everything is veiled in the book; the very color of the paper makes a hazy atmosphere; and the announcement is made that the lectures which constitute the volume were delivered originally in London before a private audience, another touch of mystery. The profundity of the mystery increases as one begins to read, and finds himself chasing Greek phantoms, which turn upon him and declare themselves Christian ghosts. The authors — for there is a vague reference to a dark conspiracy — wander amongst the ruins of the Christian religion, which seems to have just suffered from some dynamite explosion, and pick out the foundation stones for use in a new structure. In brief, the revelation which is proffered gets no farther than the preliminary veiling. — *The Sabbath Question* is the short title of a volume made up of a sermon and two speeches upon Sunday observances and Sunday laws, by the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, and of six sermons by his brother, the late Rev. George Blagden Bacon. (Putnams.) The book appeals to an enlightened conscience and a generous Christian sentiment.

Poetry and the Drama. *Cagliostro*, a Dramatic Poem in five acts, by Edward Doyle (printed for the author by W. B. Smith & Co., New York), appears to be a test of sanity. Let the reader read it as far as he can, and then go off in a corner and engage in a self-examination. There will be a verdict of some sort on somebody. If he cannot read the dramatic poem, let him try himself on the prefatory notes and foot-notes. It is the topsiest-turviest piece of literature we have met this many a day. — *Sonnets and Canzonets*, by A. Bronson Alcott (Roberts), is a volume which will appeal to the friendliness of the reader, as well as stimulate his critical faculty. Mr. Alcott has interwoven into his lines so much personal history and sentiment that poetry comes to one's fireside and sits familiarly in the corner. Mr. F. B. Sanborn prefaces the volume with an affectionate letter and a dissertation upon the form adopted by Mr. Alcott for his verse. Mr. Sanborn's brief paper proves — if it prove anything — that Mr. Alcott is not alone in his misapprehension of the structure and compass of the sonnet. — *Eadburga, Queen of Wessex*, and other poems, by William E. Nowlan, Jr. (M. H. Keenan, printer, Boston), is a thin volume, which represents a fluency of form, an agreeable sentiment, and some ingenuity in construction. The best thing about the volume is a certain brightness of invention in the story, which appears in the poems *The Penitent* and *Noblesse Oblige*, but after all the poetic form which should make the poems worth while is only a faint echo of a forgotten style. — *Rip Van Winkle*, a sun myth, and other poems, by Augustus

Radcliffe Grote (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London), will interest readers of The Atlantic, in whose memory some of Mr. Grote's verses will linger. The incident of the publication of an American poet's book in England need not deter one from looking closely into it; the poems are the dreams of a scientific man of imagination. — *Story of Chief Joseph*, by Martha Perry Lowe (Lothrop), is a little illustrated volume, in which Bishop Hare's pathetic narrative is turned by a sympathetic woman into smooth verse.

Travel and Adventure. A Parisian Year, by Henry Bacon (Roberts), is a light and agreeable sketch of twelve months in Paris by an American artist living there. These sketches in literature are accompanied by sketchy illustrations by the author. Some of them are good enough to make one wish that they were not all of the "process" kind, good enough for memoranda, but leaving a general impression of undress art. — *History and Causes of the Incorrect Latitudes* as recorded in the journals of the early writers, navigators, and explorers, relating to the Atlantic coast of North America, 1535-1740, is a curious little pamphlet by the Rev. Edmund F. Slafter, of Boston, which will appal the untechnical reader by suggesting the difficulties which lie in the way of historical investigation. Any one who has tried to find just where an early traveler landed on the coast will be almost ready to take refuge in a skepticism regarding the very existence of the traveler. — *Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls* is drawn from the letters and journals of the late Frank Oates, a naturalist who penetrated the interior of South Africa. It is edited by C. G. Oates (C. Kegan Paul & Co., London), who also supplies a memoir, and is well illustrated by wood-cuts, colored plates, and maps. An extended appendix gathers up the result of the naturalist's collections and studies in a series of papers and lists by such scientific specialists as Westwood, Rolleston, Sharpe, and others. The good breeding and high character of the young naturalist, his honorable ambition, and his untimely fate render the book more than a record of travel and adventure, for the reader carries a personal regard for the traveler from first to last. — One may take his choice of titles in Mr. S. S. Cox's book, which bears on the title-page two names, Arctic Sunbeams and From Broadway to the Bosphorus by way of the North Cape, while the head-line carries From Pole to Pyramid. (Putnam's.) This variegated name covers travels in Holland, Norway and Sweden, Lapland and Russia. Mr. Cox is a traveler who never loses his spirits and good-nature, and if he sometimes loses his head in his excitement over scenery, the reader can get amusement instead of heat. His language is the English of the Cox dialect.

Fine Arts. The title-page of Bartolozzi and his Works, by Andrew W. Tuer, gives some intimation of the treatment of the subject. The general title is followed by the words, "A biographical and descriptive account of the Life and Career of Francesco Bartolozzi, R. A. (illustrated), with some observations on the present demand for and value of his prints; the way to detect modern

impressions from worn-out plates and to recognize falsely-tinted impressions; deceptions attempted with prints; print-collecting, judging, handling, etc.; together with a list of upwards of two thousand — the most extensive record yet compiled — of the great." It is a book and print collector's book, rather than a literary biography, and with its luxurious paper, pretty copper-plates, vellum binding, and blank leaves for extending the catalogue, it appeals to the self-indulgent bibliomaniac. It is published by Field & Tuer in London, and by Scribner & Welford, New York. — *The Graphic Arts*, by P. G. Hamerton (Roberts), is further described on the title-page as a treatise on the varieties of drawing, painting, and engraving in comparison with each other and with nature, and is in effect an untechnical narrative for the general reader, written by a man capable of technical writing, and doing his work out of a catholic interest in art. Mr. Hamerton is always agreeable; he is an artist who assumes the rôle of an amateur, and always with success.

Fiction. In the collected edition of Dr. Holland's writings we have *The Bay Path*, his earliest story, an historical novel of the colonial age of New England, and *Arthur Bonnicastle*, which appeared ten years or so ago in Scribner. The serious preface to *The Bay Path* is Dr. Holland's apology for writing fiction. (Scribners.) — *The Adventures of Halek*, an Autobiographical Fragment, by John H. Nicholson (Dutton), may be profound and vast, but we frankly confess that it seems to us an enigma of dullness. Halek in the early part of the last century, in Voltaire's hands, for instance, would have been witty and indecent. Now, he is clothed in the same vague orientalism, but has passed through a serious conversion, which renders him more respectable, but more tiresome also. — *A Fascinating Woman*, by Madame Edmond Adam (Petersons), is preceded by a sketch of the author in the reserved style of the biography of contemporary heroines. The story is not to be regarded as a novelist's work, but as the feverish revelation which a public woman makes of herself under the guise of fiction. — *Keeping the Vow* is a story, by Mrs. Morgan Morgan (Walter Smith, London), of Scottish and English life near the close of the last century. It is a domestic story of refined feeling, but of no special artistic value. — *Belgian Days*, by Kate Byam Martin (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), is a story of the fortunes of an American governess in a Belgian family. Its pictures of interior life in Belgium have some claim on the attention, and the story is unaffected and fairly interesting. — *The Homestretch*, by S. M. A. C. (Geo. W. Harlan, New York), is a story, the scene of which is laid in that extraordinary South of the Southern imagination, and the characters are those fervid men and women who live in that land, and nowhere else, while the moral appears to be equally imaginary. — In the *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt), *Heaps of Money*, by W. E. Norris, author of *Matrimony*, is one of the latest issues. The book is one of Mr. Norris's earlier works, but readers who have easily been pleased with his later novels need not be shy of this. — *Dorothea*, the latest

volume in the Round Robin Series (Osgood), is a light and amateurish work.

Literary Criticism. Men and Books, or Studies in Homiletics, by Austin Phelps (Scribners), is the kind and wise advice of a trainer of the clergy grown mellow in his office, intended for students in theology who are to be leaders of men, and not doctrinaires. One can find no fault with a spirit which arises to broaden the minds of young ministers by enlarging the scope of their taste and reflection. Some even who read books upon Dr. Phelps's suggestion for the good they are to get from them will come to enjoy them without reference to their own professional training. — Notable Thoughts about Women, a literary mosaic by Maturin M. Ballou (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is so far critical that it contains a long list of authors drawn from, and a still longer index of subjects. There are thirty-four hundred and seventy-one thoughts about women, of which the greater number gather about Beauty, Love, and Lovers. If one has never thought about women here is his opportunity to help himself to other people's opinions, and a very curious and entertaining medley he will find it.

Text-Books and Education. Ida C. Craddock, Teacher of Phonography in Girard College, Philadelphia, has prepared and published Primary Phonography, an introduction to Isaac Pitman's system of phonetic short-hand; with a series of original exercises, written principally in the simple characters of the phonographic alphabet, without contraction. The extension of the system in so many directions, in business and study, renders a work like this of value in familiarizing the student with dictation exercises. — Selections from the Latin Poets, edited by Professor E. P. Crowell, of Amherst (Ginn, Heath & Co.), contains examples of Catullus, Lucretius, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, and Lucan. It is a pity that a book which contains otherwise such good workmanship should lack a table of contents. Aside from this slight defect, the book is praiseworthy, and ought to widen the range of college acquaintance with Latin literature. — The Song Wave is the meaningless title of a collection for school and home use of melodies, part songs, glees, duets, quartets, and all the variety of musical composition. It is a mystery to us why music-books should so often have silly titles. The collection here has the customary jumble of good and commonplace music and verses.

Science. A fourth edition has been issued of Dr. Simon Newcomb's Popular Astronomy (Harpers), in which the principal additions relate to the great telescopes completed within the last three years, the transit of Venus of December 6, 1882, and recent developments in cometary astronomy. The work, as its title indicates, is not intended for the professional investigator, but aims to present the general reading public with a condensed view of the history, methods, and results of astronomical research, and includes the latest and most interesting news from the heavens. — Science and Culture, and other Essays, by T. H. Huxley (Appletons), is a collection of Professor

Huxley's miscellaneous writings, produced at intervals during the past seven years. They were originally published for the most part in Macmillan, the Nineteenth Century, The Fortnightly, the Contemporary, and Nature, and take up subjects more or less suited to popular audiences; they deal with practical affairs in the mental life, and apply the doctrines of science to man's conduct. — The thirty-ninth volume of the International Scientific Series (Appletons) is The Brain and its Functions, by J. Luys. It is divided into two parts: the first, anatomical, presents the cerebral mechanism as it has been disclosed by a series of investigations; the second, physiological, explains the different fundamental properties of the nervous elements, considered as living histological units. The author claims that he has captured for the physiological physician a large tract hitherto claimed by the speculative philosopher. By a natural consequence a steam-engine becomes the most perfect type of the human brain. — The fortieth volume of the same series is Myth and Science, an essay by Tito Vignoli, whose thesis is the organic relation of these two intellectual habits as coexisting in the human race; for he refuses to hold that myths and the myth-making power are simply incidental to an undeveloped stage of civilization. — Physical Education, or the Health Laws of Nature, by Felix L. Oswald, M. D. (Appletons), does not commend itself by the war-whoop of an introduction, in which the author flourishes his knife as he jumps frantically over the prostrate corpse of Christianity. — The Annual Report of the operations of the United States Life-Saving Service for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1881, has been received from the Government Printing Office at Washington. After the statistician has read the columns of figures we recommend him to turn the book over to some novel-writing friend, who will find much useful uncopyrighted material in the way of hair-breadth 'scapes. — Halcyon Days, by Wilson Flagg (Estes & Lauriat), is the first of three volumes, in which the author has broken up the contents of his previous works, The Woods and By-Ways of New England and The Birds and Seasons of New England. In this volume Mr. Flagg collects his descriptions of nature, and since it is as a patient and close observer that he has won a just repute we place his volume in this section. The old-fashioned air which hangs about this writer's work has in itself a certain rural and quaint character. — The Domain of Physiology, or Nature in Thought and Language, by T. Sterry Hunt (Cassino, Boston), is a paper presented to the National Academy at Washington, in which the author attempts to bring all investigations of nature under a comprehensive terminology. The result in part is the production of some interesting words.

Business. Money-Making for Ladies, by Ella Rodman Church (Harpers), has an alluring sound; so many would like to make a little money and keep their ladyship. An examination suggests that the author's notion of a lady is somewhat conventional. The book is a rather foolish one. A little more grim truth would have been better.